

THE AUSTRALIAN Over 393,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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TYPICAL AUSTRALIAN GIRLS — Painted by VIRGIL.

No. 5 — The Office Girl

# Husband says business girls make BEST WIVES

Office training is valuable aid in home duties



"I PLUMP wholeheartedly for the business girl... her training has been centred on system."

By a Commercial Accountant

BEFORE the age of 23 I'd hardly had time to think of women other than as lesser fellow-students and workers.

A feminine companion became necessary, of course, on social occasions, but to me she was always "just a girl"—not a person you could talk to intelligently for long on any subject.

I'm afraid I must have been very boring company, for I was completely wrapped up in myself, and was quite neglectful of the little compliments and attentions which experience has taught me, women so appreciate.

Actually I must have been an insufferable young prig, the more so because I was always so free with my opinions of "Women."

In any discussion of marriage I always stoutly maintained that I would never be so foolish as to marry, and, if any friend contemplated such a step, I always strongly advised him to select a girl with some domestic training.

"I have seen too much of self-assured women in commercial life," I would say. "Preferably you should find a girl who has never been to

work, or who, at any rate, helps her mother in the home.

"You want a helpmate, not a burden. And, more important still, don't marry someone used to the independence that a little money gives, and that thoughtless modern mothers encourage."

Then, strangely, curiously—I was almost ashamed to admit it—I fell in love. Because of my antagonistic attitude it was a difficult conquest.

My fiancée was a qualified accountant employed on a good salary, in a responsible position, by a public company. Her mother had never allowed her to help in the house—not even to make her own bed, or brew a pot of tea.

All my vaunted opinions went by the proverbial board, and, just as soon as I broadened my ideas sufficiently to approach her from a proper basis, we were married.

Recently a man suggested in this page that girls like working in offices because they like working with men and that men welcome their presence. A commercial accountant suggests that business women are not only an asset in offices but that they also make the best wives.



"ANOTHER ASSET is her habit, acquired during her business career and carried on in her married life, of dressing neatly and appropriately for her job."

In parenthesis, it should be mentioned that I had a moderate working knowledge of the way a house should be run and a meal prepared. I still think most men have attained a new perspective.

We have no help. We can't afford it, for among our friends we both have a position to maintain. We have to keep up appearances and be seen in the right places.

Yet my wife is marvellous. There was no question of her keeping her job and getting a housekeeper. We have bought a little villa and she works like a Trojan.

All the independence and self-reliance that her business training and responsibilities had given her only stiffened her unspoken resolve to make a job of this job.

## Plans Her Work

ALL the years that her mother had refused her help now left her keen and anxious to learn. She looked constantly around for ideas, copied the best and rejected the worst and took pride in the smallest achievements. Her new job was full of surprises, a constant striving and a constant joy.

I learned that women have greater powers of concentration than men. One job at a time and that done well is my wife's rule. In all her work she is inspired with a desire to please—with only a smile for reward.

From observations of other domestic establishments as well as my own, I plump wholeheartedly for the business girl.

So much of her training has been centred on system that it is natural for her to plan her work intelligently.

Another asset is her habit, acquired in her business career, of dressing neatly and appropriately for her job.

A big advantage that she has

WHICH type of girl makes the best wife? Readers are invited to express their opinion in letters to the "So They Say" page.

over her home-trained sister is that everything is new to her. She is keen, on her toes, where the other girl plods along familiar paths.

My wife, too, is a wizard with money. I laughed when she obtained and kept receipts from our tradespeople—until the "lady four doors up" was presented with a milk bill for 16/10, and didn't know how it had accumulated.

This neighbor kept house for years "for father" before she married, with the result that she has no knowledge of money, and too much of domesticity. Her father, of course, paid all the tradespeople.

I think I may sum up this way:

(1) The stay-at-home girl has no idea of the value of money as she has never had to keep herself.

(2) She is so accustomed to the household routine that she is careless, instead of showing a desire to learn and please.

(3) She is so used to things being done eventually that she adopts a "to-morrow will do" attitude. The business girl, on the other hand, has been trained in system and getting results and keeps everything up to the minute.

(4) She becomes automatic instead of being critical and progressive.

But perhaps, after all, it is an unfair comparison. My wife has a fresh environment, a new life, and my neighbor's—a home-trained girl—has but a change of address.

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



### Research Abroad

MR. R. J. COOMBE, independent magistrate of the Adelaide Children's Court, is travelling under a Carnegie Grant to undertake a search abroad into child delinquency. He left Australia at the end of January, and intends to spend six months in England, France, Belgium, and America. He will study the latest methods of prevention and cure of child delinquency in those countries.



### Princess Married

PRINCESS MARIA, of Saxony, youngest daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, married Prince Louis of Bourbon-Parme last month. The wedding took place at the chapel of the Quirinal, King Victor Emmanuel's residence. Princess Maria, who is 23, was formerly "provisionally engaged to the Archduke Otto, the Austro-Hungarian pretender, on condition that he regained the throne."



### Headmaster of King's

MR. H. D. HAKE, the new headmaster of The King's School, Parramatta, Sydney, has arrived from England, accompanied by his wife, whom he married shortly before leaving London. Four years old, he was formerly a housemaster at Haileybury, England.

He won his Cambridge hockey and racquets blues, and played cricket for Hampshire between 1911 and 1924. He toured Australia with a party of public school boys in 1936.

**a Bridesmaid—at her best**

JOYCE DEAR, WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE BRIDESMAID AT MY WEDDING IN APRIL? YOU AND JOAN, BEVY, AND NAN.

CORAL, YOU DARLING, I'D ADORE IT, OH, BUT...

WHY, BUT JOYCE? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I COULDN'T... THOSE OTHER LOVELY GIRLS—AND MY AWFUL COMPLEXION—IT ONLY DISGRACE YOU.

DON'T BE SILLY, YOU'RE GOING TO USE ERASMIC FACE POWDER FROM NOW ON, HERE, TRY SOME NOW.

AT THE WEDDING

ANOTHER DANCE, PLEASE, WITH THE LOVELIEST OF ALL BRIDESMAIDS!

WELL, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU THANK FOR YOUR MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION—I'LL CERTAINLY TRY IT.

Radiant complexion for you—always—with Erasmic Face Powder. The even-textured powder with the unique fineness.

**ERASMIC FACE POWDER**

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Choose your tone from the five following shades

1/- PER BOX

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES



"Most men have a knowledge of house-work."

"I must have been an insufferable young prig."

"Find a girl who helps mother in the home."

# £1000 for recipes—IN CASH



## PRIZE LIST

### Grand Champion Prize...£500

This prize will be awarded to the best recipe submitted in any of the three sections of the competition. It can be a recipe for a cake, pudding, or sweets dish, or for jam, jelly or preserves. The recipe which wins this prize is not eligible for any of the other prizes listed below.

### 1. Best Cake Recipe

First Prize .... £100

100 Consolation Prizes  
of £1 each.

Recipes may be submitted for any type of cake—plain or fancy. Cost of ingredients should not exceed 5/- for a 2lb. cake.

### 2. Desserts— Pudding, Sweets Dish or Pastries

First Prize .... £100

100 Consolation Prizes  
of £1 each.

The recipe for this dish should be sufficient for a family of four. Any type of pudding, sweets dish or pastry is eligible.

### 3. Jam, Jelly, Preserves

First Prize ..... £50

50 Consolation Prizes  
of £1 each.

Recipes may be submitted for any type of jam or jelly or preserved fruits.

## Read everything on this page—it tells you how £500 may be won for one recipe

Housewives were thrilled last week by news of The Australian Women's Weekly £1000 recipe competition.

Every mail is bringing crowds of entries. Notable women applaud the contest as a wonderful move to encourage good cooking.

Prizes range from a grand championship prize of £500 to 250 consolation prizes of £1—all payable in cash.

In addition, cash prizes will be given every week until the close of the competition for every recipe published.

The prizes are actual cash prizes.

WINNERS will decide for themselves how they will spend their prize money.

With such rich prizes the choice is unlimited. The winner of the grand champion prize of £500 could buy a round-the-world cruise ticket, a seaside cottage, a motor car. She could invest the money or bank it. The variety of choice is unbounded.

Winners of section prizes of £100 could equip their kitchens completely with the latest in stoves and furniture. Motor cars, cruises, fur coats are all possibilities for these prizes, too, because money prizes give the winners complete freedom of choice.

You don't have to cook anything. Simply write out your best recipe and post it to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Expert cooks working under the direction of highly-qualified domestic science specialists will test all recipes of high merit.

No recipe that has been submitted to any other recipe competition will be eligible.

Every recipe, whether you send one or a dozen, must be accompanied by a coupon from this page. For instance, if four jam recipes are submitted they must be accompanied by four No. 3 Coupons—a coupon for each recipe. The same condition applies to every section.

The competition closes at Easter-time, when all the entries will be carefully judged by a special committee of cooking experts, and the winners of the £1000 chosen.

Each week until the closing date a selection of the entries will be published, £1 being awarded for what is considered the best in that week, and 2/6 each for all others published.

## You must adhere to these conditions— so study them carefully

ONLY those entries which are submitted according to the rules are eligible.

All who enter must be regular readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Readers may send in as many recipes as they like, but each must be accompanied by one of the coupons printed on this page. Three coupons will be printed each week until the competition closes at Easter.

There is no objection to readers submitting, for example, two or more cake recipes, but a No. 1 coupon must be attached to each extra entry. The same procedure applies to extra entries in other sections.

Readers may save their coupons and submit all their entries at a later stage in the competition.

Entries submitted now, however, are eligible for consideration in the weekly prize awards referred to earlier.

Write your recipe clearly on one side of paper only—in ink or typed, not in pencil.

Sign name and address CLEARLY on each recipe.

List ingredients accurately in the order in which they are used. State whether measurements are level or heaped spoonfuls, etc. Give weights exactly.

If recipes are taken from books or current magazines and newspapers please make this clear, giving name of publication.

Points will be awarded for recipes which are original, practical, and economical.

The decision of the Editor will be final. No entries will be returned and no correspondence can be entered into concerning recipes.

All recipes submitted become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to print or publish any of them on payment of 2/6 per recipe.

## Here are the coupons—attach one to every entry

### 1. BEST CAKE RECIPE

Is this your own recipe?.....  
State on the recipe when and  
where you originally got it.  
18/2/39.

### 2. DESSERTS, PUDDINGS, SWEETS, PASTRIES

Is this your own recipe?.....  
State on the recipe when and  
where you originally got it.  
18/2/39.

### 3. JAM, JELLY, PRESERVED FRUITS

Is this your own recipe?.....  
State on the recipe when and  
where you originally got it.  
18/2/39.

REMEMBER.—Your full name and address must be written on each recipe. Address entries: £1000 Recipe Competition, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.

For every

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Dainty yet durable Dimicord is the ideal fabric for all kindred tasks. Wears and washes splendidly, and has big and attractive range of designs. 36in. wide.

"SPRINGTIME"  
A fine cambric that is economical in price, rich in colour and generous in service. Hosts of delightful designs. 36in. or 44in. wide.



54 colours  
36ins. wide.  
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# Society girl to marry son of Turkish diplomat

## Romance followed meeting at Melbourne dinner party

A chance meeting at a dinner party about eighteen months ago led to the romantic engagement of Judith Chirnside, a member of one of Australia's best-known families, and Reshid Bey, son of a Turkish diplomat, which has just been announced in Melbourne.

Although the date of their marriage has not been arranged, they have already decided that their home will be in Australia.

**B**OTH are convinced that Australia is the ideal country in which to live.

"Of course, it's home to me, and Reshid loves living here," said Miss Chirnside when she arrived in Melbourne after a world tour.

Strongly resembling her mother, Mrs. Gordon Chirnside, who was one of the most beautiful girls in Melbourne, Judith Chirnside was

brought up in the country on her parents' station, Carranbaliac, Skipton, Victoria.

Reshid Bey, who is the only son of Chefik Bey and Madame Chefik Bey, of London, has inherited a liking for Australia, as his mother was formerly Miss Florence Winter-  
Irving, member of one of the best-known Australian squawking families.

His full family name is Reshid Bey Muftiyade, but the last name has been rarely used since his parents made their home in London

### Bridal Issue Next Week

**S**PECIAL features of next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly include a glorious array of bridal fashions in color and artgrayscale, helpful articles on home furnishing and beauty for the bride, and a splendid recipe for a wedding cake.

The cover is a beautiful reproduction of a painting of a bride by Shreve.

where Chefik Bey was for many years attached to the Turkish Embassy.

The romance between the two young people began in Melbourne about 18 months ago, when Reshid was paying his first visit to Melbourne. They were both guests at a dinner party given by Anne Turnbull, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Turnbull, which was followed by a dance given by Mrs. Purves Smith.

Reshid was in Australia to learn the wool business, and he spent several months on stations owned by relatives of his mother.



MISS JUDITH CHIRNSIDE and her fiancé, Reshid Bey, photographed for The Australian Women's Weekly at the flat of Mrs. Fred Thiel, Miss Chirnside's grandmother.

Later he returned to England to study wool-classing at Bradford.

Judith left Australia in the middle of last year with her grandmother, Mrs. Fred Thiel, on the Empress of Britain, for a world tour.

"We weren't officially engaged then," she said.

In London she was a frequent visitor to the charming flat in Mayfair, where Reshid's parents live, and before long the young couple decided that they would become engaged. It was agreed, however, that the announcement would not be made until Judith returned to Melbourne.

### Plans for Marriage

**W**HILE she was touring Europe her fiancé was on his way back to Australia to continue with his work, and he was waiting to welcome her when she arrived in the Orcaedes.

Her engagement ring was designed by Reshid. It is a most uncommon design of seven diamonds set in a double row of three separated by a single diamond.

"We haven't decided when we will be married, and it won't be for ages, but we certainly will live in Australia," said Judith as she sat in the lounge of her grandmother's flat at Melbourne Mansions, while telegrams containing good wishes, phone calls, and boxes of flowers kept pouring in.

"I love St. John's Church in Toorak, so I hope we can be married there," she added. "And I think Honolulu would be a glorious spot for a honeymoon."

"How many bridesmaids are you going to have?" asked her sister June.

"Oh—six, at least," said the bride-to-be, jokingly.

"Reshid's mother, Madame Bey, is in Melbourne now," she continued, "and we are hoping that his father will be able to come out here before she goes home. I had a cable from him on the ship. It would be marvellous if he could come out here and stay for a couple of years, as I know how much he would like Australia."

When she is married Judith will become Madame Reshid Bey, and she laughed as she confessed that some of her friends found it hard to call her fiancé Reshid on their first meetings. But that is the correct formal address.

Judith and Reshid both take a keen interest in current world affairs and her travels through Italy and Germany lately have convinced the young Australian that no one wants war, and that in Germany especially the people are "quite devoted to Mr. Chamberlain, though they do not like Mr. Anthony Eden."

While Judith was telling of the snowy Christmas in London when even Princess Marina was unable to get a pair of snow boots in a hurry, as there had been such a heavy demand for them, her fiancé arrived to take her to luncheon.

Good-looking and quiet, but with a keen sense of humor, Reshid Bey agreed only after considerable persuasion to pose for the photograph shown above.

**GOOD GRACIOUS JOAN!**  
**I THOUGHT MY TABLECLOTH**  
**WAS WHITE...UNTIL I SAW IT**  
**AGAINST YOUR PERSIL-WASHED**  
**DRESS**



It's not a happy experience to see your white things shown up against dazzling Persil-whiteness. But it's a *valuable* experience because it gives you an entirely *new idea* of whiteness. You realize that things you thought white before are not really white at all. Persil sets the only true standard of whiteness because its oxygen-charged suds wash so thoroughly . . . they don't leave the tiniest scrap of ingrained dirt to cause greyness. It's by washing things so much *cleaner* that Persil gets them whiter.

You'll wonder why you were satisfied with anything else when you see  
**PERSIL WHITENESS**

**Persil's gentle cleansing action makes things last longer, too!**

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### Modern cave-woman had no fashion problems

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

Extremely cold weather has terminated the experiment of Professor Julius Heinritz and his wife, who have lived in a palaeolithic cave dwelling and led a "Stone Age" life for nine months.

**E**ARLY last year Professor and Mrs. Heinritz became dwellers of the famous stone-age cave of Pakodz, near Budapest, well known to archaeologists the world over. Many precious stone instruments of the primeval man were found there in 1928.

Dr. Heinritz, a specialist of palaeolithic history, intends to write a book on what might be called the everyday life of primeval man.

When he established himself and his wife in the Pakodz cave it was done with much discretion, so that only the inhabitants of the remote village knew of their arrival.

The cave was two yards deep and two yards wide, provided with a clay hearth, a work of the palaeolithic tenants. The couple used it frequently, but they also used a portable petrol heater.

Food was mainly fruit and raw vegetables, but sometimes the couple roasted some meat.

They often had a really primeval relish: wheat roasted and ground with original palaeolithic instruments. They slept on straw sacks.

"This is not according to style, but was more comfortable," Professor Heinritz said.

"During our cave existence I had no dress problems," Mrs. Heinritz commented. "I wore the simplest kind of clothes and was glad to forget all about fashion."

### Too Cold

**T**HE modern cave-dwellers did not see anything of the modern world for months. They roamed in the forests, and in summer swam in a remote little lake. The only strangers they met were a few villagers who supplied them with the most necessary commodities once a month.

When cold became intolerable the couple went back to Budapest for a short period.

"In March we will go back to the cave and stay there another year if possible. We prefer primeval life to the modern world, which is nerve-racking," the professor said.

# A NEW CAR and a LADY

By . . .

JOAN ELMAN

Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER



Shirley demonstrated cars! Her career came to a climax when Diana stepped in . . .

"The question is," said Howard, "what's to be done with it? Mechanic or blacksmith?"

THE black and chromium frontage of Minnison's Motors in Great Portland Street was already blazing with neon as Shirley drove up the side-lane into the garage at the rear.

Oh, but this had been a day of days! Three demonstrations since ten o'clock. Careers for women? Right!

Leaving the car to be washed down ready for to-morrow's work, she walked into the showroom, tucking the wind-blown wisps of dark hair under her blue leather helmet. And then her slender young body stiffened as she looked into the street.

He was there again. At intervals of a week or more he would look into the window. Twice he had come in to ask for catalogues; once she had shown him a new electrical gear-change. Usually he was alone, but this time a woman was with him.

Jean glanced up from her clattering typewriter. "Maitland," she said wisely. "Howard to friends. Right, and I'd have said unattached until to-night, but now it looks as though the fish is hooked, my dear."

"Yes," said Shirley, "and hooked properly. That, my dear, is Diana Pembroke; finished second in the Three Hundred Mile at Brooklands last Saturday."

"Mmm! Bit out of your reach, isn't he? Bet he's got his eye on the Velden. He bought an Alfa here last spring."

One can't see much through shining glass, and one doesn't peer too closely. But Shirley glimpsed those well-remembered shoulders, broad and strong under their rough tweed. He was shifting a big pipe to the other corner of his wide mouth. For a moment he looked at her, a flicker of recognition crossing his face. Then he turned quickly to his avelut companion, and Shirley saw his eyes dance merrily as he laughingly replied to something she had said.

With a grim little smile she watched them climb into the car at the kerb and drive off. Men, clean-looking and strong like Maitland, made her remember the things she tried so hard to forget. He belonged to a different world, the world she had left behind eighteen months ago.

She found herself gazing longingly at the vanishing rearlight of his car. It was ridiculous, of course. You couldn't expect the Howard Maitlands of this world to understand the hopeless longing, the sense of imprisonment which roaring streets and flying traffic put into the heart of a country girl in Great Portland Street.

"SOMETHING bitten you?" Jean asked, flicking an invoice out of her machine.

"Tired, that's all," Shirley said, wondering if that one word could convey all the aching weariness that racked her from head to foot. "You're lucky, though, if only you knew it." Shirley's fresh loveliness, even after a hard day's work, always made Jean feel just ordinarily pretty. "There aren't many women car demonstrators. It's more romantic than sitting here all day banging this mouldy typewriter."

"Romantic!" Shirley skimmed her gauntlets across Jean's desk. "Well, you can call it that if you like! Driving a middle-aged doctor to Croydon in a ten horsepower coupe. He may buy and he may not. Most likely not, and then hang goes my commission."

She pulled open the door marked "Staff Only," and opened her locker. "Hang about the showrooms," Mr. Minnison would say, "when you're not out driving. Let 'em see you. Give 'em the human element. Improves the look of the place."

Well, it was too late to improve the look of the place to-night. Shirley clenched her hands in mute anger every time he said that. She was just expected to be part of the

decoration . . . It didn't matter that she was as good a driver as any in London . . . as good as Diana Pembroke if it came to a showdown. Minnison's was a temple of speed and luxury. The ten great cars on display were set against a background of lofty walls, cunningly flooded with concealed lighting. There were steel chairs and glass tables. There were high palms banded in every corner.

And Shirley was the high priestess in her blue leather uniform and helmet; a lovely, alluring priestess to tempt victims to Mr. Minnison's altar . . . that big counter over which the big cheques passed.

A little spasm of envy for the fair-haired Diana, who already had fame and money, and was now angling for Howard Maitland, made her bite her lip angrily.

"You're a fool, Shirley Adams!" she told herself, peeling off the blue uniform.

With it, all the luxury lent to her by Minnison's was shed. The moment the first corner was turned, big cars and gleaming walls were forgotten. She was just an ordinary, not-too-well-dressed girl waiting in a long queue for a bus.

In her one room she drank lukewarm tea, and choked over scrambled eggs on toast. The inde-

coration . . . it didn't matter that she was as good a driver as any in London . . . as good as Diana Pembroke if it came to a showdown. Minnison's was a temple of speed and luxury. The ten great cars on display were set against a background of lofty walls, cunningly flooded with concealed lighting. There were steel chairs and glass tables. There were high palms banded in every corner.

a trace of the old thrill came back. Drowsily she curled her slender legs into the chair, while the fire's glow flushed her young face and smoothed away its tired lines. She smiled wistfully. Howard Maitland's easy swing as he hoisted himself into his car! His strong gloved hands lying easily on the wheel!

Something told her that he understood horses, too.

And he did!

She knew it, that golden morning, by the way he stood critically gazing at the Velden, while Mr. Minnison smirked and rubbed plump hands in the background.

"Comes from a good stable," Howard was saying slowly. "I'd a Velden four years back. Doing back-work now on the farm." His crinkling grey eyes lifted from the car's shapely lines and took stock of Shirley.

"Drive her."

"Anything," she smiled, "on wheels."

"Our lady demonstrator, Mr. Maitland," put in Minnison, with a sideways nod of his birdlike head.

"Ah! Thought she was just part of the color scheme. The musical-comedy rig, I mean."

Shirley flushed. But the blue leather was Minnison's idea, and the tilt was at him.

"We can arrange for a demon-

stration any time you like," Minnison said politely.

"That means to-day. Threshing to-morrow."

"I—I beg your pardon, sir?"

Howard Maitland took out his pipe. "Threshing. Mechanical separation of wheat from surrounding chaff," he explained. "Old agricultural custom. It's now or never for the car."

Shirley had been swinging the blue helmet in her fingers. "I can be ready in ten minutes, Mr. Maitland," she told him.

"Good. I'll probably keep you all day. Like to get to know a car."

His steady eyes swung back to Minnison. "I'll pay for the privilege. Charge it up to me."

Shirley diplomatically lifted the

house phone on Jean's desk and asked the garage staff to fill up the demonstration Velden. But Maitland shook his head.

"This," he said, "is the car I'm buying. And this is the car I'll take." Minnison spluttered, but his customer merely flung an amused glance at Shirley behind his back.

"Don't worry! I'll pay for it to be cleaned up if I don't keep it, but the chances are I shall. Ready, Miss—?"

"Adams," Shirley said.

"Miss Adams. And if you've any alternative to that—he waved a hand down her uniform—"I'll be grateful."

SHE went to the locker-room and changed into her well-worn tweed coat and beret. So the day was booked by Howard Maitland, who, most probably, was paying twelve hundred pounds to impress the blonde heroine she had seen leaning on his arm beyond the showroom window!

Oh, it was going to be lovely! Shirley pulled the beret sideways with a vicious little tug. She'd seen the limpid adoration in Diana's eyes as they fluttered up to Howard's. Glances like that spell marriage for a man.

And—Shirley realised it with an unpleasant contraction of the heart—the idea of Howard Maitland marrying Diana was a horrible thought.

"Idiot!" she stormed at herself. "You've seen him four times and spoken to him twice. Idiot!"

And came back to the showroom very self-possessed.

"That's better!" Howard said, holding open the door and fitting himself beside her. "Much better!"

He was silent as she eased the Velden across the pavement and down the street. "Reigate first," he instructed, "and then I'll tell you."

Please turn to Page 40

## Romance On Wheels

pendent bachelor girl! It was no use. She couldn't eat to-night. One can't eat and think bitter, hard thoughts at the same time.

Car! She loved them, of course. She'd always driven well, always loved to feel the thrilling pull of surging power under her fingers.

But there had been horses at Meads, before her father crashed, and died. Shirley sighed regretfully as she creaked into the basket chair in front of the hissing gas-fire. How she had missed those horses during the heartbreaking months before Minnison's had engaged her.

Things were better now, of course. Sitting in a sports car wasn't quite the same as being in the saddle, but when her hands were on the wheel or flicking the gears into position,

stration any time you like," Minnison said politely.

"That means to-day. Threshing to-morrow."

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Shirley diplomatically lifted the

# And One Was Beautiful

Continuing our human serial of love, conflict and loyalty

**H**ELEN LATTIMER is the beauty, and Kate, her younger sister, therefore accepts her less important status. Kate meets Ridley Crane, a man-about-town, and likes him loyally. Helen promises to interest him, in the hope of his visiting the house.

Carrying out her promise she is taken by Ridley to a roadhouse, becomes upset when he drinks too much, and leaves on foot. He overtakes her in his car, and on a lonely road at dawn she takes the wheel as Ridley collapses. The powerful car bewilders her, and she runs over a cyclist; then, in panic, races from the scene on foot.

At home she finds, and Kate's suspicions are roused by the state of Helen's gloves and shoes. A constable meanwhile finds the dead man and Ridley unconscious in his car. A State trooper visits the Lattimer house as the inquiry commences, saying the heel of a woman's shoe was found. Kate discovers the truth, but Helen, in anguish, cannot find courage to confess.

Characters you will meet in this story:

KATE LATTIMER, younger sister of

HELEN LATTIMER, a beauty, favored daughter of

MRS. LATTIMER, a conventional widow.

RIDLEY CRANE, rich man-about-town.

MR. PRINCE, a lawyer.

MR. MANN, another lawyer.

FREDDIE ALCOTT, in love with Helen.

STEPHEN HARRIDGE, family friend and neighbor.

Now read on.

**T**HE State will have no difficulty in proving that an old man going to work before sunrise on his shabby bicycle, for he could not afford a high-powered foreign car—

The car wasn't foreign, but it didn't matter. Crane, sitting sideways with his arms folded and his eyes fixed on the toe of his shoe, thought: "Disagreeable fellow, that district attorney, vain and provincial and unfair. After all, I'm not being tried for having a fast car. I'm being tried for running over someone I didn't run over." He felt quite sure about it. That other time, yes, he had been more or less to blame then. He had been coming home late on a Sunday night after a week-end in Westchester, had been coming down a deserted Park Avenue, had passed a light by just a fraction of a second, and the other man's car—

"If drunken wasters of great wealth are to make our highways as dangerous as a field of battle—"

He looked up—oh, come, come, that was going rather far.

He saw that his counsel, Oscar Mann, was already on his feet. Stanley Prince wasn't trying the case himself; he had engaged Mann, the most conspicuous criminal lawyer of the day, of whom it was said that he was a brilliant confession of guilt.

Ridley Crane didn't like Mann much better than he did the district attorney; Mann was full of ignoble theatrical tricks—or so Crane thought then—wanted him to assume a manner of contrition—regret for a mispent youth—wanted him to talk to reporters and give them little temperance lectures.

Ridley wouldn't do it. He wouldn't speak to reporters; they misrepresented his every word and seemed to feel that a rich man was something less than a human being.



"Mr. Prince," said Kate, "I want to see Ridley Crane. My name is Lattimer..."

Great Heaven, was it a crime to have money, in this country where every man was supposed to have an even chance? Whenever he did feel ashamed of a useless, dissipated life, he was plunged back into an attitude of arrogant self-defence by this point of view—that the rich were public enemies.

He really could not look upon himself as a dissolute plutocrat. He had never been pampered or indulged. His father had always been stiff with him; his mother had died when he was a child. At boarding-school he had been, on the whole, a steady, good boy, not a proctor or president of the class but a leader in athletics and not too bad at his lessons. At college—well, there, of course, his group had been rather the highfliers of the day. There he had begun drinking. He remembered when his father had first found out. His father had dismissed a young Scotch gardener for drinking, and the man had shouted: "Why don't you dismiss that precious son of yours? He drinks a lot more than I do."

There had been quite a scene, but he had managed to calm the old man and make him understand that a certain jovial companionship—that in certain situations it was more to a fellow's discredit to be too cautious than to get drunk. He hadn't drunk at all during the months that he had been his father's secretary—he had been too busy—and to-day, if anything turned up that was worth doing—Only, coming back to this infernal American climate where everything you drank had double effect, and where to be idle was a sort of disgrace in itself—

Before the grand jury a few weeks before, the case hadn't gone well. He had known, of course, that he would be held for trial—that was obvious—but to be indicted on the count of murder and involuntary homicide—that had been a shock both to him and to his learned counsel. But more than the verdict, Crane had felt the hostility of the public, the Press, the world at

large. He had a feeling that everyone wanted to see him suffer; that every man's hand was against him. This was a new experience to him. Like all sensible people, he had attached no importance to the flattery to which he had been subject. Mercenary mothers and chorus girls, and fine gentlemen who yearned for the yachting and fishing and shooting that he could offer them—none of these had ever deceived him, but unconsciously he had become accustomed to the generally flattering and friendly attitude of the world at large. It had seemed, to him, natural that Ridley Crane would be kindly received and liked. He hardened under the surprise of finding that suddenly he was hated; that the bitter words of the district attorney were well received, not only by the jury, but by the audience.

**H**E had become a threat, an enemy, a symbol of evil. Not old Mrs. Torrington, who had so much reason to hate him—she had expressed no bitterness—a forlorn figure in rusty black, but the reporters, not allowed in the grand jury room, of course, had waited outside in serried ranks, in order to feed the public with items such as: "Young multimillionaire shows no emotion . . . Crane smokes cigarettes during court recess . . . Rich

man apparently indifferent to jury decision . . ." What did they expect him to do—burst into tears? Didn't they themselves all smoke cigarettes? Was self-control considered contemptible? No wonder, he said to himself, that he wouldn't talk for the Press.

The courtroom was crowded; the day was cool and fair and the whole countryside had come, as to a county fair or some great sporting event. Special troopers were stationed at all crossroads to direct the traffic. Tickets of admission were hard to get. Looking round the room, he saw very few of his friends. Mr. Harridge, of course, and Gertrude Mason; curious, he thought, rather than friendly. Then his eye lit on an intense eager little face—Kate Lattimer. He smiled; there was no doubt about her sympathy. He rather wondered at her being there, though.

She rather wondered herself. Her presence represented her first triumph over authority. Mrs. Lattimer did not forbid her daughters; she merely expressed disapproval, and that was enough—especially with her younger child. But this time disapproval had made no impression. Kate insisted on going to the trial, and seemed, by this effort of her will, to have grown from a child to a woman.

She had sat all through the weary

By ALICE DUER MILLER

Illustrated by Wynne W. Davies

some days of selecting the jury, and was, of course, here for the opening of the case for the prosecution.

There had been a great deal of speculation as to what the defence could be. What after all, could they say for him, poor fellow? Everyone asked that. Perhaps the counsel for the defence asked it, too.

Mann, in first discussing the case, had insisted on calling Helen Lattimer, but Crane had sternly forbidden him. In the first place, her testimony could not fail to be adverse; in the second, he felt that he had injured her enough without dragging her into the witness box—a young girl like that, unused to any publicity. Mann hadn't given up easily. Didn't Crane know what a beautiful girl always did to juries? They might even be brought to believe that in some inexplicable way Crane was shielding the lady of his love. Crane, forgetting the high value he set on self-control, had shouted and pounded the desk, declaring that he would rather go to prison than stay out by such methods.

**M**ANN shrugged his shoulders. Why did he think the young lady would object to publicity? Most of them liked it; the more sheltered their lives the more they seemed to enjoy the front page.

"If you'll let me call her, I'll guarantee to get you off."

"You must get me off anyhow. I'm innocent."

"You think no innocent man has ever been convicted on his past record?"

Alone with Prince, Mann had advocated something much more dramatic than merely calling Helen. He had not disguised that he thought Crane's chances of acquittal were slim. But if Crane and Helen were engaged, possibly married—secretly married—what jury would send a bridegroom to prison for ten years or so?

Prince, with a different conception of the province of the law, had coldly ignored the suggestion, but later, turning it over in his mind, he had thought it worth while to sound Crane, and had finally asked him point-blank whether or not he was in love with the lovely companion of that fatal night.

"No. Yes, a little. Every man who sees Helen Lattimer is a little in love with her."

"I must point out to you, Ridley, that if you are thinking of asking her to marry you—"

"I'm not thinking of it."

He knew what they were thinking of—his learned counsel—that Helen could save him; that if she went on the stand and pleaded for him—But she wouldn't do it. He had understood her perfectly that afternoon on her lawn. She wasn't really on his side; she wanted to be safe, to be out of the whole thing. Not all her taking his arm and looking up into his face had deceived him. She would not help him. He didn't blame her; he didn't even blame her for the fib she had told her mother about having been induced to go to Murani's against her will; she, too, was his enemy, and whatever happened he mustn't love her.

His attention came back to the trial. They were swearing Murani now. His black hair glistened like blue steel in the sunlight. Murani's testimony before the grand jury had been extremely damaging, and he was repeating it now.

Please turn to Page 44



Illustrated by WEP

*He stood facing the flower of thirty-six nations, his attitude that of Caesar's in ancient times.*

# HEEL of the TYRANT

Loving a tyrant can prove agonisingly difficult for a beautiful lady . . .

A Complete Short Story by . . .

Anthony GIBBS

THE world was waiting for the tyrant to decide. The British Ambassador put a cocked hat to his lips, muttered something inaudible beneath its fringe, then coughed his throat resoundingly and bowed at the cornice of the vast room in a bland and neutral manner.

The French Ambassador shrugged. "To be a dictator it is very necessary to be dramatic," he explained proudly, not making the slightest attempt to be inaudible. "Presently the double doors will be flung open, then a flourish of trumpets . . ."

"All terribly totalitarian and tiresome," observed Sir Leonard, peering over the heads of the corps diplomatique.

M. Chambert looked up at the face of the extremely distinguished English colleague with the little eye of an elephant.

"In the event," he whispered— "Can France count upon the support of her traditional friend?"

"What's that? What's that?" Sir Leonard demanded genially. "Well, well!" He looked down from his

superior height on the plump, pince-nez'd person. "Officially, of course . . . He assumed an expression of deep gravity and allowed his monocle to drop to the bottom of its cord. "But unofficially—I hate being kept waiting." He stared once more at the closed double doors, then patted M. Chambert patronisingly on the shoulder. "I expect you'll find that'll be all right," he said. "I wonder where my wife is."

For three-quarters of an hour the ambassadors, the wives of the ambassadors, the first secretaries, the wives of the first secretaries, the second secretaries, the sisters of the second secretaries and the foreign correspondents had remained, packed, overheated, resplendent, in this magnificent salon. The ceiling was a sprawling and confused mass of goddesses. The great candelabra blazed like white furnaces. The tapestries on the walls were priceless and invisible. The flower of thirty-six nations set the air aquiver with small talk and polite perspiration.

The flower of thirty-six nations

were not the only ones who were impatient. Outside in the great square a vast crowd of people stood silently, with the glare of searchlights sweeping across their thousands of white faces and a spidery erection of scaffolding and loud-speakers. Not even the square contained all those who waited, for the faces continued in packed roadways from its corners and thence out of sight. Out of sight but not out of sound, for in other squares there were other loud-speakers, and at street corners, too; and wherever those black nasturtiums blossomed on lamps and scaffolding the white faces made a tessellated pavement, all staring up with the same silent expectancy.

NOR were they all. In every town in the country was a square, and in every square the same dense throngs. In every village, in crooked mountain streets and smiling valleys, in isolated farms, in tiny communities outside small yellow churches, the people waited. Their faces were

white and they were silent because the words would come braying to them, thick with emotion and oratory, weighty with decision for their future. It might be that they would have to stand firm for their country and their tyrant, to exult with patriotic fervor, and to go out and die. On the other hand the tyrant might have decided, in his infinite wisdom, to bow before the combined show of force of the corrupt democracies. In that case they must stand firm, exult with patriotic fervor, and hold themselves in readiness to die another day.

Nor were they all. In the foreign offices and the newspaper offices and the stockbrokers' offices of the same thirty-six nations men waited for the tyrant's words, men in shirt sleeves, men with cigars, men with monocles, men with an anxious look in their eyes. Machines waited, printing machines, telegraphs, telephones, and battleships.

"Sheer exhibitionism, keeping me waiting like this," said Sir Reginald Berkeley in a tut-tuturing voice, and sighed, and looked down upon

M. Chambert and noticed that he was a little pale.

In his private office the tyrant stood before a tall mirror, picking at his cuffs. Suddenly he looked up at the ceiling with narrowed eyes, and then went to an ornate writing desk. In his round, uniform hand he wrote a careful letter, folded it queerly, tapped it on his thumb nail, and banged a bell. Then he went to the window and stood with his back to the room.

A thickset officer entered in big boots and stood with his hand raised.

The tyrant handed him the note over his shoulder.

The officer took it without a word, banged with his heels, saluted with empressment, and turned to leave the room.

The tyrant put out one hand a little from his side.

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# LITTLE Lost BOY

... Beneath  
the surface in the  
depths of a child's  
secret mind

**N**OWADAYS life for Dickie was more than anything else, like living in a fog. One of the kind of fogs that settle down over low, water-locked land as soon as the sun goes down, giving the commonplaceness of everyday a touch of the fourth dimension. It is not that anything is changed. All the old familiar landmarks are there. It is simply that the fog has distorted them out of all recognising.

It had been like this ever since the day the men in white clothes came and carried Mother away. Four of them had brought her down and then, at the foot of the stairs, she had said imploringly, "Just a moment, may I? My baby—"

Dr. Meadows had made a sign with his hand and someone had lifted Dickie up beside her and Dickie promptly put his face down against hers and crooned, "Ah-ah-ah-ah!" as he always did when he loved her very much. Then, almost at once, he sat back and touched her face with one small exploratory finger. For there were tears in Mother's eyes. One meandered slowly down her cheek to be lost in the hollow of the pillow under her head.

Dickie's face became very solemn. He looked frightened and then his face puckered up as if he were going to cry. Mother stopped that. She pulled his face down against hers once more and summoned a laugh from somewhere. "Listen, darling, Mother's going away for a little while. But she'll come back again and when she does she'll be able to play games with you all day long. Won't that be fine? So you'll be a good boy, won't you, darling? And you'll do just what Roger and Mrs. Muller tell you until Mother comes back again—"

Dickie had nodded and then Roger, who was his biggest brother, lifted him away from Mother and swung him high up to his shoulder, which was the place in all this world that Dickie dearly loved to sit. And the men had carried Mother away.

But all this had happened long ago. Remembering how long ago, Dickie gave a little sigh. Surely it was time for her to be coming back. Nobody mentioned Mother any more, not Roger or Stan or Johnny or even Mrs. Muller, who



All that had been stable in his little world had vanished overnight.

was the housekeeper and who looked after him while the others were gone. They didn't like him to talk about Mother either, and they didn't want him to stand at the window and press his nose against the glass while he watched to see if she weren't coming at last. Mrs. Muller muttered about the curtains getting mussed and, while Roger didn't say anything about the curtains, he did say that it was cold over in that corner and why didn't Dickie come and build blocks or look at his picture books or play with his electric train.

Dickie had tried unsuccessfully to explain just why it was necessary for him to watch out of the window, but nobody listened. They didn't understand it was because Mother said she was coming back and if he weren't at the window he'd miss waving to her. Any time she'd gone away before—downtown to shop or all dressed up to a party, or even to church on Sun-

day mornings—she always came back along this street, and Dickie, watching from the vantage point of the huge old window, would give his little shout of joy at the sight of her and strike the glass with his hands as he waved frantically, up to the very moment the front door opened and Mother was inside and he could run and bury his face against the lovely comfort that was her.

That was what he'd tried so hard to tell Roger. Perhaps the fact that he was only three had something to do with his failure. His baby vocabulary was entirely inadequate to bear expression of all the multitudinous things that ran through his head. He didn't understand all that Roger said either, but by watching his brother's face closely he discovered that Roger was bothered when he went over to the window and pulled the curtains aside while he stared out. But it was when he thrust his lower lip out as far as it would go and said mournfully, "I'd fink Muvver'd come!" that Roger dropped whatever it was that he was doing and said, "Come, kid,

Let's build a house!" or "Let's read about Peter Rabbit!" or even, if Mrs. Muller was good-natured, and it wasn't washday or anything like that, "Let's go into the kitchen and make some candy!"

Just Mother being away wasn't all that was different, either. Stan and Johnny and Roger were different. Now they were almost always home in the evenings. Before, when Mother was there, Dickie only saw his big brothers at dinner-time. The rest of the time they were away.

Part of it was because Johnny went to high school and Stan went to college and Roger, who was through college, had a job with a law firm down town. Of course, that was for the day. But they'd never been home in the evenings either. Johnny played basketball and swam in the Y pool and Stan, who had "Ec" to get or something called "Polly St." went to the library and filled black notebooks full of small beautifully legible handwriting, and Roger had dates and they weren't at all like the dates that Mother stuffed with

A Complete  
Short Story

By ...  
**EDITH  
HOWIE**

nuts and rolled in sugar at Christmas time.

Now, rather inexplicably, he had Roger and he didn't have Mother. Now it was Roger who helped him dress in the mornings and it was Roger who undressed him at night and who bathed him and tucked him into bed and who got up in the middle of the night when he called for a drink. It was Roger who, when Dickie woke up screaming, jumped out of his own bed and lifted Dickie up, blankets and all, and held him closely until he stopped shaking and then finally took him into his own bed.

Roger, or any of them, never knew just what these nightmares were all about. Dickie couldn't tell them. He only shivered if they asked him. Mrs. Muller said that it must be dreams. She said all children had bad dreams and that Roger, against her express advice, had insisted upon giving Dickie a piece of chocolate cake.

But it wasn't the chocolate cake. Dickie knew that. It was quite simply that out of the hugeness and blackness that was the world at night came like a thunderbolt the crushing conviction that now there wasn't any use for him to stand and watch for Mother at the window. There never had been any use. Because Mother wasn't coming. She never would come any more.

It was that certainty that drove him screaming and shaking into Roger's arms into Roger's bed. But dear as Roger now was to him, he hadn't been able to tell him. He'd tried but it hadn't been any good. All he'd been able to sob out was

"M u v v e r—Muvver—" and Roger had patted him on the back and said soothingly, "I know, old boy. It's tough. But look here, you come on and get in my bed with me and see if that won't help a little."

It had, Roger's arms were strong and the bed was warm and Roger's heart, close against his ear, kept pumping away rhythmically, though after thump, so that presently Dickie's eyes closed in spite of himself and he slept.

But, after that night, he never said, "I'd fink Muvver'd come!" again. What was the use of saying it if it wouldn't ever be so? He didn't know how or why he knew he wouldn't come. He just knew.

The others were relieved that he'd stopped saying it. Mrs. Muller said that it just went to prove that children will forget anything, even their mothers, given time enough. Johnny, however, didn't agree. He said that whoever said kids forget didn't know much about them. He said, "Look at him some time. He wanders about just like a homeless puppy. You'd think he didn't even know where he was any more, and watching his actions you'd think he was lost!"

He was. That was what they didn't know. None of them. Not even Johnny who had guessed. All that had been stable in his little world had vanished overnight. And what was left had suffered its own alchemic change. The house was there, of course. It was the same house that Dickie'd always known, and the rooms were the same rooms and the furniture was the same furniture. Only—

Please turn to Page 18



# FASHION PORTFOLIO

February 18, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## WHY DON'T YOU...



- (1) Linger over cocktails in a cleverly-draped black crepe frock with violet velvet accents? • (2) Wear Schiaparelli's adorable black sealskin topper for after-noon-in-town? • (3) Look like an Eastern princess in a quaint black velvet toque with electric-blue coq feathers? • (4) Offset sleek coiffures with a draped turban in tricolor velvet? • (5) Be breathlessly young and appealing in a confetti-spotted peasant dance frock with black cummerbund? • (6) Sweep in to dinner in a burgundy velvet gown with a broad yoke of heavy gold embroidery? • (7) Enhance an Edwardian hair-do by tying those errant locks with three cyclamen bows? • (8) Look like grandmamma's portrait with upswept curls held in place by an emerald comb? • (9) Wear a formal afternoon suit with opulent fox epaulets and regal purple accessories?

# VEILED HINTS...



• TOP LEFT An engaging Dutch bonnet strewn with pale blue and forget-me-nots and flaunting a stiffened white veil designed in Paris

• TOP RIGHT A saucy black velvet cap for the cocktail hour, witching cyclamen sweet-peas and a coarse mesh veil add flattery

• LEFT Of Dolly Varden inspiration — black straw piled with white baby orchids and a shower of white veiling for sophistication

• RIGHT Filmy pink veil falling fully from a black velvet halo hat lined with cameo-pink quilted satin. A hat to give young faces an ethereal charm

# PARIS SNAPSHOTS . . . .

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

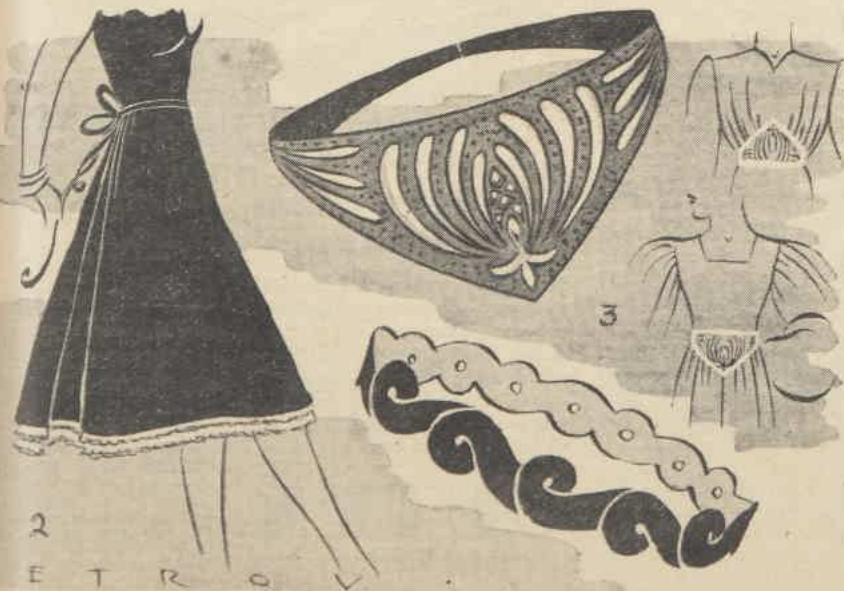
Sketches  
by  
PETROV



**1** PARIS has gone high hat on us. But this charming trio feature new zest and feminine appeal. The "Puritan" shape, called the canotier, is of black ballbuntal trimmed with an intriguing white bob! Schiaparelli offers the amusing idea of a band at the top of the crown instead of the base. The beflowered bicorne, is of wine carnations with tall fallie bow.

**2** A NEW SKIRT has appeared—the apron skirt, which is perfectly plain in front, having all the fullness either gathered or pleated in the centre back. This type of skirt successfully disguises any hip-measurement discrepancies, but insists on a slim, supple waistline. It is worn over wide, lacy, frilled petticoats designed to reveal themselves with every movement.

**3** TWO NEW THOUGHTS in belts. One, wide at the front like a cummerbund, and tapering towards the back, is blue with silver kid and blue glass-head embroidery; and the other is of stiffened suede in cut-out wave pattern. This season belts have achieved a new importance—to give plain frocks that additional "kick" and minimise the waistline.



**4** ONE of the loveliest gowns in Chanel's collection is of black tulle entirely covered by frills of narrow black velvet ribbon with matching muff. Wider ribbons divide the skirt into

panels and edge the decollete, with one ribbon going from a rosette on the right shoulder to another on the left side at the back. A matching cluster velvet loop is worn in the hair.

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tuition cost and in the same number of years HE has become a leader in the business field—earning a salary which the other hopes for some day, just as influential as the youth in the profession, his prestige just as great—his security far greater. Business offers, too, such a wide scope for advancement that it can safely be asserted there are 99 chances of a great future in Business for the average man, to every one in the professional world—for the brilliant person, while for those of average ability the possibilities of security and comfort are ten times as great again if he enters business.

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Friday Night Is AMAMI Night



## This is how to run rings round the other girl

Touches that will make your old frock look new.



Sketched by ROBB

PERHAPS you can't afford a new evening frock to herald the dancing season. But don't despair, for here Robb, the famous English fashion artist, shows you how you can still be the best-dressed girl at any party if you highlight your old frock with the latest, most eye-catching trimmings.

1 GLOSSY black velvet evening gloves and bag match a black hair-ribbon and contrast with a white frock. A small posy of real flowers is pinned to each wrist.

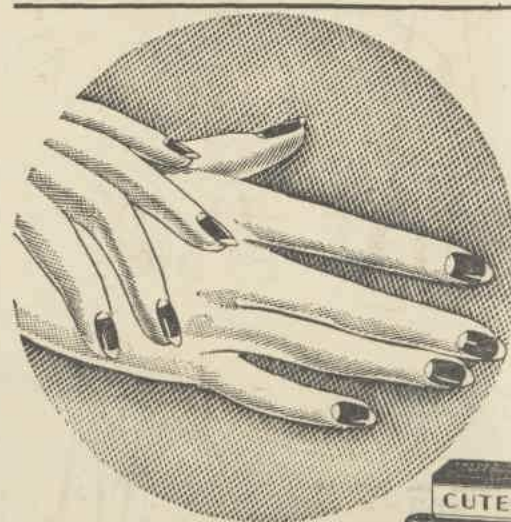
2 LOW-CUT neck of the white frock is laced with black, tied with a bow, and filled with violet, pink, and blue flowers.

3 THE new hair-fix, curls on top and ringlets down the back, is tied high with ribbon and a spray of flowers.

4 RIBBON and flowers again, but this time on the nape of the neck.

5 TRANSPARENT puff sleeves, made of stiff organza, are filled with bright flowers and tied with a ribbon matching the hair-tie.

6 CORAL is back at the top of fashion. Thick twisted strands make necklace and bracelet, and match small earrings. The three electrify a white satin dress.



## New Fingertip Accents To Flatter Your Hands!

Cutex has five exciting new nail polish shades recommended by leading Parisian stylists to add that subtle dash of colour to your favourite costume. And there's a shade among them that will accent your own colouring too! Create character in your hands by selecting one of these new shades for your very own!



TRY THESE EXCITING NEW SHADES  
Clover Tulip  
Thistle Laurel  
Old Rose Heather

REGULAR SIZE NOW COSTS ONLY 2/-.  
For economy buy the Regular Size Cutex Polish. It is usable to the last drop, and contains nearly three times the quantity of the 1-Trial Size.

## CUTEX

Nail Polish

# OUR PATTERN SERVICE

## Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: • Write your name and full address in block letters. • Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. • State size required. • For children, state age of child. • Use box numbers given on concession coupon. • For concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

EXHILARATING styles to farewell summer with infinite charm and chic



WW2755.—Dainty Victorian design for dancing. Sizes 32 to 38 bust. Material:  $6\frac{1}{2}$  to  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards, 36in. wide. Paper pattern, 1/1.

WW2756.—Slacks and shirt for active sports. Sizes 32 to 38 bust. Material:  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards for shirt, and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards for overalls, 36in. wide. Paper pattern, 1/1.

WW2757.—Beguiling for afternoon. Sizes 32 to 38 bust. Material:  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards, 36in. wide. Paper pattern, 1/1.

WW2758.—Daytime frock with flared skirt, and contrasting front. Sizes 32 to 38 bust. Material:  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards, 36in. wide. Paper pattern, 1/1.

WW2759.—A remnant will make these pyjamas, 1-6 years. Material:  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards, 36in. wide. Paper pattern, 10d.



2755



2762



2758



2759



2760



2761

WW2760.—Flattering for maternity wear. Sizes 32 to 38 bust. Material:  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards for frock, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards for coat, 36in. wide. Paper pattern, 1/1.

WW2761.—Informal suit for spectator sports. Sizes 32 to 38 bust. Material:  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards, 36in. wide. Paper pattern, 1/1.

WW2762.—Daytime simplicity. Sizes 32 to 38 bust. Material:  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards, 36in. wide. Paper pattern, 1/1.

## CONCESSION COUPON

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:—  
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Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

You may call for patterns at office address appearing on Page 3.  
Tax., Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z., Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.  
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PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

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## SPECIAL Concession PATTERN

A charming underwear set for your trousseau.

Cut in sizes 32, 34, and 36 bust.

ONE: Requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards, 36in. wide.

TWO: Requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards, 36in. wide.

THREE: Requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards, 36in. wide.

# An Editorial What happens when a Pope dies

FEBRUARY 18, 1939.

## OUR DAILY FOOD



A TEMPORARY shortage of fruit and vegetables owing to bushfires and the extremely hot weather of the past months makes us realise how well off usually we are in Australia in the matter of fresh food.

The Australian has a whole continent from which to draw his food supplies, and a nation of food growers to wait on him.

Australian men and women can be autocrats at the breakfast table the whole year round.

A diner in any of our capital cities, for instance, can dine high, wide, and handsome with paw-paws and tropic fruits from Queensland to add an exotic note to the menu. He can call up from the cooler south fruit and vegetables that might have come from a luscious, rain-drenched English garden. He can eat round the calendar without going out of Australia.

With such plenty around us it is only natural that the average Australian is devoid of food fads.

*We don't bring our food analysts to the breakfast table or have vitamin hunts and calorie counts over the dinner menu. Bounteous nature takes care of all that.*

Nearly all this talk of vitamins and calories and fancy foods comes from overseas where fresh food is not so plentiful and vitamins are lacking in the substitutes provided.

But with all this abundance and our excellent cooks, do we get the best out of our foods?

Overseas visitors tell us persistently that we don't. There are not enough investigating minds in our kitchens to cure our menu-monotony.

We haven't any national dishes like other countries of the world, they say.

Yet buried in the recipe books of the women of Australia are thousands of diverting dishes, tested and tried. Out of these eventually will come the all-Australian menus worthy of the wonderful food products that go to their making.

—THE EDITOR.

## Impressive ceremonial follows passing of Pius XI

KINGS are born to the throne, but the most powerful of all spiritual or temporal rulers may be a peasant's son.

He rules not over the bodies of men, but over their souls. His decisions are infallible. He is to millions the Vicar of Christ on Earth.

He is called the Pope. He has been called the Prisoner of the Vatican, the tiny City State on the outskirts of Rome, out of which bygone Popes refused to budge as a protest against loss of earthly power.

And to-day still, although a railway leads now from the Vatican across the Tiber, the name persists.

With the death of Pius, the eleventh of that name to inhabit the 10,000-roomed palace of the Vatican, Cardinals from all over the world are hastening to Rome for the long and complex task of choosing a successor.

From the moment of his election the Pope is surrounded by ceremonial, which is as old and as changeless as the faith itself.

Ceremonial, in fact, surrounds the actual death-bed. After doctors have ascertained the death, it falls to the head of the Sacred College—at present the lean, gaunt Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli—to certify their decision.

He stands by the bedside, draws a small silver mallet from beneath his robes, and taps the dead Pontiff thrice on the forehead, calling him by his Christian name.

There is a moment's solemn silence, then the Cardinal turns to the prelates and announces, "The Pope is truly dead."

The Fisherman's Ring, symbolical of Papal power all over the world, is drawn from the Pope's finger and handed to the attending Cardinal with the lead die which serves to cast the Papal seals upon documents of State.

In that simple act the Cardinal receives the symbols of power of the Pope and divests him of his earthly rights and privileges according to the tradition of the Church.

Not until this is done is the news officially sent over the world, and for 24 hours life in the Vatican comes to a standstill.

After that interval ceremonial resumes its course around the Pontiff.



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI

The body is embalmed and a white veil placed over his face and another over his crossed hands. On the vestments that cover his chest there is embroidered a great cross of gold.

Then they carry him—his secret chaplains and the officers of the Swiss Guard—to the Throne Room, where for one hour his body is left alone with his family.

### Age-old Pageantry

AFTER exactly one hour the family leaves, and he is dressed in his vestments with the Pontifical robes. On his head is placed the golden mitre. On his feet are placed red, gold-embroidered leather boots.

Then he is carried from the Throne Room into the great Sistine Chapel, where for one day he lies in state guarded by the Noble Guard who are recruited only from the aristocracy.

The Papal Throne is removed from its position beside the pulpit to symbolise the vacancy of the Holy See.

Next day with age-old pageantry, after the ceremony of absolution, the body is carried from the Sistine Chapel into the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament in St. Peter's. It is laid on a great red catafalque and the feet are bared through the railed-off space so that the faithful may kiss the toes.

### LONG ILLNESS

AFTER an illness of more than three years, Pope Pius XI died at 4.31 a.m. on February 10.

Born in the Province of Milan, Italy, on May 31, 1857, he was crowned Pope on December 12, 1922.

A thousand pounds' weight of candles are burned beside the bier every day. And all day for three days the chant rises to heaven for his soul.

The massive coffin is then carried to another part of the great church.

It is hoisted to a niche above a doorway in which it is laid. A mason mounts and cements a slab of marble before it. On the slab is painted merely the Pope's name.

AS he lies there, the Sacred College of sixty-six Cardinals vote for his successor, and the crowds gather before the Vatican to watch for a smoke signal.

One by one the Cardinals, with their attendants,

enter a walled-off wing of the Vatican to ballot for the new Pope. They cannot leave until a successor has been elected.

They are sealed up together and the door is guarded by the traditional Marshal of the Conclave, since 1721 a member of the Chigi family. They dine together in silence, their letters are censored, their food is tested for messages, and the telephones are cut off.

Then the voting begins.

In the case of an indecisive result the ballot papers are burned in a little stove behind the altar.

THE waiting crowds outside see a pale smoke coming from the chimney above the Sistine Chapel and know that no decision has been reached.

At last, however, a decision is made. This time, the ballot papers are mixed with damp straw before being burned. The smoke that issues from the chimney is black and at once the signal is recognised.

When the new Pope is elected, waiting crowds will see the figure of Cardinal Pacelli high up on a verandah of the Vatican.

"I bring you tidings of great joy," he will say: "Again we have a Pope."

As the announcement is made the new Pope will appear before the people with hand upraised in blessing in his role as "the greatest on earth after God."

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . By WEP



# You may now grow older more disgracefully



Boys will be boys even when they're one hundred and eighty

A Russian scientist says that we may yet live to be one hundred and eighty.

What a thought! Personally, I would loathe and detest being one hundred and eighty.

YOU don't have to be anything like that age to be a most unbearable bore.

"Well, as I said to Charlie Grace—of course, you wouldn't remember Charlie . . . I said to him . . . he was in the Boer War with me—"

You know the rest.

To live to the age of one hundred

and eighty a certain amount of stamina seems to be required.

Not, mark you, by the person who lives to be one hundred and eighty, but by the people who have to listen to him.

When I'm getting well on in years—say 130—I'll take a vicious pleasure in picking on small nephews and nieces.

"When I was your age . . . You'll finish in a pauper's grave. But you can't put old heads on young shoulders."

By  
**L. W. Lower**  
Australia's Foremost  
Humorist  
Illustrated by  
**EMILE MERCIER**

ders. Go your reckless way. When I was your age I was up at four o'clock every morning, winter and summer.

"What a dissolute young coot you must have been, Grandpa."

"No! No! I mean I was in bed up till that time."

"Yes, my boy. A brisk walk of seven or eight miles, a cold shower and a hearty breakfast made me fit to face the day's toil."

"Look at me now! Sound as a bell. Fetch me my crutches and I'll show you how I beat Battler Brown in thirty-four rounds. Bare knuckles in those days, my lad."

"That's wonderful, Grandpa, but I've got to go—"

"Siddown! What's become of the manners of the present generation? Eh? Answer me that! When I was a boy my father would lash us with a horse-whip if we interrupted him. A stern man, but just."

"Just what? What the devil are you talking about?"

"It doesn't matter, Grandpa. Let it slide."

"There you are! That's just what I said to an old friend of mine—careless, slangy misuse of the King's English is the hall-mark of the young man of to-day. What was I saying?"

"About coming home at four o'clock in the morning."

"Ah, yes. Those were the days. There was one girl I used to meet outside the Tivoli when the show was over . . ."

"You mean tapping on your bugle?"

"Eh? No! Damme, keep silent! DO YOU HEAR ME?"

"Yes, Grandpa."

"What was I saying? You keep on interrupting me."

"It was about you being a burglar—I mean a bugler—at the Battle of Waterloo. You know—into the valley of death rode the six hundred!"

"Six hundred!—Tommy rot! There were only four hundred of us. They must have counted some of us twice. Mind you, four hundred of us were worth six hundred of anybody else."

"Yes, Grandfather."

"DON'T KEEP ON SAYING YES, GRANDFATHER!"

"No, Grandfather."

"I said to Wellington at the time."

"If you'll excuse me, I really must go now."

"Ha! You sly young dog. Some woman, I suppose. Bring her along my boy, bring her along. I'm a good judge of women. Did I tell

Those were the days! Grandpa Lower tells of his exploits in the Crimea—or was it Waterloo?

you about the time when I used to wait outside the stage door?"

"It's not anything like that. I've got to attend the Small Debts Court."

"Don't go, my boy. Don't go. Utter madness. Forget it. I'm an old man and I know. Well, what was I saying? Oh, about the stage door. What a woman! You don't see women like that these days, my boy . . ."

"I really must go and see this lawyer chap, grandpa."

"Very well, my boy, have it your own way. Would you like me to come with you?"

"No! What the—I mean, no thank you. Don't you bother."

"Just like your father. Headstrong and stubborn. Lend me two shillings for some lintment, my boy."

Now I ask you, fancy having to put up with that year after year!

There is only one consolation. Your turn would come.

For The Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

## Take It!



The Wonder Tablet

## -And Stop Limping

DON'T let Leg Troubles cripple you. Take Elasto, the Great New Biomedical Remedy that cures through the blood, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense. Leg aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical: it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

### Everybody is Asking—What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of curing through the blood. Your copy is Free, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devalued fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing! The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

### Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"Varicose veins quickly healed after 18 years of useless bandaging."  
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."  
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."  
"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day."  
"My piles are gone, my legs are better and I feel better in my general health."  
"Elasto has banished my asthma."  
"After being indoors for 18 months, I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."  
"Now free from rheumatism and neuritis."  
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."

### Send for Interesting FREE Booklet.

SIMPLY send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1551/R, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. (L. 1519)

Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

**Elasto will save you pounds!**



## Give your hair a Beauty Wash

EVERYONE'S talking about this "new thrilling way to wash hair"—with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo! Without any doubt, it quickly brings out the full radiant loveliness of your hair, and awakens alluring highlights which you never previously knew existed.

Immediately you commence "beauty washing" your hair with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo you FEEL the difference. The rich, live "coconut bubbles" begin to foam through your hair, dissolving dust, dandruff and oily film—leaving your hair SILEY-CLEAN and more attractive than you've ever seen it before.

Then when you look at your hair in the glass—what a thrill! A glorious picture of shimmering loveliness. Its very texture richer, silkier, and altogether more desirable—Watch how the waves come out deep, crisp, sparkling, and ever so much easier to dress.

**Blondes**—Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo preserves that true gold colour of your hair.

**Brunettes**—"Beauty washing" with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo finds new gleaming highlights in your hair.

Make your next shampoo a real "beauty wash"—with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo—a 2/6 bottle gives you 14 wonderful Shampoos. Obtainable at chemists and stores.

## COLINATED COCOANUT OIL Shampoo

## Eczema Vanishes in Seven Days

Powerful Antiseptic Prescription Stops Itching Instantly, and Bolls that Discharge are Quickly Healed.

Now that tens of thousands know that Moone's Emerald Oil helps to reduce ugly, dangerous varicose veins, we want them to know that this wonderfully effective agent will dry up eczema eruptions in a few days and cause the scales to drop off and disappear.

It acts the same way with any skin disease, such as barber's itch, salt rheum, redness, and inflammatory skin troubles.

Moone's Emerald Oil is not a patent medicine, but is a surgeon's prescription that for years has been successfully used in private and hospital practice. All leading chemists dispense it, and complete directions for home use come with each bottle.

## CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION

Say good-bye to clumsy corn-cuts and risky rasers. A new liquid called NOXACORN eases pain in 40 seconds. Dries up corns and calluses, root and all. Contains pure castor oil, camphor and iodine. Absolutely safe. Easy directions on label. 1/6 bottle saves untold misery. The chemist refunds your money if NOXACORN brand Corn Remover fails to remove any corn or callus.

## THE

officer seemed to sense the motion without seeing it, and hesitated at the door.

"Put out the lights," the tyrant said.

The officer switched them off from the doorway, stamped with his heels again and went out of the room. Outside in the passage he gave the note to a braided functionary. "To be delivered immediately," said the officer.

The functionary walked the length of the passage, opened a doorway and discovered another of his kind.

"To be delivered immediately!" said the functionary.

"To be delivered immediately!"

The door closed, and a major domo began making his slow way through the throng, edging here, apologising there. Ten minutes later a certain very beautiful lady in white heard a voice whisper at her shoulder.

"Madame!"

She turned with a little shock of surprise.

The major domo glanced down his arm.

The lady followed the direction of his eyes. Her hand moved the fraction of an inch, and her fingers

closed over the note. She opened it with one hand, read it, and lowered her lashes for a moment. The functionary bowed imperceptibly and started the journey back.

With his own hands the tyrant pulled open the two doors of the salon, took two paces forward and stood facing the flower of thirty-six nations, his attitude that of Caesar's in ancient times.

The noise of conversation dwindled abruptly into silence.

"How d'you do you bad man!" said Lady Berkeley, who was standing near him. "D'you know you've kept everybody waiting nearly an hour?"

He lowered his eyes, smiled, and bowed very civilly.

"My humble apologies milady! It is the privilege of a woman to change her mind, but a dictator, never."

She narrowed her eyes. "Does that mean you haven't made up your mind? Don't tell me the dictator's human after all."

The tyrant's eyes left hers with an abrupt flick.

## Heel of the Tyrant

Continued from Page 7

"I must be alone," he said. "I must have time to think." Leopold!

His Polish aide leapt to his side.

"Tell them to go away," said the tyrant. "Tell them I have gone to my hills for three days. These are weighty matters. Tell them their tyrant will speak to them on Monday."

Leopold raised his arm and clattered to the window.

The tyrant raised his own arm to the company in the room, turned smartly, and went away.

All over the world the voice of Leopold Stakovsky spoke in place of the tyrant's.

All over the world men clicked off their wireless receivers and looked at one another. There were still three days.

One hour afterwards a large black car with bullet-proof windows shot away from the back of the palace and raced at breakneck speed through the streets. A moment

later another identical car rushed in swift pursuit.

No one knew in which car the tyrant sat. At forty miles an hour the cars followed the same sinuous unexpected route through the back streets, then abruptly crossed the river, raced through tramline roads at a mile a minute and so, with a sudden blaze of headlights, out through ramshackle areas into the open country. When they had travelled about five miles in this way a third car, waiting down a side turning, lurched out on the road and screamed after them through its gears.

For two hours the three cars rushed through the night, through unfrequented main roads and sleeping villages, and then began to corkscrew up into the hills. They came at length to the gates of a house and swung up the drive and halted, splattered with mud and speed, before the door.

The tyrant dived in first, looking neither to right nor to left, and disappeared. Then the man he had called Leopold walked to the door of the third car and opened it for a lady in a white fur coat. She slipped into the house, shepherded by black-clad guards. Leopold Stakovsky stood on the steps for a moment in salute, and then he too, went within. The three cars drove away as hurriedly as they had come.

It was warm in the little salon, and light with firelight, and as the lady entered and slipped off her cloak an immense mantel which was prone before the fire blinked its eyes and beat the carpet gently with its tail. Suddenly it backed on its haunches, cocked its ears, and leapt to its full six feet to lick the face of the tyrant as he fondled it.

The face of the tyrant was curiously different. It was bronzed, and grinning, and oddly boyish.

## DOWN

old man!" said the tyrant, and looked questioning, smilingly at the lady, the lady to whom he had sent the note.

"Anna—" he began very quickly.

"Well, Victor?" she replied.

The tyrant laughed like a happy child, and opened his arms to embrace her. They kissed many times while he stroked her hair almost with an expression of disbelief, and then they stood for some little time cheek to cheek, he with his eyes shut in ecstasy, she quietly in tears.

"What's this?" demanded the tyrant. "Tears?"

"Happy ones," she answered. "It's been so long."

"We have three days," he said. "Three whole precious days. Think of that! Three whole days, just you and I. No dictator-face. For three whole days I do not have to stick out my chin, or roll my eyes—"

"And then how long till the next three days?" she asked.

"Anna!" He was disappointed with her tone. "You know that I long for you, that the one thing that keeps me sane is the thought that sometime, soon, you and I can slip away together—"

"And what sort of a married life is that?"

He was more disappointed still, and spoke reassuringly, as to an unreasonable child. "But Anna—I have told you. A dictator is above all that. He has to build himself up, this monstrous facade. He may stand on balconies and make faces, but he must not eat meat, nor drink wine, nor marry a wife. He must be a thing apart from mortal appetites. He must make himself a god. I cannot be married to a wife. I am wedded to the cause!"

"What cause?" she asked.

"What cause? How do I know what cause? Anna, why will you be so infernally logical about all this? You talk as though being a dictator was like being a pencil manufacturer. There is no cause. There is no sense in the thing whatsoever. The whole thing is a frantic and gigantic fraud; it's false mythology. You and I both know that perfectly well. But for Heaven's sake don't let us keep admitting it! Don't you know how to pretend? Can't you and I live in a fool's paradise—for three days?"

She looked petulant.

"Anna!"

He put all he knew into his smiling eyes. "Anna, I love you. We are alone together. Let us be happy like that, for a little while. Please—"

She smiled.

Please turn to Page 38

# WHAT!

## do you want for your money?

A profitable investment in a progressive concern... Regular interest... Absolute safety and security... Perhaps a repository for the savings of years to guard against the uncertainties of old age and yet provide at half-yearly intervals a little spending money without reducing your capital?

All these advantages are offered by the present Commonwealth Loan of £3,500,000, which will be used for the carrying on of Public Works throughout Australia.

The development of this great Continent must go on. What better investment is there than an investment in the future of your own country? Do you want anything more for your money?

# COMMONWEALTH

# ★ LOAN ★

Apply to any Bank, Savings Bank, Money Order Post Office, or Stockbroker.

*N. S. Casey*  
Treasurer.

# Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



ESTATE AGENT: It's been like this ever since I advertised it as being a stone's throw from the station.



GROCER: What's wrong with these eggs, madam?  
CUSTOMER: I thought they were undersized for their age.



"If I've seen all your hats I'll look at some dresses, unless it's stopped raining!"

"Your wife has such a soft, liquid voice."  
"Yes, but it's hard to stop the flow."

## Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

PARSON: Always speak well of your neighbor.  
Mrs. Next Door: I do. And yet I assure you she is one of the most detestable creatures on earth.

WAITER: Did I bring you a menu, sir?  
Diner: I don't know—never was good at remembering events of history.

OLD LADY (to persistent tramp): Didn't I tell you not to call again?  
Up-to-date Tramp: I'm sorry, mum. It's my secretary's fault. He's forgotten to cross you off my visiting list.

HUSBAND: You know, you'll never get that dog to obey you.  
Wife: Oh, yes I shall. It only needs patience. You were just as difficult at first!

"I SHOULD think you would get tired of going out motoring alone."

"Oh, no, I usually run across somebody before I've gone far."

SECRETARY: Your wife wants to kiss you over the phone.  
Business Man: Take the message and give it to me later.



# PAIN

you can't explain

Amazing Actevin (anti-spasm) Compound  
Ends Needless Suffering Every Month...

Already five out of every nine women have changed to MYZONE for better relief of period pain. For MYZONE's own actevin (anti-spasm) compound brings such quick—and more complete and lasting—relief without any "doping."

When you feel you are going mad with those dragging muscular cramps... when headache

and sick-feeling, and that dreadful weakness makes you want to sit down and cry... let MYZONE bring you blessed ease and comfort.

Just take two MYZONE tablets with water, or cup of tea. These wonderful little tablets are Science's aid to nature, and can show you that normal periods need not ever be painful. Try MYZONE on your very next "pain."

2/- box. All Chemists.

## USE THIS 2-PURPOSE SOAP



Soothes and softens rough, red skin, renders it clear and lovely.

Gives the skin a thorough Antiseptic Cleansing

Cuticura is a MEDICINAL and TOILET soap, combining in one big tablet the unique soothing, healing and antiseptic medicaments of Cuticura Ointment, with the mildest and most beautifying soap base that science has devised. The result is a soap with a superlative cleansing and beautifying action. The richly emollient and refining lather penetrates to the bottom of the pores, ridding them of every particle of beauty-spoiling dirt, grease and make-up residue. It renders dry, harsh, hungry skin as supple and smooth as velvet.

Your complexion blooms anew with new life, new youth and fascinating beauty. To relieve sore, rough skins, also to heal pimples and skin injuries, use Cuticura Ointment. For the perfect finish to your daily bath, dust all over with superfine Cuticura Talcum.

# Cuticura

PREPARATIONS

## Astrology on the Air

MISS JUNE MARSDEN, who conducts the astrology column in *The Australian Women's Weekly*, can now be heard over the air from Station 2GB.

Her talk is a feature of *The Australian Women's Weekly* session between 4 p.m. and 4.30 p.m. on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday each week.

The broadcast has been running for several weeks, and is extremely popular. Miss Marsden has received a large number of letters, but, as in the case of her regular feature in *The Australian Women's Weekly*, she is unable to reply to individual inquiries.

THERE never were open fires in the fireplaces now—Mrs. Muller said fires were nasty, dirty things—and the low table in front of the davenport had no workbox spilling with delicate linens and gold-handled scissors and strands of rainbow silks. The glass candy jar still stood on the mantel but there was nothing in it, no lemon drops, acidly, puckeringly sweet to a little boy's tongue, or red-striped peppermints or even cinnamon rounds like bits of ruby fire.

Whatever Roger liked they were sure to have. Flowers, for instance. Mrs. Muller didn't like flowers. She said they were a nuisance, always dropping petals over everything. She put all the pretty vases away on a top shelf in the cupboard and there they would have stayed if Roger hadn't made her take them down again. Roger was always coming home with long green boxes filled with tissue paper and fragrance.

Because roses were something more than just roses to Dickie. In some queer way their fragrance was the fragrance of Mother. The scent of roses had encompassed her. It had stirred from her hair, breathed from the lovely laces and chiffons and wadded satins in which she

had dressed the last while, from the multitude of small pillows that had been scattered over bed and lounge chair. Even now, just to open the door of the Room was to release a breath of beauty.

Not that Dickie had the chance very often. If there was one place in the world that was forbidden to him, it was the Room, and, equally, with the determination that thwarted persistently enough and without apparent reason may approach a mania even in the smallest child, the Room was the one place in the world that Dickie wanted to be.

Once upon a time it had been known as Mother's room. Farther back than that it had been Daddy's room also, although Dickie had long since forgotten the quiet greyish man who had gone away before Mother did. Now it belonged to no one. It hadn't since Mother went away. It was quiet and dark and lonesome and there was nothing in it, save the faint pervading scent of roses.

It wasn't that Dickie did anything so terrible when he did go to the Room. He only pushed the door

## Continuing Little Lost Boy

from Page 8

open and stood on the threshold. He never even ventured in very far. Once he had tiptoed to the foot of the bed but the taffeta spread that had always been folded and laid across a chair when Mother was there was stretched smoothly over nothing; and the bed, the dear bed into which it had been his most precious privilege to climb even when Mother was the sickest and the nurse was the most emphatic about his lying quietly, was flat, empty, and the flatness, the emptiness, struck black terror to his soul so that he had found it impossible to stay there. He had turned and fled and in the hall he had run into Roger and clung to him while he sobbed brokenly for a long time, and Roger patted his shoulder and stared into nothingness with eyes that were all at once bitter and old.

It was then that Roger had made the Room forbidden ground. Dickie was not to go there any more. Never. Roger wanted him to understand that.

Mrs. Muller, at odds with Roger as regards most of the things that concerned his small brother, agreed.

She said that even wanting to go into that room was morbid. She said there was no sense in it. She said it wasn't healthy. After his initial pronouncement, Roger was silent but Johnny was not. He was

Dickie, she only sat him down hard on a straight chair in the living-room and told him he was to stay there until Roger came home.

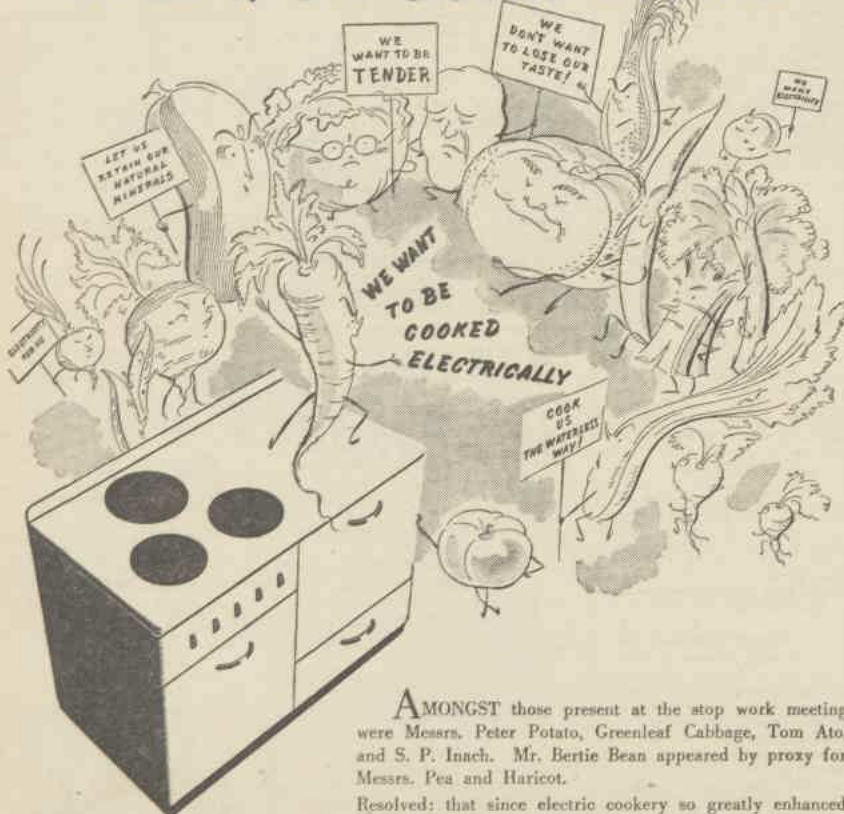
Roger was late that night. Dickie had grown very tired of the uncomfortable chair and his face felt hot and sticky where his tears had streaked. He scowled fiercely when he heard Mrs. Muller telling Roger all about it in the hall. When Roger came, he looked very grave but he didn't say anything at all. Dickie had put up his arms and Roger had hugged him and carried him upstairs and washed his face and hands. The next night when he came home from the office he brought Dickie a pink plush kitten. Dickie accepted it and thereafter, dutifully, he took it to bed with him, but it never slept, as Roger had hoped, warmly, soft nose against the hollow of Dickie's throat.

Dickie always left it on the outside of the covers. Never, never, never, in all the world, would he let it take the place Mother's glove had held in his affections.

His days had the dreariness of routine.

After breakfast, after the others had gone, Mrs. Muller would tell him to run along and play. If it were a nice day, he could play out-of-doors. If it weren't—and it mostly wasn't—he must stay inside. Auntie Muller was going to be busy, she would tell Dickie when he made an abortive effort to trail after her in her trips about the house. That meant that she mustn't

## the Vegetables HOLD A SIT DOWN STRIKE



AMONGST those present at the stop work meeting were Messrs. Peter Potato, Greenleaf Cabbage, Tom Ato, and S. P. Inch. Mr. Bertie Bean appeared by proxy for Messrs. Pea and Haricot.

Resolved: that since electric cookery so greatly enhanced the prestige, flavour and palatability of all vegetables . . . that since electric cookery was so much more economical than any other method . . . and since approved electric ranges can be purchased on NO DEPOSIT and 5 YEARS' TERMS from the Sydney County Council (with even the cost of installation included in the terms!) . . . all vegetables be urged to direct the public to the Queen Victoria Building.

## COOK ELECTRICALLY

BETTER LIGHT MEANS BETTER SIGHT

You can protect your family against all-too-prevalent eyestrain by installing at least one of the "Better Sight" Lamps now available from the Sydney County Council on particularly easy terms.

THE SYDNEY COUNTY COUNCIL

QUEEN VICTORIA BUILDING, GEORGE ST., SYDNEY, AND AT 206 BURWOOD RD., BURWOOD; 255 BEAMISH ST., CAMPSIE.



All this for  
**4d A WEEK**

You can HIRE an Electric Kitchen Hot Water Service from the Sydney County Council for a rental of 4d. a week! FREE INSTALLATION! FREE SERVICE! Electric hot water at your kitchen sink . . . 4d. a week plus the trifling cost of the electricity used!



## PETER PIPER

THE originator of Peter Piper's practical principles of plain and perfect pronunciation even managed to make a tongue-twister on the difficult letter "U." Here it is:

u u u

### UNCLE'S USHER

Uncle's usher urg'd an ugly urchin:  
Did Uncle's usher urge an ugly urchin?  
If Uncle's usher urg'd an ugly urchin,  
Where's the ugly urchin Uncle's usher urg'd?  
(Next week the v v v tongue-twister.)

ride. He was so rude that Roger made him apologise to Mrs. Muller.

Johnny said: "It's not morbid! It was her room—I suppose you think he's forgotten that. You're the one who's morbid and unhealthy. You shut it up tight, didn't you? You pulled the shades down so it would be dark and gloomy. You made a mystery of it. You're a fool! You try to make it like Bluebeard's chamber and now if it's backfired on you it's your own darn fault—"

Dickie, clinging tightly to the solidness of Roger, had made little of Roger's instant white hot anger and Johnny's subsequent apology. He was vaguely sorry for Johnny without knowing why, but the thing that mattered most to him was the fact, indisputable, that Roger wasn't going to let him go back into the Room any more. The last bit of comfort he had was being taken from him.

If he'd been allowed to keep the glove—but he hadn't. Once the glove had been white and Mother had worn it, but Dickie's hot little fingers in the course of much loving handling had reduced it to a grimy grey. For a long time no one had known he had it. He had found it the day after the men took Mother away and he had kept it jealously after that, hiding it, taking it out only when he was certain he was alone and no one could see him. It had gone to bed with him, lain warmly below his cheek to bring him sweet dreams throughout the night.

And then Mrs. Muller had seen him playing with it, and, paying no attention to his frantic screams, had thrown it into the furnace. Dickie had shrieked wildly and pounded her with his hard little fists and kicked her on the shins and Mrs. Muller had been very angry. But, because Roger was emphatic that she must never punish

be bothered, so Dickie would go quietly into the library and open the big cupboard where his toys were kept. But he couldn't play.

Nothing was right, if he built blocks, he never made anything worth while. The tall towers that Mother had helped him erect were things of the past.

The electric train was no good, either; it snarled itself somehow into a mess of piled-up cars. Books were better, but although he pored earnestly over the bright pictures they held little of the magic that had been theirs when Mother's cheek was close against his own. Even although Roger, who read to him conscientiously, turned the pages and spoke the words, he didn't do it satisfactorily. It was just that he didn't know how. Mother had known how, Roger didn't.

HE grew thin and Roger worried audibly and Mrs. Muller said that she couldn't understand it, that it was certainly true that he got enough to eat and the best of care.

Then one night, after dinner was over and they all had gone to all in the library, Roger put down his paper and cleared his throat with so important a sound that even Dickie, who had been turning the pages of "Bobby and the Bunbles," looked up at him with expectation.

"Listen, you fellows," Roger said. "I've done it. Kathy's promised to marry me."

It didn't sound interesting to Dickie. He watched incuriously while Stanley and Johnny pumped Roger's hand up and down and slapped him on the back. Then he went back to his book. The words of the others formed a meaningless background to the familiar picture.

Please turn to Page 20

## Prizes for Letters

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address will be found at top of page 3.

## FAIRY TALES

**S**URELY childhood deprived of fairy stories would be very dull indeed? Some people disagree with this view.

Personally, I believe that children have endless fun and happiness with the wonders of the "Fairy World."

They learn to appreciate beauty. They can see a fairy castle in an old burnt tree stump. The grass around the base becomes a forest, the hollow inside a ballroom...

Such fancies not only add to the happiness of the child, but help to develop its imaginative powers.

11 to Miss Doris Moseley, 37 Denham St., Bondi, N.S.W.

## DOMESTIC SERVICE

**N**OWADAYS girls seeking employment disregard domestic service, and in preference look for positions in shops and offices.

No wonder! It is time that the domestic servant "woke up," as in most homes they are treated as mere noddies and are "just the maid."

These girls may be poor, but they have pride, which is often stung by would-be society people.

Domestic work is the worst job in the world unless a girl has a very good mistress, and these are few and far between. Who agrees?

Alison Bullock, Eglinton, Bathurst, N.S.W.

## SPORT SPOILS

**S**PORT is essentially a man's pastime.

Why must women make themselves so unattractive and mannish-looking by indulging in athletics?

When women run, hurdle, and high-jump, they are not doing anything of benefit to the community. Yet they persist in developing huge muscles, hard, leathery skins, and generally making themselves more unattractive.

J. Wilkins, 6 Tennyson St., Brighton Beach 55, Vic.

## AMAZING CURES OF SKIN DISEASES

By Scientific Treatment

Remarkable Dermatological Discovery Succeeds even in So-called "Hopeless" Cases.



Mr. Richard Diamond, Chemist.

Acne, Pimples, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Tinea, Germ Under Nail, Dermatitis, Scalp Troubles, etc.

To thousands of skin complaint sufferers Mr. Diamond's Treatment offers the untold satisfaction of blessed relief. It has succeeded in hundreds of difficult cases of irritating, disfiguring skin disease when other treatments have proved entirely useless, or at best only temporary in their effect. And its success is due to the recognition of the actual causes of the differing types of skin trouble and the use of specific, individual treatment for each case.

**DON'T SUFFER NEEDLESSLY.** Call and see **MR. RICHARD DIAMOND, CHEMIST** personally at his Modern Pharmacy, 22 Rawson Place, Sydney. SPECIAL MAIL SERVICE FOR COUNTRY READERS.

Treatment by Post is just as effective. Write to **MR. RICHARD DIAMOND, Chemist, 22 RAWSON PLACE, SYDNEY.**

# So they say

## Men's Clothes too Heavy in Summer

**N**OT only is it foolish for men to wear heavy clothes in summer, Miss Hall (28/1/39), but it is dangerous to the health of the wearer.

Why cannot a policeman or a tram conductor be quite as efficient in a cool silk material, or even in a white duck uniform, as in a dark, heavy serge?

As for the private citizen, he should allow common sense to rule.

Women, this appears to be our job before next summer—a campaign for "sensible dress for mere man!" He does not seem to be able to help himself!

Mrs. D. McGrath, Timmsvale P.O., via Coramba, N.S.W.

## Need a Leader

**I** AGREE that the clothes men wear are entirely unsuited to the Australian summer.

The idea of shorts for manual workers is a very good one.

If one or two started the fashion the rest would follow the lead.

Miss K. Hoy, 2 Victoria St., Preston N.18, Vic.

## Would Look Quaint

**I** DO not entirely agree with Revn. Hall when she says that a shirt, shorts and sandals are the ideal summer garments for men. Can you think of anything more absurd than a little man with thin legs in a pair of shorts?

Some well-built men might wear shorts, but older men of unattractive physique would be ridiculed.

B. Gogerly, Tea Gardens, N.S.W.

## Changes Too Drastic

**E**VERY summer the question of more rational clothing for men comes up for discussion.

Invariably the suggested alterations are drastic, and for that reason nothing is done.

Anything which has a "fancy dress" touch can be ruled out.

The only logical change is for men to discard coat and vest, and to appear in neatly-fitting shirt, collar, and trousers, the latter supported by a belt instead of ugly braces.

This is the normal summer dress for men in U.S.A. cities, and it could well be adopted here.

E. A. Wardrop, 4 Bonleigh Ave., Elwood 53, Vic.

## Laundry Costs

**C**OST of laundry is a big factor in men's refusal to wear light suits. The washing bills of the



If traffic policemen dressed comfortably—

average single man are large enough as it is.

Many housewives will agree with me that their washing day is already heavy enough, without the addition of several men's suits.

Mrs. A. Anderson, Stanley St., South Brisbane.

## Slaves to Fashion

**M**EN are obviously greater slaves to fashion than are women, or they would have revolted against their ridiculous clothing long ago.

Apart from the weight of woollen suits, can you imagine anything more absurd than the conventional collar and tie?

Mrs. K. Wilson, Beach Rd., Mile End, Adelaide.

## Please Ourselves or Consider Others?

**M**ISS N. LYONS (28/1/39) overlooks the fact that it is sometimes better to do as others wish, not because we are cowards, or to create a good impression, but to keep peace.

If all pleased themselves the world would be a very selfish place. Mrs. M. McMillan, 28 Abergele St., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

## Why Not Sing?

**Y**ES, why cannot we please ourselves?

It seems quite in order for milkmen and bakers to sing while on their rounds, but for women to do that sort of thing—oh, no!

If they sing while doing their household work they have to sing softly so as not to disturb their neighbors.

Miss Emmy Wiseman, Morven P.O., N.S.W.

## Would Be Bedlam

**T**O please oneself might be all right if one were alone on an island, or right away from other people.

As we are members of a community, we must consider others. What bedlam there would be if everyone went singing along the streets!

Certainly we should not altogether subordinate our individuality, but we must make some concession if

## Ideal Husband

**E**VERY girl wants to marry an ideal man, but what really constitutes her ideal?

Personally, I should like my husband to be strong and healthy, ambitious, and not afraid of work, sympathetic, and fond of home life.

I would not mind if he were not good-looking.

This last consideration might influence me slightly, but would be of no consequence in comparison with more important requirements.

J. Cross, Mary St., Maryborough, Qld.

we are to live happily among our fellow citizens.

Mrs. W. S. Arthur, 4 Maitland Ave., Kew E4, Vic.

## Egotistical

**T**O doubt the wisdom of creating a good impression on others and suggest that one should always please oneself savors a little of egotism. Obviously there are numerous situations in life where one cannot please oneself. Self-expression is often an excuse for mere selfishness.

At heart we are all rebels, but if life is to be tolerable for "the other fellow" we cannot always do what we wish to do.

Mrs. S. W. Liddell, 17 Gurr St., Goodwood Park, Adelaide.

## Make Lives Wretched

**M**ISS LYONS has cleverly expressed a thought which has frequently been in my mind.

Many of us make our lives wretched by worrying eternally about what other people are thinking and saying about us.

Even if it takes great courage, let us lead our own lives in our own way.

Mrs. E. J. Bernbrier, 24 Burra Rd., Artarmon, N.S.W.

## Chaos and Confusion

**I** DO not think, Miss Lyons, that people curb their boisterous spirits just to impress their fellows.

They may believe the exercise of self-control to be character-building, but it is not just their way of showing consideration for others?

One must admit that nothing but chaos and confusion would exist if all and sundry pleased themselves.

Miss Sagar, 28 Church St., Yalourn, Vic.

## Are Girls To-day Too Fond of Dancing?

**Y**ES, dancing is an excellent form of exercise, Miss Jennings (28/1/39), and it adds zest to living.

To girls who have been indoors all day at business it provides necessary exercise and a chance to relax and meet young people with similar interests.

Moreover, it offers a wonderful opportunity for girls to wear the



Forgetting the worries of the day.

very pretty and graceful evening dresses now in vogue.

Dancers should take care, however, to get enough sleep.

Miss R. Walker, 168 Rowe St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

## Why Not Read?

**T**O be "dance-crazy," as Miss Jennings suggests, is surely to devote too much time to non-essentials.

Too many modern girls think of nothing else but sport and dancing. They should devote at least two evenings a week to more serious pastimes, such as reading.

Miss A. Smith, Archer St., Rockhampton, Qld.

## Helps Relaxation

**O**FTEN I come home from work with my mind tired from office work, but from the moment I begin to dress for a dance I feel free from everyday worries.

Whether I am whirling around the floor to a fast tempo or to the dreamy strains of a waltz I am contented. I sleep much better and awake fresher than if I had spent the hours in an armchair "relaxing."

Miss M. Thomas, 29 Myrtle St., Sydney.

## Not Appreciated

**I**N my day, a dance was an event. We looked forward to it for weeks beforehand, and the choice of frocks provided a happy topic of conversation for days.

Nowadays young people, especially those in the city, are so used to dances that they cannot appreciate them as we did.

Personally, I deplore the idea of being "crazy" about any form of sport or amusement.

Mrs. K. Thompson, Mt. Alexander Rd., Essendon, Vic.

## Don't Overdo It

**U**NDoubtedly dancing is a fine relaxation, but if it is allowed to become a craze it ceases to be a relaxation.

To be temperate in all things is the only way for mankind to secure happiness.

Anything carried to extremes is harmful.

Miss M. Roper, 107 Shadforth St., Mosman, N.S.W.

## Likes Lambeth Walk

**L**ET people keep their smiles of contempt, Miss Jennings, for it is quite obvious that their people have never enjoyed the thrill of dancing to rhythmic music.

The Lambeth Walk and its like are products of fashion and change of the times.

Let us enjoy them while we may, and turn deaf ears to comments, for soon these versions of dancing will be whirled away and new vogues will take their places.

Miss H. Barber, Atkinson St., Queanbeyan, N.S.W.

## Start a Controversy

Write briefly, giving your views on any subject you please. Controversial letters are welcome. Pen-names are not permitted. Readers made this rule for themselves by ballot.

## WHY SUNTAN?

**G**IRLS these days don't seem to realise that they are losing their most attractive feature—a white skin.

They sit for hours on beaches, turning mahogany-colored, and think it admirable. Nine men out of ten prefer the more feminine woman.

Suntan used to be man's prerogative. Girls, you have taken his work, and copied his clothes. For goodness sake let him keep the privilege of suntan!

Mrs. W. Volckers, 21 Moodie St., Rozelle, N.S.W.

## CULTURE LACKING?

**A**USTRALIA is a young country and as yet has had comparatively little time to build up a cultural background.

But is she doing anything towards it?

The culture of a country can be judged only by its contribution to the arts, and Australia has done nothing to encourage the arts.

Indeed, she is doing great harm by persistently refusing to recognise youthful talent until it has first been recognised in Europe.

Australia seems to be trying to ape the older countries instead of giving something of herself as a contribution to world culture. Imitation is not art.

If Australia is ever to advance, she must pass from imitation to the creation of something that is typical of herself.

Miss P. C. Watkins, No. 1 Waldorf, Hastings Parade, Bondi, N.S.W.

## CHOICE OF NAMES

**T**HE Chinese give young children a "milk name," that is, a first name which the child is at liberty to change later on for one of its own selection.

When one thinks of the number of people who go through life burdened with names they detest, the Chinese custom seems more civilised. Why not adopt it?

Most of us know people who are definitely "dated" because they have been given Christian names after some well-known historical event.

Mrs. M. Howland, 17 Queen St., Unley, Adelaide.

## WHY I USE NEW VEET



- 1 New 'Veet' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.
- 2 New 'Veet' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without trace of ugly stubble.
- 3 New 'Veet' is a dainty white cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.
- 4 New 'Veet' avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker, 2/6 and 4/6 (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

## WHEN EU-thymol daily!

The regular, twice-daily introduction of Euthymol into the mouth, provides the greatest protection which science can devise.

And what grand protection it is, for Euthymol actually kills the deadly dental decay germs in 30 seconds contact. Used on the toothbrush, Euthymol breaks into myriads of minute bubbles which search out and penetrate every tiny crevice, destroying the bacteria and bringing fragrant cleanliness. Euthymol, though pleasant to use, is selected by leading members of the profession, because of its unique ability to cleanse the mouth, polish the teeth and provide protection against gum infection. Because clean, healthy teeth are better than a lot of vain regrets, Euthymolise twice a day—every morning and every evening.

Obtainable at chemists  
and stores everywhere.  
1/3 per tube.

## Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE

A FARRIS DAVIS PRODUCT

## Michel

The King of Lipsticks

STAN said "When?" and Roger said, "Oh, right away. There's no point in our waiting. She understands the situation here. I've got two weeks' leave from the office beginning Saturday."

And Johnny said, "Wait until Muller hears this!" Her eyes will pop right out of her head!" and Roger said angrily, "How many times must I tell you to say Mrs. Muller when the kid's around?"

However, that was the only interesting thing they'd said so far. Dickie abandoned "Bobby and the Bunnies" and came to lean against Roger's knee.

"Why'll Missus Muller's eyes pop out?" he asked wonderingly.

"You'll see," Johnny told him. "Dickie, how do you suppose you're going to like having a new—"

Dickie never heard what it was new that he was going to have. Johnny never finished. He couldn't. Roger stopped him.

"Shut it!" he said, and Johnny "shut it" obediently, and when Dickie tugged at Johnny's sleeve for more information Johnny grabbed him and rolled him on the floor and tickled him and stood him on his head in a general rough house such as they hadn't had for a long time, and Dickie, giggling helplessly, forgot all about the new something that was to make Mrs. Muller's eyes pop out.

It wasn't until Dickie went back to his picture book that Roger reverted to the original subject.

"Sorry I had to stop you, Johnny," he said, "but I think it's just as well if he doesn't know. You see, Kathy and I've figured it out like this: He's pretty young and nobody's memory lasts forever. It stands to reason that a baby wouldn't remember as long as a grown person. I dare say, if you could look into his funny little brain right now, you'd find that any memory he has left has gone!" well resolved himself into things; all the beautiful things in the world like warmth and bodily comfort and loving arms and fresh flowers in the rooms and sweet smells and the knowledge that there was one person

who always wanted him, who was never too tired to listen to him, to play with him, who thought he was the most important person in the world. We decided it would be best not to tell him until she came here to stay. Perhaps, if Kathy tries to be all those things to him, he'll be able to forget that there's ever been anyone else. It'll be like taking a composite photograph, do you see? You superimpose one image upon the other without destroying either one. One borrows from the other, that's all, and what remains blends until there are no sharp edges and you can't tell exactly where one leaves off and the other begins—"

STANLEY got up at that and crossed the room to lay his hand upon Roger's shoulder.

"We understand," he said gruffly. "I hope terribly you get away with it."

Dickie, watching without interest, yawned suddenly. It was just a lot of talk, grown-up people's talk. He wished Roger'd stop. He wanted to go to bed.

It was the end of that week that Roger went away. He went in his own car in a flurry of hastily packed bags and telephone calls and regular knock-down slaps on the back from his brothers. He hugged Dickie before he went and told him to be a good boy and mind Mrs. Muller and Stanley, and Dickie nodded obediently. Then, just at the last, Dickie made a scene. A queer little numb fear had been growing up in the back of his mind. Just so had Mother gone away never to return. Now it was Roger. He clung to Roger's leg with frantic, clawlike hands, and Stanley had to remove him forcibly so that Roger could go.

Dickie wept bitterly and would not be comforted even though one after the other of those who remained tried to reassure him. Roger was coming back, of course he was coming back, and when he did he was going to bring Dickie a present, a swell present—just you wait and see!

## Little Lost Boy

Continued from Page 18

Dickie a little. There was nothing else to do.

Just as Mother had been after about buttons than Roger, so Roger was better than Stan. Dickie submitted lifelessly to Stan's ministrations and waited for the time when it would be Stan's turn to go away and Johnny would take over. Then Johnny would go and there'd be only himself and Mrs. Muller left.

A great many things happened after Roger had gone. The whole house was cleaned. Rugs were taken up and hangings were sent out to be washed. The floors were polished until they shone darkly and every single crystal from the chandeliers was unhooked, plunged into strong soap-suds, and then polished until it sparkled diamond-like in the light.

Mrs. Muller was always busy now. She was so busy that she didn't want to be bothered with Dickie.

There was no place to play but out-of-doors and it wasn't nice in the garden.

Sometimes they were so busy in the house that they forgot all about his lunch and then he hung wistfully about on the back porch because he couldn't manage the door catch alone until someone, Mrs. Muller or one of the cleaning women, saw him and said, "Oh, for goodness' sake, let the little fellow in. He can have his lunch right here on the kitchen table."

But the cleaning was done at last and everyone went away. Mrs. Muller was alone again and she was cross. She had to bake, she said. She baked all day Friday and then on Saturday she and Johnny and Stanley did the last little things about the shiningly clean rooms. Dickie wandered after them, watching silently.

HE was so forlorn that Johnny tried to reassure him. "Roger's coming back," he said. "To-day!"

But Dickie looked at him so blankly that Johnny was unplanned.

"Listen! You know who Roger is, don't you? You remember Roger, don't you?"

Dickie nodded. "Well, then, he's coming home to-day."

"When?" Dickie asked suspiciously.

"I told you—to-day."

Dickie lost interest at once. So far as he knew "to-day" never came. "To-day" reached out to embrace far too much of time. The only things that mattered were the things that happened now, right away.

By noon everything was done. A strange excitement, almost visible, hung over the house. In some subtle way everything was different. Dickie, trailing aimlessly after the others as they made a last tour of the house, was tinglingly conscious of it.

No one suggested that he take his usual nap that day. After lunch Stanley dressed him in his best suit and saw to it that his rebellious curls were brushed into order and that his hands were immaculately clean.

"Now, for the love of Mike, stay that way!" Stanley adjured him before he went off to make his own toilet.

For a while Dickie did. But the habit of a regular nap-time right after lunch persisted. Presently, of his own volition, he went upstairs and climbed upon his own bed and went to sleep.

When he awoke, some time later, it was to the conviction that something unusual was happening.

Dickie climbed slowly out of bed and went to stand at the top of the stairs. He didn't offer to go down. He didn't want to. Tea in the afternoon meant that there would be ladies downstairs and he knew only two kinds of ladies. There were the ones who hugged and kissed him and fed him cake and chocolates from the tea table and there were the others who watched disapprovingly and then said, "Roger, I do hope that you see to it that this child is kept on a strict diet!"

He heard footsteps and he ducked hastily behind the velvet curtains that covered the alcove window at the top of the stairs. From this vantage point he peered forth curiously. And then he heard Roger's voice say, "All right, darling. You stay here. I'll find him," and an almost unbearable joy surged through him. Because Roger had come back. He was really there.

He was about to turn from his hiding place and fling himself upon his brother when he saw something

## OUR HOUSE

LOVE rules our house.  
Whatever I am doing  
I leave, and turn to welcome  
him  
When he comes wooing.

He weaves soft kisses in my  
hair.  
Or, silent as a mouse,  
Creeps up and clasps me in  
his arms.  
Love IS our house.  
—Yvonne Webb.

else, and the sight paralysed him. He remained quite still, staring, so that Roger passed within three feet of him and did not guess he was there.

For the door of the Room was open. Wide open as it always had been long ago and from it sunlight streamed to make a path of brightness across the hall.

Dickie came out from behind the curtains. Slowly, unbelievably, he walked towards that brightness and there was no one to tell him that he must not go. The wonder of it brought him straight to the open door where he paused uncertainly.

There in the centre of the room—a bright and cheerful room now where a fire blazed and open blinds welcomed the sunlight—stood a lady. She was standing very still and it was plain that she didn't see him at all. Dickie watched her curiously. And then, while he still hesitated, she moved and he caught a whiff of a dear familiar odor. His little nose wiggled. He sniffed rapturously.

Perhaps she heard the sniff. At any rate, the lady turned about and for a long moment they looked at each other. She remained standing quite still but there was an invitation in her eyes.

Something in Dickie's lonely little soul responded to that invitation. Before the pull of it, all unfamiliarity vanished. He forgot that he didn't know the lady, that he never had seen her before. He began to run and his stumbling little feet carried him straight to her. He put out his arms and with all his strength he hugged at her knees and she did not repulse him. Instead, with a little pitying sound, she bent down to him and at once, all about him, was the lovely scent of roses and crushed against his cheek were soft fur and wet sweet violets and in his hungry ears was a voice that was beautifully soft, beautifully low, beautifully loving.

"Why, my darling!" it said. He gave a tired little sigh and shut his eyes. He didn't know what it meant or how it had happened; he only knew that he was no longer lost, that his world was right again. It always would be now, but he didn't know that. Or need to. It was enough for his baby mind to comprehend that in some wondrous way his mother had come back to him, if not in the actuality of the flesh, at least in the blessedness of the spirit.

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THE low price of the new Humber Snipe (the lowest in its history) is more than ordinarily remarkable. In spite of its modest price it worthily upholds the traditional high quality and expert craftsmanship that since 1896 has been synonymous with the name of Humber.

Here is a car that puts you in the fine car class—satisfies with its beautiful appointments and lovely stream-lined "all-steel" bodywork—gives you distinguished beauty and superb comfort, for five/six passengers. A car with virile acceleration and a flexible top-gear performance

—a big margin of safety, and refreshing effortless control—a car that climbs hills in "top" as silently as a shadow—a Humber that costs only £498.

When you sink into the deep, soft, restful seats, there's room to stretch out—room to relax—room that makes the difference between luxury and just transportation—and then Humber's exclusive "Evenkeel" Suspension gives you the world's most comfortable rear seat ride. In your own interest you should arrange for a demonstration soon.

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It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up  
your stomach. You get constipated. Your  
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tired and weary and the world looks blue.  
Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more  
basic movement doesn't gas at the same. It  
takes three good old Carter's Little Liver Pills  
to get about two pounds of bile flowing freely  
and make you feel "up and up." Happiness,  
gentle, refreshing to make life flow freely.  
Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by  
name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 100

# Real Life Stories

## Short and Snappy

### WRONG RIGHTED

WHEN my sister was a trainee at a hospital in Melbourne she spent a holiday near Frankston. She went to a small store for kerosene and was charged sixpence for a pint. Later, having finished her training, she became a mission nurse and went to Papua.

Ten years later she returned on furlough, and she and I again spent a holiday at the same place. At the little store the woman behind the counter stared at my sister.

"At last she said: 'Aren't you Miss who went to Papua?'"

"About ten years ago you came here for kerosene and I charged you sixpence. It should have been three-pence"—and she handed my sister the three-pence change.

We suggested putting it in the mission box, and there it went.

10/6 to Mrs. W. R. Ealley, Bate St., SE9, Melbourne.

### HELPED HIMSELF

MY two-year-old son disappeared one day while I was shopping.

When I noticed that he had gone I hastily set out in pursuit, looking in shops up and down the street.

Half an hour later I saw him coming along with a man who explained that while standing outside his shop he had noticed a child wheeling a new perambulator.

Recognising the type of perambulator, he had dashed across to retrieve it.

John, unobserved, had strolled into the shop, helped himself to the vehicle, and pushed it around the block before he was discovered.

2/6 to Mrs. M. Dawa, 24 Toronto St., Ovingham, S.A.

### MISUNDERSTANDING

WHEN working in Vancouver years ago I was eagerly awaiting the arrival of my boy friend from overseas.

One day, when going home from the office for lunch, I was looking dreamily out of a train window.

Suddenly I was startled to hear a voice at my elbow say: "Your Percy's come!"

"Oh," I exclaimed joyfully, "where did you see him?"

A woman smiled pityingly and pointed to the handbag in my lap.

"I said," she explained, "that your purse has come—open."

2/6 to Mrs. D. McGrath, Timmsvale P.O., via Coramba, N.S.W.

### CONTRASTS

THIS story concerns two hats, two Fridays, and two men.

The scene was a seaside resort where we were staying.

On the first Friday I was shopping. The wind lifted my best hat from my head and deposited it at the feet of a man whose number nine provided an effective barrier.

He stepped aside and walked on serenely, while I laid down my parcels and continued to chase my hat.

On the second Friday I was out on the rocks fishing when away went my sun-hat, for which I had paid a shilling. It blew into the sea, and a dangerous sea at that.

A young man was fishing nearby. Without hesitation, although I entreated him not to, he dived into the turbulent waters, recovered the hat for me, and went on fishing.

2/6 to Mrs. M. I. Olley, 66 Harris St., Harris Park, Parramatta, N.S.W.

### FLAT-IRON COMEDY

USING a flat-iron I pressed a frock to wear to a theatre. I blew out the lamp, snatched a handkerchief from the table and rushed out.

The play was very amusing, but when the lights went up my friends began to laugh at me instead.

In my haste I had snatched the blackened pressing rag for a handkerchief. When laughing I had wiped my face, which was now streaked with black.

2/6 to Mrs. A. D. Gibb, Baeremal, 19 Allambee Ave., Camberwell, Vic.

## Woman, single-handed, held robber at bay

WHEN my husband was overseer at Dunmore State Forest, eight miles from Cecil Plains, in Queensland, his work took him away from home all day.

One Monday morning a swagman arrived at the back fence, which had just been completed and which had wire-netting instead of a gate. He stood trying to open the netting and I asked if he wanted anything.

"Yes," he said, "Have you any flour?"

Some sixth sense told me not to go away to get it.

I said: "I'm sorry. I am out of flour."

Suddenly he became abusive. He said he would cut my throat!

Then he pulled out a huge pocket-knife and proceeded to finger it.

My eighteen-months-old son was playing at the bottom of the stairs. I coaxed the child upstairs and locked the back door. Then I grasped my husband's gun, a .22 Winchester rifle, and, going to the back window, told the swagman that if he came nearer the steps I would shoot him.

He stood at the woodheap for about half an hour, threatening to murder me and rob the house. Realising that I had meant what I said about shooting him, he, however, eventually strolled off and sat on a small hill about one hundred yards from the house.

So we sat and watched one another for two hours.

He then rose and walked back to the main road, about half a mile from the house.

We had no telephone. My nearest neighbor lived a mile and a half away along the road taken by my husband. So I sat and waited in terror until my husband returned at six p.m.

Thank goodness the swagman could not know that the gun I held was not loaded—and that I did not know how to load one.

Now I do.

11/1/- to Mrs. W. J. McLellan, Turallin, via Mil-merran, Qld.

### Tiger Feared Fire

SOME years ago I was matron at a hospital at Mount Abu, Rajputana, India.

Mount Abu, a British station, is surrounded by jungle, which is full of wild animals.

One evening friends of ours—a husband and wife—called and asked me to stroll round "Bailey Walk," which is on the side of the mountain.

When halfway round we heard something following us. We walked on quickly and, having reached the main road, decided to rest near a bridge.

A moment later a huge tiger bounded out of the jungle, stood in the road, and faced us.

My friend's husband stood up and, with great drops of perspiration falling down his face, outstared the brute.

I happened to have a box of matches with me, and fortunately had the presence of mind to pull off my coat and set it alight.

As soon as the tiger saw the flame it bounded back into the jungle.

Clutching the burning coat we fled as far as a cemetery not far from the town. There we lit a fire to keep the tiger at bay and hurried on into the town.

Next day a party set out to see whether the tiger had followed us. Sure enough, there were paw marks leading right up to the cemetery where we had lit the fire!

2/6 to Mrs. N. Turner, Kooloonong P.O., Vic.

### Limb Broke

ONE hot day I went to a sale at Mitiamo with my husband and small baby.

We parked the car under a very large tree. There were several other cars there, but ours was right against the trunk.

The sale was nearly over, and I was waiting in the car for my husband.

Suddenly a huge limb broke off the tree and fell on the remaining cars, smashing the hood of one completely.

The heavy end of the limb caught against the trunk, and was suspended right over our car where I was sitting with the baby. One piece pierced the hood.

If the limb had not caught on the trunk it would certainly have crushed both car and occupants.

2/6 to Mrs. H. Mitchell, Prairies, Vic.

### SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life story each week.

For the best item published under the heading, "Short and Snappy," we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Write legibly, on one side of the paper only. Address letters Real Life Stories, or "Short and Snappy," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of Page 3.

### UNEARTHED FORTUNE IN HILLSIDE

DEPRESSION and drought had hit us hard on our farm at Grenfell, N.S.W., in 1915.

Taking my children for a ramble in the bush my thoughts turned to my brother, a mineralogist, who was far from well. I wondered if I, daughter of a mine manager, could cheer him up by searching for mineral ore for him.

While the children picked flowers I selected three pieces from here and there of what seemed likely-looking ore.

At home, I presented them to my brother. One piece he examined closely.

I took him to the spot, and at a depth of a few feet we unearthed a solid block formation of pure manganese.

Soon the hillside was a beehive of industry, as it yielded up its long-buried treasure.

2/6 to Mrs. A. Gravenmaker, 60 Auburn Road, Auburn, N.S.W.

*"My grandmother's advice was—buy Horrockses Sheets"*

Yes—even when I was married my grandmother advised me to buy Horrockses Sheets and Pillowcases. In the years I've been keeping house, I've had time to prove that my grandmother was right, and I'm convinced that it pays to buy Horrockses Sheets and Pillowcases today with the same good old-fashioned quality—with the same whiteness and durability of the Horrockses products in use 150 years ago.

The Name is your assurance of  
+ QUALITY  
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# Horrockses

REGD.  
SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES



H 26 18

## Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/10/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note some examples:

"Nostalgia," printed by "Smiley's" recently, brought me between £2 and £3.

"My last story, 'The Darling of Hobart Town,' was published by 'Table Talk.' I received £6/10/- for it."

"To one week I had printed matter in only two papers ('Smiley's' and 'The Bulletin') to the amount of £7/15/-, which, I think, is rather satisfactory."

"I have had three articles accepted by JLO and headway by the A.B.C."

"The Bulletin" headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/10/- for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £6/10/- from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.' £5 from the 'Sydney Mail' for my first story, 'Twin Ships.'"

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65 BUT HE LOOKS 45



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Keep YOUR skin fresh and clear—use

**WRIGHT'S  
COAL TAR SOAP**

W2-69

## FEET LIKE RED-HOT FLAT IRONS



If your feet get tired easily, ache all day, burn inside your shoes until they feel like red-hot flat irons—that means excess foot ACID has got you! Stale deposits of waste acid choke-up the thousands of sweat glands in your feet, and pile up in the muscles. Feet swell, ache and smart. Corns and callouses form. No wonder people with acid feet get weary, irritable, depressed. You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering!

The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. Radox supercharges the water with life-giving oxygen, which cleans out the clogged pores, lets the crippling acid get away. Oh, the relief! Muscles are soothed, swelling goes down. Tired, burning feet are cooled and comforted. Radox is obtainable at all Chemists, price 2/6 and 3/6 per packet.

**RADOX**

# What Women are Doing

## Woman Scholar Learns Chinese

DR. MARGARET CLARKE, associate professor of French literature at the University of West Australia, has spent her summer vacation in Sydney learning Chinese.

"For the good of my soul" is the reason Dr. Clarke gives for adding Chinese to her linguistic repertoire—French, Spanish, German, Italian, and Latin.

"The Chinese understand the art of living better than we do," she says.

"I think that Australians would find more of value to them in Chinese culture than in that of many Occidental nations."

Scottish by birth, Dr. Clarke is a graduate of Sydney University. She won a Wentworth Travelling Fellowship and spent three years at the Sorbonne and at Oxford. Some years ago she spent a year in Spain studying Spanish.

So far Dr. Clarke has learned only 100 of the 5000 Chinese characters necessary for a working knowledge of Chinese literature. She has spent many hours working with brush and ink at the difficult calligraphy and finds it an artistic as well as a literary exercise. She intends to continue her study in Perth.



Dr. Clarke at work in her flat.

## Contralto Back from Year in Europe

GERTRUDE HUTTON, of West Australia, the well-known contralto, is back from a year in Vienna and London.

She accompanied her pupil, Lorna Sydney Smith, who had been advised by Lotte Lehmann to go abroad for further training.

Miss Sydney Smith studied in Vienna with Professor Leo Rosenek, Elisabeth Schumann's accompanist. Later, when the professor went to London, Miss Hutton herself studied lieder singing with him. She brought back a new lieder repertoire.

This was Miss Hutton's second trip abroad. On the first in 1930 she gave several broadcasts for the B.B.C.

## Appointed Tutor to Board of Social Studies

APPOINTED field-work tutor to the Board of Social Studies, Melbourne, Miss Jean Robertson, of Rugby, England, will leave for Australia next month.

Miss Robertson is a graduate of the Glasgow School of Social Studies and Training, and has been working with the London Charity Organisation Society.

The objective in appointing Miss Robertson is to have more almoners trained, particularly for country hospitals. Grants from the Council for Cancer Research and the Victorian Society for Crippled Children have made the scheme possible.

Miss Robertson has held administrative positions in welfare work in England and Scotland.

She has also served on committees for the Ministry of Labor, and has trained many students in social welfare work.

## Busy President of Red Cross Link

THE busy young president of the Queensland Red Cross Link (Molly Waddell) is a trained nurse, and, in addition to her Red Cross activities, does voluntary work for the Young Contingent of the Victoria League. The Link, as its name suggests, forms a link between the Junior Red Cross and the parent society.

At present its 140 members are enthusiastic about the new classes for the Queensland National Emergency League. They will learn V.A.D. work, motor mechanics for ambulance and transport driving, and aerodrome ground work.

## Commissioned to Do Work For New York Fair

A CLEVER Sydney commercial artist, Dahl Collings, in collaboration with her husband, Geoffrey Collings, has just completed a commission for the wool section of the Australian exhibit at the New York World's Fair.



The panel, 20 feet by 8 feet, depicts the uses of knitting wools. The central feature is an outside pair of knitting needles and a huge ball of wool superimposed on a large replica of a knitting book. Actual woollen garments are included in the design.

Mr. and Mrs. Collings, who returned recently after three years abroad, executed another wool panel for the International Wool Secretariat's exhibition in Milan.

Smart and good-looking, Mrs. Collings finds time to combine a career with the care of a small daughter, Donna, who was born in London.

## Coached Thousands of Women Students

THOUSANDS of women have studied at Sydney University since, in 1900, Miss Isabel Fidler took up her appointment as tutor to women students.

Next month she will retire after 39 years' service. When she began as tutor, two years after graduating in Arts, there were only 70 women students. To-day there are more than 800.

Miss Fidler has seen the passing of the last vestige of excuse for the term "blue-stocking" among girl graduates. She has seen women taking their place beside men in almost every faculty.

Always in the vanguard of women's public work, she has been a vice-president of the National Council of Women for several years. She attended conferences of the International and British organisations in Europe in 1930.

Since her student days she has been actively connected with the University Settlement, which does a great deal of charitable work, and has been president of its committee for 17 years.

## Former Kindergarten Teacher in Queensland

WITH her wide experience of kindergarten work, Mrs. Frank Carswell, who now lives in Brisbane, hopes to do voluntary work for the Creche and Kindergarten Association of Queensland.

She holds the certificate of the National Froebel Union (the English kindergarten organisation) and trained for three years at Caloma College, Croydon, England.

Twelve years ago she came from England to join the staff of the Sydney Church of England Girls' Grammar School, Darlinghurst, Sydney.

Later she taught at the kindergartens of St. Gabriel's, Canberra, and also at St. Mary's School, Herberton, Queensland.

## Has Done Temperance Work for Fifty Years

MRS. H. C. WHITE, of Melbourne, has worked in the cause of temperance for 50 years. In recognition, members of the Victorian Women's Christian Temperance Union recently appointed her one of the four life vice-presidents of the State Council.

Shortly after the first conference of the Union in Melbourne in 1888 she joined the Lilydale branch. After several years' work there she went to Box Hill, where for many years she was president.

She was State treasurer for three years, is a life member of the Victorian central executive, and at the 1926 W.C.T.U. Congress at Geneva was appointed a world life president.

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IT'S DIFFERENT  
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Flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches and all other insects dread Fly-Tox — they die when it is sprayed. Look for the name "Fly-Tox" on the bottle... your guarantee of effectiveness and economy.



## NURSE'S ADVICE SAVES MOTHER FROM NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

If you had known Mrs. R. a month ago, and were to see her again as she is to-day—you would not recognise her as the same woman. A nervous wreck has become a bright happy woman, energetic, with a good appetite, good colour, steady nerves, and the ability to enjoy life to the full. Yet a month ago she was on the brink of a breakdown.

Mrs. R. worried so—about her home, her children, her husband and her friends. She magnified trivial incidents into important events, and her life and the lives of those around her were made absolutely miserable.

Her health suffered. She could not sleep, would not eat, and her good looks began to desert her. Then, one day, she poured out her troubles to the nurse, who instantly realised that Mrs. R. was heading for a breakdown. "What you're going to take," she told her, "is Wincarnis. It's the very thing you need for your nerves and body—beef extract to nourish you, vitamin malt to give you energy, and the sunshine benefits of fine old matured wine."

From the first sip Mrs. R. felt better, and the way Wincarnis brought her back to health, she described as "miraculous." If you are nervous, anemic, run-down or convalescent, Wincarnis will do the same for you. See you get Wincarnis, not some cheap inferior product.

# ANNUAL SUMMER Farmer's Sale

ENDS ON SATURDAY! HURRY! LAY-BY!



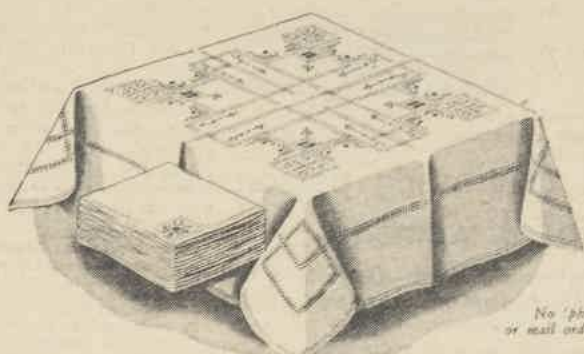
## SHOES GO

Savings on linens.

USUALLY 27/9 (Top). Natural linen court, blue calf tongue. Medium Louis heel. Halfs, 2 to 7. 17/9

USUALLY 29/8. (Below). White linen with navy kid, three-hole oxford tie. Half sizes, 2 to 7. 19/9

Early 'phone or mail orders!  
Shoe Salon, Third Floor



No 'phone or mail orders!

## 60/- SUPPER SET, 21/9

Opportunity for home-lovers! Supper set in fine Irish linen, delicately Florentine embroidered. Cloth, 54 x 54 ins., and 6 napkins, at 21/9.

## 19/11 "Everest" Sheets, pair, 16/11

Popular "Everest" sheetings with scalloped edges. Size 63 x 100, to clear sensationally at a stop-at-nothing price! Also size 72 x 100, 23/6, now, pair, 19/11. 90 x 100, 32/6, per pair, 26/6. Hurry! Use the easy lay-by—save!

2/3 Horrockses' twill flannelette, cream, 36 in. wide, now 1/1 1/2

2/3 Tea Towels in colourful, printed designs. Size 20 x 30. 1/9 1/2

13/11 Taffeta cushions, plain shades rose, gold, blue, green. 9/11

Napery, Ground Floor. Manchester, First Floor



Mail orders to P.O. Box  
497AA, Sydney. Phone M2403

## MATERNITY SETS

at amazing new prices!

USUALLY 45/- (Left). Set of brocaded, delustrated, navy georgette. Wrapover frock, hip-length smock. S.W., W. and O.S. 36/6

USUALLY 30/- (Right). Wrapover frock and pleated smock. Navy, sage-blue and apple-green floral designs. S.W., W., O.S. 19/10

Escalate to the Fourth Floor. Lay-by!



5/11 CHILD'S FROCK, 4/10. Of charming white opal lawn, hand embroidered, applique design. 6-21 mths.

13/11 FROCK, BLOOMERS, 7/10. Navy haircord, white star patterns. Girls 2-7. Hat, match, 4/11, now 3/10.

Mail orders, but no 'phones!



39/6 BOYS' SUITS, 27/6. Medium weight, all-wool worsted, in fancy greys and navys. Fit boys 9 to 15 yrs.

45/- DRESSING GOWNS, 22/6. Cozy Venetian cloth, colourful designs. Roll Collar, girdle-to-match. 6-16 yrs.

No 'phone or mail orders!

★ ENTICINGLY COOL IS THE ATMOSPHERE IN FARMER'S — ALWAYS — FOR AIR-CONDITIONING KEEPS THE TEMPERATURE AT A CONSTANT 73 DEGREES.



## Blousettes at savings

USUALLY 9/11. Blousette in washable crepe, georgette jabot, with lace and insertion. White, and colours. O.S. Us. 10/11 now 6/11. S.W., W., 9/11, now 5/11

Blousettes are on the Ground Floor.



## Imported bag for evening

USUALLY 15/6. A cunning frill conceals the frame on this smart Continental evening bag, in an unusual shape, daintily lined and fitted with mirror. 9/11

Ground Floor. No 'phones or mail!



## Smart Gloves reduced

USUALLY 3/11. Novelty designs in the gloves you want now, tailored-looking Duplex fabric in navy, nigger, beige, biscuit or black. Buy several pairs at only 2/11

Glove Department, Ground Floor.



## Save 7/- on Bed Lamps

USUALLY 17/6. These useful reading lamps can be securely clamped in any position. Complete with flex. Strongly made, several designs, well-finished, at 10/6

Escalate to Department, First Floor.



## Refrigerator smartness

USUALLY 11/6. Pretty, up-to-date American dishes for your refrigerators, in cream-tinted opaque glass, in sets of three, smart enough to come to table. Set, 5/9

No mail, 'phone orders. Lower Ground Floor.



## 'kerchiefs below half

USUALLY 8/11, these jewelled squares are 22in. square, a perfect size for evening wear. French chiffon, hand-rolled hems. Amazing opportunity at just 3/11

Handkerchiefs, on air-conditioned Ground Floor.

## Check Perspiration

This new cooling way

## ODO-RO-NO ICE

non-greasy non-sticky

Odo-ro-no Ice is the answer to the Smart Modern Girl's quest for a

New type deodorant that will keep the underarm dry for 1-3 days.

Fresh fragrance of pure alcohol evaporates immediately, leaving no odour to interfere with your own preferred perfume.

Non-greasy and Non-sticky, it will not harm the most delicate evening dress.

Use Odo-ro-no Ice according to the directions on the label of the jar.



One Size Only.  
2/6.

ODO-RO-NO

Ice Cool and non-sticky

## CORNS

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# The Ladies of Marlborough House



THREE LADIES of Queen Mary's Household: Mistress of the Robes, the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, and Ladies of the Bedchamber, the Dowager Countess of Airlie and the Dowager Lady Amphil.

WOMAN of the Bedchamber, Lady Cynthia Colville.

## Striking and contrasting personalities of notable group of women

The Ladies of Marlborough House—Queen Mary and members of her Household—form one of the most notable groups of women in public life to-day.

Striking and yet contrasting personalities, Queen Mary's ladies have been chosen from great families of ancient lineage with records of centuries of Court service.

By LYNNE GARRETT

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

QUEEN MARY'S first task in widowhood was that of reorganising her Household.

Always practical, she realised that though she would

not need such a large establishment at Marlborough House as at Buckingham Palace she still had a very active public life ahead of her.

Proof of this was provided by the requests that poured in for her to visit hospitals and colleges, attend social functions and inspect welfare schemes, as soon as her year's mourning for the late King George was over.

This convinced her that she would need not fewer than six ladies, who would take it in turns to attend her. At Buckingham Palace she had nine.

In addition, she always has a reserve of about a dozen "extra" ladies who have retired from active service in her Household, but can be called on in an emergency.

These are the Ladies of Marlborough House who are attending Queen Mary at the present time and can be seen at the public functions to which she goes:

Mistress of the Robes:

The Dowager Duchess of Devonshire.

Lady of the Bedchamber:

The Dowager Countess of Airlie.

Lady of the Bedchamber:

The Dowager Lady Amphil.

Woman of the Bedchamber:

Lady Cynthia Colville.

Woman of the Bedchamber:

Lady Constance Milnes Gaskell.

Woman of the Bedchamber:

The Hon. Margaret Wyndham.

### Lasting Honor

LADIES who resign from active service in Queen Mary's Household, as Lady Victoria Forester and the Hon. Jean Bruce did a short while ago, join the number of extra ladies-in-waiting.

In other words, resignation does not entail severance from Court. Once a Queen's lady, always a Queen's lady.

Here are the Court records of the Queen's attendants.

The Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, Mistress of the Robes for twenty-eight years, belongs to one of the Coronation families.

At the crowning of the late King, in 1911, she supervised the carrying of Queen Mary's train. Her husband carried the Queen's Crown. Her son, the present Duke, was one of the late King's pages. Her father, fifth Marquess of Lansdowne, bore the Royal Standard.

The Dowager Countess of Airlie is one of two notable sisters who

have served Queens. Her younger sister, the present Marchioness of Salisbury, held a similar post to Queen Alexandra, that of Lady of the Bedchamber.

Lady Airlie has had two children in royal service, the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, former equerry to the Duke of Windsor, and the late Lady Mabel Ogilvy, one of Queen Mary's train-bearers when she was crowned in 1911.

For over forty years Queen Mary has had a Lygon sister as lady-in-waiting.

The sixth Earl Beauchamp's eldest daughter, the late Lady Mary Trevelyan, nee Lady Mary Lygon, held this post from 1895 till her death eleven years ago.

Her sister, the Dowager Lady Amphil, joined her at Court in

1911 and now keeps up the Lygon tradition there.

AN outstanding figure, even in her own world of the high social order, is Lady Cynthia Colville, daughter of one of the four lords who bore the canopy at King George Fifth's Coronation—the Marquess of Crewe.

Queen Mary has challenged an old unwritten law of the Court that the Queen's attendants should always be married women.

Two of her ladies are unmarried: the Hon. Jean Bruce and the Hon. Margaret Wyndham. Miss Bruce was promoted to Woman of the Bedchamber from a Maid of Honour, a position with which Queen Mary has dispensed.

The lady-in-waiting or other attendant on the Queen is far from being the shadow—the background personality—that she appears to be to the public.



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# Who wait on Empire's Queen Mother



How Queen Mary challenged old Court tradition

THESE six notable figures include the chateau of one of the greatest historic country seats in this country, a famous beauty of Alexandrine times, and a leading social worker.

When the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire looks ahead, it is to the wonderful gatherings of her numerous grandchildren at her "palace of the Peak"—Chatsworth, at which she keeps up the old English traditions of entertaining.

When she looks back it is to scenes so brilliant at the now vanished Devonshire House that mementoes of them have been preserved in the London Museum as part of the social history of the capital.

In a glass case at this museum is the strangely pathetic bejewelled dress, with its slender waistline, worn in 1897 by Queen Alexandra—then Princess of Wales—at the memorable Diamond Jubilee fancy dress ball at Devonshire House.

The role she chose was that of Margaret of Valois. That brilliant scene of 41 years ago is one of the events of which the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire talks to-day to her grandchildren.

Her mother-in-law, one of the most celebrated hostesses of that day, gave this ball at the family town house in Piccadilly, pulled down after the Great War to make way for commercial growth.

THE Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, on her rare visits to London, now occupies Lord Kitchener's old home in Carlton Gardens. The Duchess' heart, however, is in her stately residence in Derbyshire.

The unchanging life of the old English country houses is still lived at Chatsworth, with its feudal village of Edensor nestled beside the park gates. Edensor exists for the families who serve the Duke. Like Queen Mary, the Duchess is



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.  
Queen Mary's residence.

a keen gardener. Her most recent improvements in the famous Chatsworth gardens, where Mary Queen of Scots passed a great deal of time during part of her imprisonment, include the making of a rhododendron dell in the slope of the moors.

The Duchess' duties in the Royal household will not prevent her from spending most of the year at Chatsworth.

These duties have altered. A Queen is always entitled to a Mistress of the Robes, but this is a personal appointment in the case of a Queen Mother, while it is a political



QUEEN MARY at her desk.

appointment in the household of a reigning Queen or Queen consort.

Formerly the Duchess held her post with the approval of the Cabinet. To-day it is a private appointment made by Queen Mary.

Great importance was attached to the choice of the Mistress of the Robes in the days of Queen Victoria, owing to the fact that she was a sovereign Queen.

At one time the appointment terminated with a change of Government.

Notable predecessors of the Duchess were Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, Mistress of the Robes to Queen Anne, and a former Duchess of Buccleuch, who held the post for a record period to Queen Victoria, and afterwards to Queen Alexandra.

The Dowager Duchess of Devonshire will not have to attend the State Opening of Parliament or the Courts as she did when Queen Mary was the consort of the sovereign.

## Expert Cook

IN contrast with the stately setting associated with the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire is the rugged Highland background of the Hon. Jean Bruce, who knows the Highlands and Hebrides as few other town hostesses do.

In her more active days she was equally at home in a lobster fishing boat or in a kitchen.

Her family's part in the making of kings has been on the battlefield, not at Court. Her brother, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, is the present head of a warrior Scottish family.

Miss Bruce is an authority on the Highland tweed industry. She is also an expert cook. She has frequently visited the Hebridean and Scottish weavers and inspected their fabrics and has organised country markets in the garden of her Georgian house in London.

Her fine collection of old family recipes includes some given her by Queen Victoria's baker.

She introduced to the modern social world a quaint Scottish country house recipe for "full sermons" and "half-sermons"—peppermints made for sucking while the preacher was in the pulpit and lasting relatively forty and twenty minutes!

Women of the Redchamber are the only household ladies who actually go into residence.

Queen Mary looks on them as companions.

They read aloud to her, deal with a considerable part of her enormous correspondence, and keep in touch with various aspects of life.

Lady Cynthia Colville and Miss Wyndham act as Queen Mary's companions at Marlborough House. They go into waiting in turn, usually for a fortnight at a time.

Lady Cynthia Colville is a many-

sided woman with broad views. She handles the Queen's correspondence most tactfully and efficiently, having acquired her experience as a wartime clerk at the Ministry of Pensions.

She is a J.P.; she is also a good yachtswoman; a persuasive speaker and a charming hostess.

Continued on Page 26

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## Betty's "Racey" Narratives

Despite short odds, Canterbury is still the punters' paradise

By BETTY GEE

What does one do on arrival at the racecourse to find her pet "best bets" withdrawn?

She cannot recall the taxi and go home. She has paid her admission and must stick it out.

That's what I did at Canterbury on Saturday, when all but one of my ante-post tips were withdrawn. And I was fortunate enough to get a little out of other people's "good things."

THERE'S a form of sporting socialism pervading Canterbury.

You soon know whether a given stable has a certainty bottled up. Everybody gets the whisper. Even the books. Hence the short odds.

Realising the necessity for a big bank to win on Canterbury's short-odds "certainties," I slipped out of the flat before the tradesmen arrived to be paid, and got to Canterbury.

I saw the double charts going up, too, and knowing Brazandt for a presupposed "certainty" for the Fly-

ing, and Unafraid a foregone conclusion for the Canterbury Handicap, I coupled the pair at 14's to 1 for my 10/.

You'll recall my tip for the last Canterbury meeting, Blue Baron, who dead-heated at 12 to 1. Here it was again, at odds on for the first race. For one brief moment books liberally bet even money, and, gathering my skirts, I seized an even 12.

Of course, it was in no doubt. He won by five lengths.

If I'd had my way I would have plunged on Inspector Scott for the Second Nursery, but I met Mrs. Walsh, a daughter of Mr. Dick Wootton, and she said Dad's horse York had good chances.

So I put my eggs in two baskets, and £1 went on each, and York won at 5 to 2, and Inspector Scott was only third.

I've put Officer back in the ranks. With my special tip, Gold Pan, withdrawn from the Trial, I fell back on Officer at 5 to 2.

Dickie said he'd run seconds at his last three starts, including one at Randwick, and today he was sure to break the unlucky sequence. He broke it all right—by finishing out of a place.

My betting rule bade me back the first leg of my double, Brazandt, for the Flying.

And, true to custom, Brazandt, taxied away from his field and won easily.

With Unafraid now running for me in my £7 double, I felt I could afford to lay out £1 on Edible at 5 to 1, and another on Beau Cheval at 6's.

It looked as if my house of cards could not be blown down, but along came Cherry Bar with a puff of wind, and swept it to the ground.

But The Blizzard! I've given him away. Anyway, it was unreasonable for a horse with his name on a scorching hot day. He has run four seconds, and such horses just keep on keeping on in that inferiority complex.

Somebody told me that Dick Cohen, who sells motors in New South Wales for Lord Muffield, was dead keen on Rathlin for the first Park Stakes. He and Jack King, the trainer, are halves in the horse.

So I took £2/10/ to £1, and Maurice McCarten obligingly leapt him out, and he led all the way, and won easily.

I finished the day at £3/10/- to £2 on my little sweet apprentice, Will Lappin, who rode immaculate. Such dreadful odds, of course, but there wasn't another horse in the race.

If you were able to peep into the



Brazandt and Unafraid was Betty's double at Canterbury.

secret receptacle I have for hidden treasure, you would see enough money to take me to Melbourne for the Autumn racing.

I have had word to come over for Diddain, a New Zealand, for the Oakleigh Plate.

But I am to invest a saver on Amiable, Victoria's crack sprinter.

High Caste, I am told, is the swiftest thing out of New Zealand in ten years, and he's entered for the Federal Stakes on Saturday at Caulfield.

Before I leave I'm to have a modest bet on Goliath for the Encourage at Victoria Park on Wednesday, and Rival Hit comes straight from Mr. Fred Hughes.

For Warwick Farm on Saturday, the Syndicate tip is Folliesse. Aristocrat is given me by the Head Walter for the Novice, and the Baker's Man says Osculum is a sifter for the February Handicap.

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## With the Ladies of Marlborough House

Continued from Page 25

SHE is a clever pianist, a member of the General Assembly of the Church of England, and prominent in movements including protection work, housing, child welfare, maternal mortality and women's education. Her home is a happy place.

Tall, handsome, with perfect carriage for jewels, serious, kindly eyes and smiling mouth, Lady Cynthia is one of Queen Mary's closest and most trusted friends.

Lady Cynthia recently initiated Queen Mary's newest Woman of the Bedchamber, the Hon. Margaret Wyndham, into her duties. There is a lot to learn.

The etiquette of attending Royalty in public, at Court, and on private visits is proving a great contrast to the quiet country life that Miss Wyndham has led with her remarkable mother, 92-year-old Dowager Lady Leconfield, aunt of Lord Rosebery.

Another of Queen Mary's more recently-appointed ladies, Lady Constance Milnes Gaskell, has a great interest in common with the Queen—her grandchildren.

Lady Constance keeps a pram for little visitors in her hall in her Port Street house, so that small relatives can take an airing when they come to spend the day with their grandmother.

Lady Constance belongs to a family prominent in Irish history. Her father, fifth Earl of Ranfurly, was an Irish statesman and Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria.

Her sister, Lady Eileen Chappell, was one of Queen Mary's train-bearers at the Coronation of the late King George.

Although the Women of the Bedchamber reside with the Queen, they

hold junior positions to the Ladies of the Bedchamber.

The two Ladies live within convenient distance of Marlborough House and go there daily during their fortnightly periods of waiting. They attend Queen Mary on more important occasions than those allotted to the Women of the Bedchamber.

NO twentieth century social record will be complete without a reference to the stately charm of the Dowager Lady Airlie, a beauty of prewar days and still an outstanding figure with her pile of white hair and sweeping halo.

Many members of the Court regard Lady Airlie as the outstanding personality in attendance on the Queen.

She has written three books, is a Burgess of Dundee and, like Queen Elizabeth, is a Doctor of Laws at St. Andrew's University.

This Scottish chatelaine with the air of a French marquise is the widow of a soldier killed in the Boer War, and she knew the War zone in France in 1917. For ten days Queen Mary and she made an untiring tour of the hospitals there.

An authority on the political life of the Victorians, she has also been a great political hostess of modern times.

Her colleague, the Dowager Lady Amphilh, is, like her, a soldier's widow, who knows both the life of the military camp and of the political drawing-room.

Lady Amphilh and Queen Mary have a great common interest in their knowledge of India. The late Lord Amphilh held official posts in the East for many years.



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# The Movie World

February 18, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1 **MICKEY ROONEY** becomes insufferable as star player in the basketball team.

2 **THE WHOLE** Hardy family goes West. Andy finds suitable company.

3 **VIRGINIA WEIDLER** as the foreman's daughter outshoots and outrides the city lad. That does him good.



4 **VIRGINIA** finishes Cecilia Parker's affair with her father by bad advice re his boots.

5 **ANDY RIDES** Virginia's pet horse, Calico, and causes it to break a leg. He is bitterly remorseful.

6 **OLD INDIAN** map blanket enables Judge Hardy to untangle a water-rights problem.

## Moviedom News

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER  
New York and Hollywood.

### Garbo, or Steak?

GARBO'S ways are more mysterious than ever, so it's hard to tell how her romance with Stokowski is progressing, if at all.

The symphony conductor has been seen recently alone in various cafes, putting away steaks and rare roast beef. Early in their friendship, they used to dine together, "Stokie" joining the Swedish star in her health diet of raw vegetables.

Either his appetite for he-man foods has got the better of him, or the much-publicised romance is cooling.

### Generous Sonja

SMALL wonder the kids in Sonja Henie's skating troupe idolise her! Sonja has often been called a shrewd, hard-headed business woman, but she knows how to make her co-workers happy.

For instance, her skating company was in Chicago on New Year's Eve. Sonja had a couple of dozen extra telephones installed in her hotel suite, and told all her boys and girls—a hundred of them—to come in and phone New Year greetings to their families, wherever they might be. She footed the bill for a hundred five-minute calls to practically every State in the Union!

### Censors Again!

MOVIE censors are really remarkable when it comes to thinking up new and different restrictions for Hollywood films. Latest is that the names of real persons cannot be mentioned on the screen in reference to murders or suicides. In "Torchy Runs for Mayor" they invented "toxic chloride" for a poison label.

### "The Rains Came"

IT'S hard to imagine Myrna Loy and Marlene Dietrich competing for the same role, but that's just what happened when Fox was searching for an actress to play Lady Esketh, in the picturisation of Louis Bromfield's much-discussed novel, "The Rains Came." At one point La Dietrich was almost set for the vampish role, but Myrna is the final choice.

Nancy Kelly will have the second feminine lead, playing Fern.

### Expensive Politeness

LAURENCE OLIVIER'S gallant manners cost producer Sam Goldwyn several hundred dollars in retakes recently. Required to slap Merle Oberon for a scene, Olivier compromised with a gentle tap. Not until four "takes" had been spoiled thus did the director persuade him to forget politeness long enough to give Merle a really hearty wallop!

## Wild West Outsmarts Rooney

THE latest adventure of the popular Hardy family is "Out West with the Hardys." An old sweetheart of the Judge, married to an Arizona rancher, writes to him, saying they are about to lose the property because of trouble over water rights. She begs his help. The Hardy family goes West and the pictures above show how the new life tames Andy.

### Gable Gag

CAROLE LOMBARD is still wondering what to do with one of the Christmas gifts she received from boy-friend Clark Gable. It's a life-size statue of Clark Gable! The thing weighs several hundred pounds, and was given to Clark by the sculptor.

### Powell to Hospital

WILLIAM POWELL must return to hospital once more, before starting his next "Thin Man" picture. This, his third visit, will involve only a small operation, which doctors hope will clear up his trouble completely.

You'll find 1001 new ideas to make your home more charming.

The cleverest way to show color schemes you've ever seen — on pages 18 and 19.

Color ideas for the outside of your home — colors that are practical and lovely, too — pages 20 to 23.

For helpful, time-saving advice, make sure you read this chapter, "How to Set About Your Painting Jobs," on page 24.

You could never believe shabby rooms could be made so smart till you see the "before-and-after" Pictures on pages 11 to 16.

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# RATHBONE .... British to the Backbone

**T**HOUGH "The Dawn Patrol" was made in America, it's a "terribly, terribly British" film, as Ronald Frankau would say.

It's all about British exploits in the air during the Great War and it has an all-male, all-British cast.

Most British of them all is that superb actor, Basil Rathbone—prince of sneerers, the screen's arch-cad and probably its most prominent wearer of the "old school tie."

Basil Rathbone was sent by his parents from his birthplace, Johannesburg, South Africa, to school in England, there to steep himself in the traditions of the old school tie and to learn that never, never should a true gentleman allow himself to become a cad.

The Rathbone parents were conservatives of the first water. They frowned on a Thespian career as something doubtless amusing and remunerative, but not "terribly, terribly dignified."

Their ideas for the Hollywood-luminary-to-be embraced the diplomatic corps, the Army, and or Parliament.

An uncle, William Rathbone, was an M.P., but Basil to-day describes the "old chap" rather succinctly as "a slave."

Except for the sympathies of a cousin, Sir Frank Benson, who founded the annual Stratford-on-Avon Shakespearean Festival, Basil found deaf ears turned to his appeals for encouragement in what he wanted to do most.

He made his first stage appearance as Hortensio in his cousin's No. 2 company of "The Taming of The Shrew."

During 1914 and 1915, Rathbone appeared variously with Benson on tour and in London, but in 1916 got around to thinking that the "old school tie" was indeed bound up with the bonds of Empire, and so he enlisted.

He was awarded the Military Cross in 1918.

Demobbed, he gained a high reputation in London and New York productions during the next eight years, and then MGM engaged him for the role of Lord Dilling in the original screen version of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," with Norma Shearer.

He has appeared almost continuously in pictures ever since.

"It's strange," said Mr. Rathbone on Warners' "Dawn Patrol" set, "that I, an English public school boy, taught that cad-dishness in a man should be consumed by the fires of intense hate burning in the breasts of his righteous fellows, should have to turn to that very characteristic in order to make a name in Hollywood."

"But that's how it's been, and I've been pushed head first from the suave, slickest villainy in one role into something even more obnoxious—and, yes, cad-dish—in succeeding ones."

"Apparently," he added with that velvety smile so well known to screen fans when Mr. Rathbone is doing his very worst, "the laugh is on my English schoolmasters, because the 'old school tie' has been used to tie me, hand and foot, to a career of villainy."

Basil thinks that his role in Warner Bros' "The Dawn Patrol" is a very long step in the right direction.

"I'm still pretty heavy," he explained, "but certainly not villainous in the sense I have been in the past."

As a nerve-wrecked Major Brand in "The Dawn Patrol," Rathbone finds himself itching to get up in the air with Britain's wartime hell's angels, take some of the risks, shoot down the enemy or be shot down, but, instead, he is chained to the desk of an R.A.F. station in France—sending young flyers to flaming deaths because he has to take orders from higher up.

Previously, he has ridden down children and killed them, beaten the daylight out of young people like Freddie Bartholomew, thrown comely actresses out of the house, made friends with nice old ladies and then proceeded to rob and murder them. So his character is improving.

Because of memories of the fine silent film of "The Dawn Patrol," this is one of the most keenly anticipated films of the year.

**KNOTTING OLD SCHOOL  
TIE COMES NATURALLY  
TO ENGLISHMAN BASIL**

By  
**JOAN McLEOD**  
from Hollywood



Basil Rathbone in one of the finest parts of his long career, in Warners' "The Dawn Patrol."

Left: David Niven, another noted Britisher with a big part in "The Dawn Patrol."

Right: Errol Flynn in "The Dawn Patrol." Errol has the star billing in this film.



# Accent Trouble For Merle Oberon

AUSTRALIAN ACTRESS FINDS DUAL CONTRACT REQUIRES FROM HER A DUAL TURN OF SPEECH

MERLE OBERON, Australian, is having trouble with her accent—not an Australian accent, but the other one, or, rather, the other two.

"I'm an actress without an accent of my own," she declared one day on the set of "The Cowboy and the Lady," "and the longer I work in pictures, the more difficult it becomes to adjust myself.

"Originally appearing in British pictures, I naturally spoke with a pronounced English flavor when I first came to the States. Staying here for a year on my first visit, my speech became quite Americanised.

"Then I went back to London to make two pictures for Mr. Korda, and had a dreadful time trying to become very British again.

"I was there 16 months. By the time I left, I was speaking London English again without any trouble.

"So now here I am, back in Hollywood, at work on 'The Cowboy and the Lady' for Mr. Goldwyn. Playing the role of an American society girl, I have to speak American-English and, believe me, my tongue gets awfully confused at times.

"Of course, by the time I have to go back to England again my speech will be nicely Americanised, but that just means more trouble. Because by then I'll be ready to start a British picture.

"If there's any solution to the problem, it will be to talk a sort of language of my own, something to be known maybe as the 'Oberon-American-English-jargon.'

Merle is now a transatlantic figure, possessing a long-term contract, dividing her services between two of the world's leading producers. She spends half her time in Hollywood making films for Papa Goldwyn and the other half in London working for Papa Korda.

## Comparisons

I LIKE Englishmen better than American men because they are more dominant," she said, "and American women better than Englishwomen because they are always so smart, both in thought and appearance.

"They take better care of themselves, even though they might spend ten times as long as their English sisters in doing so."

On the question of preference between Hollywood and London, Merle replied: "Hollywood for work—London for living. But you don't have to ask me which climate I prefer—we all like plenty of sunshine."

Merle Oberon is extremely happy about her dual contract, and the opportunities it affords her to travel as well as the refreshing changes of living and working conditions. Nevertheless, she says that she never fully appreciated the plight of the fabulous "man without a country" until she became a movie star under the dual contract.

On the subject of Merle's initial assignment under the wing of Sam Goldwyn in Hollywood, it is paradoxical that this was her very first opportunity to appear as a wholesome English girl.

Her arrival in America was the occasion for the dusting-off of adjectives that had lain in camphor



Merle Oberon, the girl from Tasmania, whose next film will be "The Cowboy and the Lady," with Gary Cooper. At present she is working on "Wuthering Heights."

for a long time. "Bizarre," "exotic," "strange" and "mysterious" were the preferred descriptives.

There were references to hothouse plants and to a birthplace in far-off Tasmania. Merle's beauty was explained in terms of aloe eyes, jet hair, and skin the color of olives. She was, the publicity boys claimed, a perfect Oriental type.

Up to that time she had made only three important films—"The Private Life of Henry VIII," "The Battle," and "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

In "Folies Bergeres," her first Hollywood film before Goldwyn secured her services, she was exotic enough to justify all the claims of the Press.

Then came the announcement that Samuel Goldwyn had signed this flower of the Orient for the role of a simple English girl in "The Dark Angel."

The change in her personality was immediately apparent. Her hair was clipped, brushed back, and worn in a softly-waved bob.

In place of the gold leaf powder she affected in other pictures, she used only grease paint and a thin film of ordinary face powder. Her eyes were no longer outlined to make them appear slanting and her wardrobe favored tweed over lame. The transformation—accomplished almost overnight—was complete.

## From JOHN B. DAVIES, in New York

But more startling than the metamorphosis that took place before the eyes of the camera was the change in Merle Oberon off screen.

Her personality seemed to take on the color and substance of the characterisation she was to create in "The Dark Angel." "Wholesome" was an adjective more frequently used to describe her than "bizarre."

To-day, as one of the most popular actress-residents of the film colony, Merle Oberon is recognised for what she is—a friendly, fun-loving girl, talented but not mysterious.

She has been seen (and photographed) in the stands at a football match, and sliding down a home-made chute during a kiddies' party.

She has played ping-pong at Malibu Beach (without make-up or the correct beach attire for a glamorous screen star), and she has not become engaged to royalty.

It took Merle Oberon five years—and nine roles—to achieve what she set out to do in her first picture—simply to be herself.

And it took Papa Goldwyn in Hollywood to give her that chance.

With a contract that will keep her actively engaged on both sides of the Atlantic for another five years at least, she intends to continue being herself as long as the public wants her that way.

## Devoted Director

Alexander Korda has been in Hollywood devoting all his time to beautiful Merle Oberon, and it begins to look as if these two may eventually face the altar together.

Merle's closest friends claim she has admitted her love for Alex and there has never been any secret about his admiration for her.

Korda was divorced from Mrs. Maria Korda many years ago.

## Meet Mrs. Stanhope

NOW 82, SHE IS BOB TAYLOR'S GRANDMOTHER

YOU should know about a little old lady of eighty-two, referred to in Hollywood as "the amazing Mrs. Stanhope." She's Bob Taylor's grandmother.

Mrs. Stanhope is one pound short of six stone, and has the whitest of white hair, and a delightful sense of humor combined with a very definite dignity.

When Bob was a boy a visit to "Granny's" house always meant good eats, good fun, good stories.

Bob still runs to her with his problems, he still drops in with his "girl-friend" seeking approval—and he gets it, too, since Barbara Stanwyck rates almost as high around that house as he does.

We know him as "Bob Taylor," but Mrs. Stanhope shudders when she hears it, and still insists on calling him by his real name, "Arlington."

## Helping Hand

THIS very definite preference of hers gave rise to a rather delicate situation several years ago when Mrs. Stanhope and her daughter, Bob's mother, first settled down in Hollywood. It was after Bob had made "The Magnificent Obsession" and the fan mail began pouring in.

As Bob tells the story: "Grandmother insisted that she should be allowed to help answer the mail.

"She suggested I go over the mail once each week, tell her the general drift of what I wanted to say in each letter, and then she would do the actual dictating. I agreed.

"The letters would start out all right, but along about the second paragraph she would always forget that the letter was from me, and she would begin telling some of her own personal recollections: what I used to do as a little boy; what a good little boy I had always been, and so on.

"We got her straightened out on that after a while, but we never could cure her of sticking one idea into those letters.

"It read like this: 'No, Bob Taylor is not my real name. It is Spangler Arlington Brugh, and I was born in Nebraska.'

"As a matter of fact, my grandmother does not like the name of Bob Taylor at all, and cannot understand why they ever wanted me to change it, since the name Arlington is so much more beautiful, and that is what I have always been called. It's a family name, handed down from generations, and Bob is so ordinary by comparison."

"I remember once I caught her right in the act of dictating that—and she looked so cute and guilty I had to laugh."

Nowadays, of course, Taylor's mail is far too enormous for his grandmother to handle, and her extraordinary energies have been diverted to the matter of doing quilting for charity.



• Joan Blondell and Bette Davis on the set of Warner's "Dark Victory," in which Bette is starred. Joan told Bette she had a new dog. Bette, president of the Tailwaggers, added a new member.

## Cinderella Story of a Typist

MARGARET TALLICHET WILL PLAY SISTER TO SCARLETT O'HARA IN "GONE WITH THE WIND."

CAROLE LOMBARD strolled through David Selznick's office one day and noticed a dark-haired girl with a lovely oval face patiently banging a typewriter.

"That girl should be a star," she told Selznick, so he came and took another look at the young lovely he had been ignoring for weeks.

She was Margaret Tallichet.

That's how Lombard happened to play fairy godmother in the Cin-

derella tale of Tallichet's rise from typist to stardom.

Margaret has been booked for the role of Careen, Scarlett O'Hara's sister, in "Gone With the Wind" almost from the inception of plans for the film.

Audiences have so far seen her in a tiny part in "A Star is Born," a larger but not very exacting one in Columbia's "Girls' School," and in the Republic film, "A Desperate Adventure."

The last gave fans a better chance



• Margaret Tallichet, former typist, who is to play Careen O'Hara, Scarlett's sister, in "Gone With the Wind."

## Are you "a creature of habit"?



Have you been parting your hair on the same side, or arranging it the same way, for ten years?



2. Do you keep certain pieces of furniture sitting in the same place, year after year?



3. Do you sprinkle salt on your food at the table before you've even tasted it?



4. Do you . . . just from habit . . . buy the same kind of sanitary napkins you started using years ago?

Did you answer "yes" to Question 4? Then change that habit now. Get a box of Modess, and notice the difference! Feel the fluffy, soft-as-down cotton that films Modess on all sides—that is why Modess is softer more comfortable.

And Modess is safer. Only Modess has a moisture-proof backing . . . thus only Modess gives you "certain-safe" protection. Modess Sanitary Napkins are softer, safer, yet cost less . . . they're economical.

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**Modess**  
SANITARY NAPKINS



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Ask also for  
**VEMO**  
(Deodorant Powder)

A soothing, absorbent, and mildly astringent powder for personal hygiene. Sprinkle freely on sanitary napkins.



**GLAMOUR**

lives in clear eyes—dull, tired eyes ruin the most perfect make-up. "I.L.O." makes tired eyes brilliant and clear, with whites free of veins or redness, in thirty seconds. "I.L.O." is the formula of a famous Eye Specialist—it soothes, clears, strengthens, and is prescribed for eye strain. Age signs begin at the eyes—"I.L.O." arrests them and maintains youthful clarity and charm at a cost of a few pence per week.

**I.L.O.**  
EYE LOTION  
ALL CHEMISTS

# PRIVATE VIEWS

## ★ THE YOUNG IN HEART

(Week's Best Release)

Doug Fairbanks Jr., Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, Roland Young, Billie Burke, (United Artists)

**SOPHISTICATION** and sentimentality have never been blended more smoothly than in "The Young in Heart."

It is the story of a family of polished, spongers, chiselers-dealers, who fight a long battle with their better selves—and lose.

Their strength—a streak of sentimentality that shows them what to exploit in their victims—ends up by wrecking their careers and putting them kerplunk on the straight and narrow path.

Roland Young's shrewd and funny line of comedy has never been exploited better than in this role as "The Sahib," a bogus Indian army man who heads the family accomplished in society crime. Doug Fairbanks Jr., as his son, gives a scintillating charm to his impersonation of a practised fortune-hunter, and Billie Burke, prettier than ever, is provided with opportunities to flutter as the mother of the family.

Janet Gaynor the daughter is the weakest link in this platinum chain of knavery. She has a softer heart and less charm.

All their hearts are purified by contact with an oddly trusting old ad—don't laugh, it is done with

## OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.

★ One star—average entertainment

★★ Two stars—above average

★★★ Three stars—excellent

to get it over with?" Naughty, naughty, Mr. Director.

Incidentally, we know now why Miss Dee is dropped from the contract lists.

Ellen Drew, however, makes a lively little wanton of the tavern wench who adores Villon, and thus saves the feminine honors of the piece.

Patchy entertainment this, but with such quality in the twitching eye, the tottering gait, and the cackling laugh of a King as to compensate for its weaknesses.—Prince Edward, showing.

## ★ A MAN TO REMEMBER

Edward Ellis, Anne Shirley, (RKO).

A STUDY in character of a small-town doctor, this picture is honest, touching, and finely close to life.

Opening in an unusual fashion, with the doctor's funeral, the film traces, in a series of flash-backs, his years, his work, and his failures, in a crude Middle West town.

Gradually is built up the picture of a man who succeeded finely in his services to his fellows—even if the merchants, his own ambitious son, and his own profession, regarded him as behind the times.

The dangerously uplift sentiments in this outline are subdued and strengthened by the work of Edward Ellis as the doctor. Ellis makes of him a vital, crotchety figure, untouched by sentimentality, but inspired by keenness in his work. It is a superb performance. Ellis, just as much as the character he plays, is a man to remember.—Embassy, showing.

## ★ THE COWBOY AND THE LADY

Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon, (United Artists.)

THIS film is a fairy tale, a very, very romantic fairy tale which we would dearly love to believe. We weep to confess we can't.

Our tears are for Gary. Time has not lessened nor repetition staled the effect he has on our susceptible heart. Just one of those quick, shy, sideways glances and it's a push-over with us.

Which makes it all the harder to watch him smothering in the cellophane wrappings of an artificial comedy like this.

Gary's a cowboy who meets Merle Oberon, (rich gal, of course) when she goes for a night out at a rodeo with two of the household maids.

He falls for her, but drops her in the fish pond when he suspects she is trifling with him. That ducking naturally—or should it be unnaturally?—awakes in her a deep abiding love for this great he-man out of the West.

She pursues and marries him; he spurns her when he discovers her identity and so has to be pursued again right out to Montana where he is building her a little grey home.

Yes, it is another rich-girl-chasing-poor-man story, thinly disguised in boots and saddles. And among other familiar tricks, there's a dinner table scene where Gary is invited to seat himself while smarter folk mock his simple sincerity. His manly protests against such a violation of hospitality bring tears to the eyes of Merle's hard-boiled father. Not again? Yes, again.

Merle Oberon also struggles to make a crisp credible character of her role. She is photographed so

## SCREEN ODDITIES ★ By CHARLES BRUNO



**FRANK CLARK** HAS STUNTED WITH PLANES AND CRASHED THEM IN FILMS FOR 20 YEARS... BUT HIS ONLY INJURY IN THAT TIME WAS A BROKEN ANKLE... FROM STEPPING OFF A 6-INCH CURBSTONE!

ROAST TURKEYS IN FILM SCENES ARE MADE TO LOOK APPETIZING BY VARNISHING THEM!

**RAY BOLGER** BORROWED A SKELETON FROM A MEDICAL SCHOOL TO STUDY ITS ACTIONS WHILE PERFECTING HIS SCARECROW DANCE FOR "THE WIZARD OF OZ."

## Here's Hot News From All Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood, and JUDY BAILEY, London

**Cecil Kellaway** has been chosen for the role of Earnshaw in "Wuthering Heights," the ambitious production of the famous Bronte novel now being made by Sam Goldwyn with an all-British cast.

Kellaway returned to America last month after making "Mr. Chedworth Steps Out" in Sydney for Cinesound.

**Katharine Hepburn** is taking another fling at the Broadway stage. She is leaving for New York to start rehearsals in a comedy.

No matter how great her success on the screen, Katie feels it is only a

stepping-stone towards her real heart's desire—to become a great actress on the legitimate stage.

**Leslie Howard** is even more talented than we knew. He has just had two song compositions accepted by a New York publishing house.

**Greta Garbo** may have Robert Taylor again for her next picture "Ninotchka." Since her greatest box-office success was "Camille," there is reason to assume that Bob was an asset.

**Spencer Tracy** may appear in a screen biography of Czechoslovakia's beloved President Masaryk. MGM is considering the project.

into touch with Ruth Chatterton, the wealthy French milady, who causes trouble but eventually becomes the binding link between Anton and his protégé—Capitol, showing.

## INSIDE STORY

Michael Whalen, Jean Rogers, Chick Chandler, (Fox.)

"SO you're a trained nurse—let's see you do some tricks."

This Chick Chandler wisecrack got the loudest laugh in "Inside Story," an outrageously implausible story of the Roving Reporter, Michael Whalen.

It's all about a sweet little girl from back home who would be good but actually is one of the slickest operators in a "clip joint." In case you don't know, a "clip joint" is a crooked night club in which the bee-utiful hostesses are trained to rifle the wallets of unwary customers.

No, no, a thousand times no—Regent, showing.

## UP THE RIVER

Preston Foster, Arthur Treacher, (Fox.)

If it weren't for the fact that all the characters in this film wear prison garb, it might be another collegiate picture.

Between producing amateur theatricals, playing football with the usual college—sorry, prison—song, a few swing hits by a prison crooner, tap dancing from another, the prisoners have great fun teasing the Warden.

There are moments of mild entertainment—Cameo, showing



## THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures]

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's biggest pictures so far this season are "Marie Antoinette," "The Great Waltz," "Boys Town" and "Sweethearts." And every one of them is a record-breaker wherever released to date! Which means that every one of them is the finest entertainment of its kind ever seen!

"Marie Antoinette" (Norma Shearer - Tyrone Power) has already broken all records in its releases in Sydney, Brisbane, Melbourne, Perth and New Zealand!

"The Great Waltz" (Laird Rainer - Fernand Gravet - Miliza Korjus) runs on and on at the Liberty Theatre, Sydney, with the same kind of delightful popularity that kept "Maytime" running at that theatre for more than six months!

"Boys Town" (Spencer Tracy - Mickey Rooney) has achieved the distinction of creating new all-time records in its releases to date (Sydney and Brisbane) and you can expect this grand entertainment to do the same wherever it is shown!

"Sweethearts" (Jeanette MacDonald - Nelson Eddy), filmed entirely in glorious Technicolor, is now enjoying a sensational Australian premiere at the St. James Theatre, Sydney, and never before in the history of that great theatre have there been such crowds eager to see a picture!

And, in mentioning these titans of screen entertainment, we can't forget "Young Dr. Kildare." This picture starts a new M-G-M feature series, starring Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore. It's a different sort of series than M-G-M's now famous Judge Hardy's Family series, but it's bound to be just as popular! Don't miss it!

Yours for the best in entertainment,  
LEO of M-G-M.

## TAKE THE LEAD OUT OF YOUR LEGS

Get Oxygen in Your Blood and You'll Get the Pep that Sends You Bounding Up the Stairs.

People who smother to death die because oxygen has been completely cut off from them. Just as surely you are slowly smothering if your blood lacks red corpuscles. Red corpuscles are your oxygen-carriers. They carry the oxygen you breathe in to every part of your system. Without enough oxygen-carrying corpuscles, your kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels slow down. Your skin gets pale, flabby, often puffy. Your nerves may become jittery—you tire quickly—feel depressed.

What you need is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These world famous pills help you make more and better red corpuscles and thus increase the oxygen-carrying power of your blood. Get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills today at your chemist or store and see for yourself how quickly this time-proven blood-builder will help give you back your pep.

## Quick Pile Relief

Dr. Leonhardt's Vacuoid is guaranteed to banish any form of Pile misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vacuoid is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

## Shows Still Running

\*\*\* Pygmalion. Leslie

Howard, Wendy Hiller in brilliant G. B. Shaw comedy. Victory, 9th week.

\*\* You Can't Take It With You. Diverting philosophical comedy. Mayfair, 5th week.

\*\* Sweethearts. Colorful musical. St. James, 3rd week.

\*\* The Great Waltz. Musical biography. Liberty, 9th week.

such deft satire you'll wallow in it. The film lacks pace at times but has some delicious dialogue, subtle side glances of humor, and refreshing excursions into burlesque. Paulette Goddard's first talking role reveals a monotonous voice with some hard inflections. No great demands are made on her acting powers and she fails to suggest she would answer if they were.

Newcomer in the cast, Richard Carlson shows a disconcerting lack of ease yet gives a promising picture of Scot masculinity. Good entertainment this, in sepia, with fine photography.—Century, showing.

## ★ IF I WERE KING

Basil Rathbone, Ronald Colman, Frances Dee, (Paramount.)

THE film is worth seeing for the brilliant scenes between Ronald Colman and Basil Rathbone.

Colman brings zest and poetry to the role of Francois Villon, poet and vagabond. His beautiful English is worthy of the lovely lines he speaks.

Rathbone gives us a masterpiece in his Louis XI. The diabolically crafty King and his irritable eccentricity are built up in as intimate a characterisation as has ever come out of celluloid.

When the poet and the King landy words there is no flickering of eye attention, but in other sequences the attention not only flickers, but occasionally is extinguished by irritation.

There are annoying slips in detail that destroy the period illusion—such as for instance when Frances Dee, supposedly in 15th century Paris, asks "Wouldn't it be better

## THEATRE ROYAL

Eighty at 8. Matinee, Wed., Sat., at 2.

The Most Discussed Play of the Decade.

"THE WOMEN."

With New York's Distinguished Actress, Irene Parnell, and a cast of 40 women.

VOICE OF SNOW WHITE  
and New ENTOURAGE OF... TIVOLI  
INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS STARS 2.30 & 8

## The Australian Women's Weekly Radio Sessions from Station 2GB

**W**EDNESDAY, February 15.—4-4.30 p.m.: Beauty Talk with Janet.

**THURSDAY**, February 16.—4-4.30 p.m.: Music of the Stars with June Marsden.

**FRIDAY**, February 17.—4-4.30 p.m.: Women's Weekly Afternoon Tea Party.

**SATURDAY**, February 18.—4-4.30 p.m.: Meet the Band Leaders.

**SUNDAY**, February 19.—4-4.30 p.m.: June Marsden, Astrologer, and Music of the Stars.

**MONDAY**, February 20.—4-4.30 p.m.: Fashion Talk with Rene.

**TUESDAY**, February 21.—4-4.30 p.m.: June Marsden and Music of the Stars.

## Beniamino Gigli heads list of famous tenors

Do you agree with this choice  
of voices on the air?

Who are the most popular tenors of to-day? Opinions no doubt differ, but Mr. John Dease, who conducts the session, "World-Famous Tenors," from 2GB on Sunday nights, believes that he can name them in the correct order.

Here is his list: Gigli, Crooks, Tauber, Bjorling, Schmidt, Groh, Schipa, Thill, McCormack, Martinelli, Borgioli, Rossi, Fort, Valente.



FAVORITE of radio, Beniamino Gigli

"I play a little game of asking my listeners to name the man who is singing, before I announce him."

"The accuracy of so many people is extraordinary. It shows perhaps that radio is doing something worth while to educate the community in music."

Although he appears last on Mr. Dease's list Alexandre Valente has a large radio following, and every time a record of his is played at 2GB the phones are kept busy by listeners asking that the disc be played again.

"The story of Valente, by the way, is rather tragic," Mr. Dease said. "I understand that physical limitations make it impossible for him ever to appear in opera or on the concert stage, and we know of him only through his records. But he has a glorious voice."

"Luigi Fort, who appears just above Valente in my list, is a man of mystery. I have been told that he was born in Bondi, and lived in Sydney until he went to Italy to study, but even in the overseas magazines I cannot find anything about him. We have only his voice and his name."

"At the moment I am tremendously interested in an unnamed young Rumanian tenor who is being widely talked of overseas, but whose name I cannot secure."

"He has been hailed by Bruno Walthers as a perfect tenor, and soon I hope to be able to obtain his first recordings."

"World-famous Tenors" is broadcast from 2GB every Sunday night at 8.45.

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**Beautiful SUPPER SET**  
Large, hemstitched supper cloth and 4 serviettes to match. Colours: Primrose, green, and blue—extra good quality. Save 140 Siren Crosses.

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**★ Attractive BREAD BOARD**  
Strong, gaily hand-painted, poker-worked edges. For 28 Siren Crosses. Send 7d. to cover postage and packing.

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Take your crosses to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (OPP. TOWN HALL), SYDNEY.

If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in particulars and enclose with crosses, and stamps if necessary, to cover postage and packing addressed to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, BOX 4207 Y, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

**\*NOTE:** All the gifts shown in this advertisement are available at the Lintas Free Gift Depot, 147 York Street, (Town Hall end), Sydney. For Country users the majority of the gifts are post free, but to cover the cost of packing and postage of the heavier and more fragile gifts (marked \*) remit the amount shown, in stamps, in addition to the required number of crosses.

### DO NOT SEND A LETTER BUT USE PRINTED FORM

Name (IN BLOCK LETTERS) \_\_\_\_\_ Enclosed \_\_\_\_\_ Crosses \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ Gift Required \_\_\_\_\_  
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**NO HARD RUBBING  
WITH SIREN'S  
EXTRA-SOAPY SUDS**

Siren takes the hard work out of washing because its suds are extra-soapy—and therefore extra-efficient in getting out the dirt. And Siren treats your hands and linens gently because it's made from only pure, fine oils.

**1**  
CROSS WITH  
EACH UTILITY  
TABLET

Save these  
crosses

**4**  
CROSSES WITH  
EACH LARGE  
BAR

**SIREN SOAP**

**SIREN SOAP**

### SELECT ANY OF THESE FINE GIFTS

**BATH TOWEL**—Large coloured, 23" x 46". Save 40 Siren Crosses.

**BATH TOWEL**—White admiralty with red stripes, size 23" x 46". Save 40 Siren Crosses.

**GLASS CLOTH**—23" x 32"—Pure Irish Linen—red or blue side striped. Save 24 Siren Crosses.

**PILLOWSLIP**—Hemstitched and embroidered, size 21" x 31". Save 36 Siren Crosses.

**\*KETTLE**—3 PINT SIZE—Made of "Strong-lite" 99% pure aluminium. Save 152 Siren Crosses. Send 5d. to cover postage and packing.

**APRON**—British Shantung Silk. These are in charming colours and modern design. Save 64 Siren Crosses.

**LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS**—4 doz. Save 60 Siren Crosses.

**MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS**—4 doz. Save 64 Siren Crosses.

**\*WATER SET—JUG AND 4 GOBLET**—Crown Crystal Glass. Rich with attractive design. Save 96 Siren Crosses. Send 2/2 to cover postage and packing.

**\*GLASS WATERJUG ONLY**. Good quality and attractively designed. Save 48 Siren Crosses. Send 1/4 to cover postage and packing.

**\*GLASS GOBLET**—Set of 3 to match Water Jug. Save 24 Siren Crosses. Send 1/4 to cover postage and packing, for set of 3 or 6.

**TABLE KNIFE**—Heavy stainless Sheffield steel. 36 Siren Crosses.

**DESSERT KNIFE**—Heavy stainless Sheffield steel. 36 Siren Crosses.

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**DESSERT SPOON**—Heavy E.P.N.S. Save 24 Siren Crosses.

**TEASPOONS**—Heavy E.P.N.S. Set of 4 Grade. Save 72 Siren Crosses.

**\*GLASS MIXING BOWLS—SET OF 4**. Save 128 Siren Crosses. Send 1/3 to cover postage and packing for set of 4.

**\*KITCHEN JUGS—SET OF 3**—4, 1 and 1 1/2 pints, grey blue and white stripes. Save 140 Siren Crosses. Send 1/- to cover postage and packing for set of 3.

**\*SAUCEPAN** (Aluminium, 2 1/2 pint) Save 56 Siren Crosses. Send 6d. to cover postage and packing.

**CASSEROLE**—9" diam. 99% pure aluminium. Strong close-fitting lid with coloured heat-proof knob. Save 104 Siren Crosses.

**\*EMAMEL BILLY**—1 1/2 pint size—Save 88 Siren Crosses. Send 3d. to cover postage and packing.

**HAIR BRUSH**—Fine, close-set bristles. Save 104 Siren Crosses.

\* Postage required for these gifts

### A New Caruso?

IN the opinion of Mr. Dease, there is only one singer to-day who shows promise of rivaling Caruso himself, and that is a young Swede, Jussi Bjorling, whom he introduced to Sydney listeners twelve months or so ago, and who now has risen to a place among the first five tenors of to-day.

"In conducting this session," Mr. Dease told The Australian Women's Weekly, "it amazes me how people in all walks of life, through their acquaintance with radio, and possibly through their interest in this session, can recognise immediately the voice of a singer whom they know only through radio."

## You may be in love if you do these things

Are you in love? Some people can tell without any trouble. If you are a man it is fairly simple; you lose your appetite and can't sleep. If you are a woman, you never had any appetite anyway, so it is not so easy.

**H**OWEVER, some psychologists in America have worked out a group of symptoms for women in love. Study them; it may be love that has been worrying you, and you didn't know it.

Briefly a woman is in love if

- (1) She keeps changing her powder and lipstick, and is never able to arrange her hair to her satisfaction.
- (2) Rushes madly to the telephone every time it rings, even though the call may be quite obviously not for her.
- (3) Pays particular attention to her stockings; especially to see that there are no creases and that the seams run straight down the backs of her legs.
- (4) Starts admiring physical and moral strength in men, and weakness in women.
- (5) Suddenly becomes deeply interested in male culture, such as horseracing, cricket, boxing, wrestling and perhaps even politics.
- (6) Discovers that she can cook and moreover that it is quite good fun trying out dishes on someone who loves her enough to die for her.
- (7) Develops a taste in literature for one of the following according to the timbre of the romance: Thorne Smith, Eric Linklater, Richard Aldington, D. H. Lawrence or Robert Brooke.

### Married Students At University

From Our New York Office

**T**HE University of Oregon proudly pointed out that the T.C.L.A.C.A.O. (Two Can Live As Cheaply As One) Association now has a membership of 172 married students.

Of 3334 students enrolled at the University, 5 per cent. are married. The old adage, "Woman's place is in the home," seems out of place with the majority of married couples attending classes together.

The association was launched three years ago and has steadily increased its membership each year.

Married students usually average higher scholastically than the others, University officials say.

(8) Takes up music, if only as a listener. Starts humming dance tunes at odd times.

(9) Exercises unwanted control over her temper, even to the extent of laughing merrily when her hat blows off in the street.

(10) Cries and laughs as she used to when she was a child; and sees hidden meanings in the batting of an eyebrow or the inflection of a voice.

# GLAMOR is gained by sheer hard work

... **M**ANNEQUINS, parading gracefully in lovely gowns, make women envy their easy poise. To get that grace, so natural in the showroom, mannequins work and train hard for months. A London store, employing many models, puts them all through daily gymnasium drill. Instructors coach them in walking, turning, and descending stairs. To a mannequin, the wearing of fine clothes is a detail.



**MANNEQUINS** look ahead, not down, when descending stairs. This gives poise. Instructors show girls how best to hold their heads.



**POISE AND GRACE** are essential. Even the way a fan is held may ruin a carefully-planned effect. Teachers correct young models' faults.



**PERFECT BALANCE** is hard to acquire. The glass of water helps by falling at the first bad step. It all looks easy in the showroom. But it comes from months of hard work.



**ROWING EXERCISE** is part of gymnasium drill for models. Often during a dress parade a mannequin's muscles will be stiff from exercises. But the trained girl won't lose poise.



**DAILY EXERCISE** is compulsory. Weight and figure must always be the same, or expensive dresses might have to be remade. Hundreds of girls each year want to become mannequins, attracted by the chance of wearing fine clothes. But beside the glamor stands... hard work and long hours.

# Do women want romantic MEN . . . ?

From Our New York Office by Air Mail

If women could remake men nearer the heart's desire, would they throw in a greater dash of romance as being the most important ingredient now missing?

They would, if a huge survey of women's opinions just undertaken in the United States is any criterion.

THE survey, representative of the opinions of America's 37,000,000 women, reveals them as a romance-starved mass.

This romance-hunger is stimulated by Hollywood's glamor stories and by innumerable "Cinderella-wealthy man" romances which have become almost an integral part of the life of American girls.

The ideal man, according to this survey, must be romantic, helpful about the care of babies, always tidy, able to judge women's clothes

and should not allow business and sports to make him forget "the little woman at home."

Nine essential male qualities were listed in questions which women had to answer.

Wives, sisters, and divorced women of all ages, in all strata of society, were selected as a representative cross section of opinion.

Here are the questions and an analysis of the answers:

Do men keep a romantic attitude towards their wives after marriage?

This was the leading question. Slightly over half the wives asked

Surprising ballot



DUKE OF WINDSOR, who gave up throne for "woman I love."

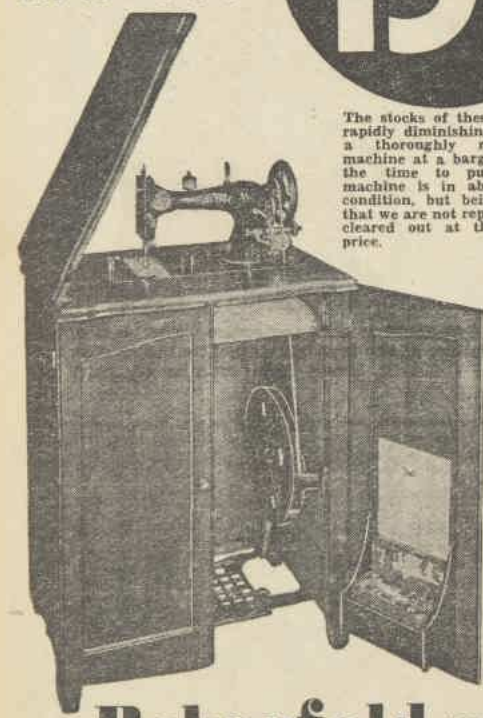


CAPTAIN MOLY-NEUX, famous fashion designer, known as women's clothes.



CLARK GABLE, rugged screen hero. The unshaven look which he displays here is voted by women as man's No. 1 appearance flaw.

**OUT THEY GO!**  
12 BRAND NEW SEWING MACHINES  
USUALLY PRICED AT £19/19/- . . . .  
**£15/18/6**



The stocks of these machines are rapidly diminishing. If you want a thoroughly reliable sewing machine at a bargain price, now's the time to purchase. Every machine is in absolutely perfect condition, but being of a design that we are not repeating are being cleared out at this rock-bottom price.



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The Bebarfald Bureau Sewing Machine is the only sewing machine in the Commonwealth to carry a Lifetime Guarantee. You take no risk when you purchase a Bebarfald Lifetime Guaranteed sewing machine.

**LIFETIME GUARANTEED. YOU TAKE NO RISK.** Then easy weekly payments to suit yourself. If you have an old machine why not trade it in as part payment. Generous allowances given, special terms to country clients. Write for particulars.

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Please post me copies of "Ideal Wife" and "How to Judge a Sewing Machine" without obligation.  
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replied "No." Nevertheless, a substantial minority argued that men have enough Romeo-like qualities.

"After marriage, men forget about romance," was the summing up of three-quarters of the divorced women, taken as a separate group.

But women under thirty held the opposite view, which seems to support the theory that romance, good looks and youth go hand-in-hand.

"Do you think it silly for a man to kiss a woman's hand?"

Yes! Strangely enough, it's not that sort of romance the majority want. They think it empty and silly. Sixty-nine per cent. do, anyway.

"Are men more interested in such things as business and sport than in women?"

"Absolutely!" say 64 per cent. They wish they could get the same rapt look as does a football game.

Some women don't quarrel with this attitude. "A man's got to think about his work," said a lady from Tennessee. "Where would he be if he always thought of women?"

"Who should make the important decisions in the home—man or woman?"

"Let's make them together," answered most wives.

"Which like to be flattered more—men or women?"

Some thought men, some women, some that they were equally susceptible.

The single and divorced women and those with incomes of more than £400 a year had been most successful in flattering men, it was revealed. "Do most husbands underestimate their wives' abilities?"

"Yes," say 62 of every 100 wives. Of divorced women, three-quarters make that complaint strongly.

**Clothes—and the Man**

WHAT do you consider the most common flaw in a man's appearance?

Faults in order ran:—1: Need of a shave. 2: Baggy trousers and wrinkled coat. 3: Hair-cut. 4: Cleaner shirt. 5: Poor shoe shine. That would probably sum up the average Australian man, also.

"Do you think men as a whole are good judges of women's clothes?"

Here the men got a "Yes" vote by a bare margin. Country women, women over 45, divorced women, and women with family incomes of less than £300 a year gave a majority against man's ability to judge clothes, but they were outnumbered by others who respect men's fashion sense.

Nearly all women agreed that men had no idea how much women should spend on a dress.

"Should a husband help his wife take care of the baby?"

"Yes," was the overwhelming decision. "It's his child as much as hers!" said one woman.

Well, that's the judgment of millions of women. How does your man rate against this list?

## INDIGESTION SUFFERERS GET QUICK RELIEF WITH PANAZE



Nyal Company Sydney  
Please accept my personal thanks for your product, PANAZE. I have suffered with indigestion for years, and have tried countless remedies but always came back to plain baking powder, until Mr. Richards of Red Cliffs, advised me to try Panaze. Results amazing!  
(Sgd. H. R. H., Red Cliffs Vic.)



Nyal Company, Sydney  
I have been a chronic dyspeptic for about 15 years. I could not eat or drink without vomiting. Mr. Boyers, Chemist, of Wyong, recommended and gave me three Panaze powders. They gave me instant relief so I bought a box to give them a fair chance. I gained 12 lbs the first month, and now I am a different man, feeling in the best of health.  
(Sgd. E. C., Wyong, N.S.W.)

Here's good news for indigestion sufferers! Panaze, the amazing new digestive agent, is now available in NYAL PANAZE . . . a new complete treatment for indigestion, colitis, hyper-acidity and other gastrointestinal disorders.

Panaze is one of the strongest starch-digesting agents known to medical science. Under proper conditions, one part of Panaze will, in 10 minutes, digest 200 times its own weight in starchy foods. Medical men agree that excess starch is the most common cause of indigestion.

### A COMPLETE TREATMENT

Nyal Panaze is a complete treatment, and not one which deals with only one aspect of your ailment. Every ingredient contained in Panaze is one regularly prescribed by stomach and intestinal specialists.

### MEASURED DOSES

Panaze is supplied in accurately-measured individually wrapped doses . . . a precaution which protects you against the danger of excess alkalinity, which frequently follows careless dosing. Nyal Panaze brings quick relief from the pain and discomfort of indigestion. It stimulates excess starch . . . neutralises acids . . . increases vital secretions and enables you to derive the maximum nourishment from the food you eat.

A complete Panaze treatment of 24 powders (each a complete dose) costs only 2/6. Panaze is obtainable from all chemists.



**NYAL PANAZE FOR INDIGESTION**

FINAL WEEK BARGAINS *Sale Ends Saturday Feb. 18<sup>TH</sup>*GRACE BROS *Summer* SALE2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> IN THE £

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**15/-**  
LESS 2/- IN THE £

ME121. — Two-piece Lacey Sheer Ensemble. Long sleeves, frock and coat with contrast trimmings. Two-toned effects of Blue/Navy, Pink/Black, Green/Black, Lemon/Black. Assorted shades and sizes from W to XOS. 82 only to clear. Usual Price 25/-.  
SALE PRICE **15/-**  
Less 10%



~~39/11~~  
**20/-**  
LESS 2/- IN THE £

MR22.—Special Winter Coat Bargain! An All Wool, Fully Lined Sports Coat. This garment features a new 3-button front effect, a nobby pocket treatment and fancy sleeves. Finished to a nicety by the inclusion of a belt. Sizes: SSW, SW, W. In Grey mixtures. Usual Price **39/11**.  
SALE PRICE **20/-**  
Less 10%



~~39/6~~  
**19/6**  
LESS 2/- IN THE £

ME21.—Ladies' Tailored Sports Costume in a Smart Donegal Suiting. This garment features a man-tailored lapel, jelled pockets and link button front; the coat being fully lined. Skirt introduces single pleat at front. Sizes: XSSW, SSW, SW, W. In Brown and Fawn mixture. Usual **39/6**.  
SALE SPECIAL **19/6**  
Less 10%



~~15/-~~  
**10/-**  
LESS 2/- IN THE £

ME122.—Plain Sheer Garment made on becoming lines for sizes quoted. In Black, Navy, Brown. Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS. Usually 15/-.  
SALE PRICE **10/-**  
Less 10%

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Late afternoon... away from home... make-up stale... date with you for dinner... mirror says "Complete new make-up needed." No cream with you... no time for a regular facial... but, thanks to the Quickies in your purse, life sees you at your best!

Quickies are downy-soft circles of special cloth that come to you all ready saturated with a marvelous cleansing and refreshing lotion. One Quickie instantly wipes away powder and rouge... cleanses your skin without drying it... freshens your skin... smooths it and gives a tone that powder will really stick to. Carry Quickies... for quick facial any time, anywhere!

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QUICKIES

Anti-Drying CLEANSING PADS

# England through eyes of an American woman

"With Malice Towards Some" is  
hilarious travel diary

When a woman describes herself on a Customs form as a "parasite" and an English train engine as being "only about thirty-four inches around the bust," her travel-book is not likely to be an orthodox one.

Where most travel writers serve up their discovery of England as lush fruits, Margaret Halsey, in "Malice Towards Some," provides salted almonds with just an occasional sugared plum.

MARGARET HALSEY is the wife of a young American University lecturer who went to England with an exchange professorship.

His work took them to Exeter, where they met the English gentry. They travelled in England, and visited Norway, Sweden, and Paris.

Margaret kept notes during their travels and the result is a diverting book bristling with wisecracks, which have made the English people smile or snarl, according to their capacity for laughing or not laughing at themselves.

Although she is quite kindly disposed to some individual English

women, her opinion about them generally is not one of the sugared plums.

"Englishwomen have had the strength drained out of them by the debilitating effort to be English ladies," she says. "The poor things spend half their time gardening and the other half being respected and avoided by Englishmen."

She has a theory about their hats. "I think they keep them suspended on pulleys from the bedroom ceiling, and when they want to put one on they go and stand directly under it, pull a rope, and it drops down, smack, squarely on top of the head. Then, without touching a finger to it, they march out of the house."

But she is impressed with English manners.

"The manners of educated Englishmen are so exquisitely modulated... such leaping to feet, such opening of doors, such lightning flourishes with matches and cigarettes—it is all so heroic, I never quite get over the feeling that someone has just said, 'To the lifeboats.'"

## "Heavy" Food

HER remarks on English food spare only the roast beef of old England.

"I was well warned about English food, but I wonder sometimes how they ever manage to prize it up long enough to get a plate under it."

"Soup... tasted as if it had been drained out of the umbrella stand... It is possible to eat English pie crust whatever you may think at first. The English eat it, and when they stand up and walk away they are hardly bent at all."

"Savory. This is a sardine resting on toast which sweats melted butter. It serves no discernible function except to give the maid another lap to walk."

As even some English people fail to find hunting alluring, it is not surprising that Margaret is at her devastating best when recording a fox hunt.

Explaining the ethics of the sport she assures us that "After several seasons a fox grows so polite that he turns round and says 'roo hoo' to the pack whenever they lose the scent, but in his first season he is apt to be a little gauche."

Margaret is a conscientious tourist. "I have a sense of the past which could be laid out flat and made up into awnings."

Tramping round London is so tiring that "by the time I get home again my feet are going to be of such a size that I will be able to have drawers put in them and use them for desks."

To anyone who has ploughed through the solemn pages of facts in guide books her graphic descrip-

tions of scenery are like gay little pictures.

This is her picture of Purford, a village in Cornwall.

"It stands on a hilly little peninsula which, having Plymouth Sound on one side and the Atlantic Ocean on the other two, is instinct with horizons. Purford itself has been boldly tacked to the side of a steep descent which plunges suddenly into Plymouth Sound."

"The streets of the village are virtually perpendicular, and are rendered still more improbable by being, in addition, so narrow that a four-year-old child with a pall in its hand constitutes a traffic jam."

"Sprinkled in among the white cottages are others which have been plastered in burnt orange or salmon-pink or tan."

Along some of the streets a sea-wall with purple-flowering vines growing over it interposes benevolently to keep you from falling over from falling over.

on to the dark, malign coastal rocks below.

"Though a shelter of woods flanks Purford on either side, tall, green hills rise baldly up at the back of it. These, combined with the stretched-out pieces of water, make the houses, which in other English villages seem to be rubbing up against each other like puppies in a basket, seem in Purford to be huddling together for the definite purpose of protection."

On their trip to Norway she and Henry, her husband, go through a village which "stands at the edge of the fjord on a green and amiable slope with mountains leaning over its shoulder and breathing down its neck."

After her visit to Paris she observes: "The main difference between England and Paris is that



"...well-fed, well-washed, well-groomed men and a quantity of women looking as if they had all changed clothes with each other, just for a lark." Margaret Halsey and her husband endured some disheartening samples of English entertaining.

England looks comfortable but is not, whereas Paris is just the other way round."

English hotels, entertaining, servants, the "ungentry," whom she likes much better than the gentry, children, furniture, and her lanky, absent-minded husband are all bombarded with wisecracks.

The illustrations in this book, which reflect Margaret's inability to be awestruck, are by Harold W. Hallstone.

"With Malice Towards Some," By Margaret Halsey. (Hamish Hamilton.) Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

"THE ENGLISH always speak of Margate as a place of vulgar and feverish gaiety, but the beach and promenade look to an American like a Quaker meeting... The sun is weak and the English are modest. The pagan abandon of Margate could be scraped together and piled up under a thimble."

YOU MEAN A FOOD  
CAN RELIEVE  
CONSTIPATION?



THIS FOOD CAN.  
IT'S THE SAFE  
NATURAL WAY

How a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal  
relieves constipation naturally—  
without drugs or purgatives

ARE YOU CONSTIPATED? Do you have to take strong cathartics and purges to keep yourself regular? If so, it's more than likely the trouble is your food.

You see, to keep regular, we must have what doctors call "bulk." But most of our daily staples—white bread, potatoes, milk, eggs and fish—contain practically no bulk at all. They get almost entirely absorbed into the system without leaving enough residue for the bowel muscles to "take hold of." And so you can't help getting constipated.

It's no use trying to correct this condition with purgatives. They may give temporary relief, but they don't get to the cause of the trouble. Besides, as any doctor will tell you, constant use of harsh gripping purgatives is harmful.

## Doctors advise "bulk"

The one sure way to obtain permanent relief is to eat food that provides "bulk." That's why doctors recommend fruit and vegetables. These foods leave a soft "bulky" residue that the bowels can "take hold of." But by themselves they seldom supply enough "bulk" for your needs.

A better and surer way to obtain "bulk" is to eat regularly Kellogg's All-Bran, the crisp nut-sweet breakfast cereal. All-Bran is a natural "bulk" food that acts on your bowels in exactly the same way as fruit and vegetables—but much more surely, much more thoroughly.

It forms a soft, bulky mass that these muscles find easy to "take hold

of." And it does more: as it passes through the intestines, it absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently but effectively aids elimination of the clogging impurities that make you feel wretched.

In addition, All-Bran contains the vital health element Vitamin B, which "tones" the intestinal tract. All-Bran is also very rich in iron.

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every morning—with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal! Do this daily, drink plenty of fluids, and you will no longer be troubled with irregularity. You'll enjoy the perfect daily "regularity" that keeps you radiantly healthy and makes life worth living! Get Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day.



SOLD AT ALL  
GROCERS

Eat it every day and  
"never miss a day"



So lovely  
No need to ask what lipstick artists' loveliest creatures are wearing... Tatoo, wondrous Tatoo, has come to stay... and stay on! Glorious, glamorous-making, newest shades... with Tatoo's transparent downy devices that hold the right accent of redness to sweet and lovely lips. Stain instead of greasy coating... stay-on - gorgeousness instead of fade-away dullness... Tatoo has that South Seas secret! Tatoo for you, madam, if you would be smart than you even are! Wish lips in time with to-day!

are lips by  
**TATOO**  
CORAL - ROSE  
NATURAL - PINK  
NATURAL - BLACK MAGIC  
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**Black Magic**  
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## GET RID OF DISFIGURING PIMPLES

Don't let ugly pimples make you miserable and embarrassed. Just use Rexona Ointment and your skin will be clear and smooth again in a few days.

**TREATMENT**—First wash your face in warm water with Rexona Soap. Then with a sterilized needle prick the pimples, squeeze gently, then smear on Rexona Ointment. In a short time they will completely vanish. Then keep your skin healthy by washing only with Rexona Soap which contains the same healing medications as the Ointment.



# Intimate Jottings by Caroline.

## I LIKE—

Mrs. Geoffrey Carter's glamorous black chiffon evening frock, with a cluster of shaded pink roses and green leaves across the square-cut décolletage.

## Vincent Fairfax Weds in London

MANY well-known Australians at present in London will be guests at Vincent Fairfax's wedding this Wednesday with Nancy Heald, who made many friends here when she visited Sydney last year. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fairfax went to England specially to attend the ceremony at London's most fashionable church, St. George's, Hanover Square.

Nancy's four bridesmaids will include her sisters, Betty and Audrey. Vincent will have Donald Mackay as his best man. Rev. Walter Scott, a Queensland Bush Brother, an old friend of the Fairfax family, will officiate.

A lovely gown of parchment moire, and her grandmother's honiton lace veil, will be worn by the bride, who is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. Heald, of Hampstead. Diamond and pearl brooches, gifts of the bridegroom, will be fastened to the ruby-red velvet and gold lame frocks worn by the bridesmaids. The honeymoon will be spent in Switzerland.

Guests at the reception given by the bride's parents at the Mayfair Hotel will include Sir Alexander and Lady MacCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hordern, Lord Gifford, Mrs. Charles Fairfax, Anne Gordon, Pat Farquharson and her mother, Ivie Price and Diana Quiller.

## Hobart's Summer Season

HOBART'S summer season promises to be better and brighter than ever this year. With so many seafarers dashing across to escape Sydney's humid heat, and the Fleet arriving there next Friday, the list of forthcoming gaieties grows apace.

Among naval officers' wives making the trip is Mrs. W. R. Patterson, wife of Captain Patterson, of H.M.A.S. Canberra, who leaves this week. This will be her first visit to Tasmania, and she tells me, Sydney won't be seeing her for at least a month.

Miss May Deane has left for a holiday in Tasmania. She has taken her car, and with Miss Freida Bedford is planning an extensive tour of the island.

They assure me there will be few Tasmanian beauty spots left unexplored by the time they return to Sydney at the end of the month.

Down from Mudgee with her two children is Mrs. Peter White, of Havelock. Mr. and Mrs. White have taken a cottage at Port Hacking for a month or two.

## At Quarantine Beach

THAT favorite rendezvous of Sydney yachtsmen, the beautiful little beach at Quarantine, is alive with color and sparkle these hot summer Sundays, when many gay parties are entertained aboard the yachts riding at anchor in the sheltered bay. There is much informal visiting from boat to boat and dinghy-loads of sun-tanned young people pull ashore for a swim off the beach.

Each yachting season sees more and more women enthusiasts out on the harbor. One of the keenest is Jean Wright, who sails nearly every Sunday in Bert Hagon's boat, Victoria.

Jean MacCrae is another enthusiast and sails with Bill Whiddon on his yacht, Nyria, calling at Quarantine for lunch and a swim, and calling back up the harbor to watch the 18-footers race.

A University examination in the offing is bringing Betty Evans home from the East sooner than she expected. She will arrive this Tuesday with her aunt, Mrs. W. Graham, with whom she has been travelling for three months.

## Holidaying at Moss Vale

CHATTING with Mrs. Doug Scott she told me that she and her mother, Mrs. G. P. Martin, were off to spend a holiday at Moss Vale, staying at the Walter Potts' lovely old home.

Meanwhile the Potts have departed for New Zealand to visit only daughter Mary Bruce and her husband.



A NEW portrait of Sheila McDonald, daughter of Mr. D. McDonald, Double Bay, whose marriage with Darcy Robinson will be celebrated on February 20. Sheila's sister, Mrs. Maurice McCullagh, is over from her home in Fiji for the wedding.

## Models on Parade

PELLIER's openings are always important fashion events of the season. This autumn's collection, shown at the Forum Club, attracted not only Sydney's hundred best-dressed, but quite a sprinkling of men as well, mostly from consular circles.

Considering what it costs to import a French frock these days it takes quite a lot of courage even to contemplate buying one, nevertheless models went like hot cakes. Mrs. C. J. Pao, Mrs. F. Kewton, Mrs. T. H. Kelly, Valerie Crowther of Melbourne, Mrs. Jim Ashton, Mrs. Harry Meeks, and Mrs. Lennox Bode were among interested onlookers.

## Susan Gai and the Puppy

MR. AND MRS. ERNEST WATT are among early risers, and invariably take their dip at Lady Martin's before breakfast. Young Susan Gai was down with them one day last week, and couldn't take her eyes away from Peg and Snow Bowen's eleven-week-old dachshund, Liese.

At last, Susan turned to her mother and said, "Mother dear, you seem to know those people. Could you possibly introduce me, so that I could play with their puppy?" Mother obliged much to Susan's delight.

## To Escape the Heat

STAYING with her sister, in-law, Betty Binnie, at her Point Piper home, is Mrs. Dick Binnie, who is down from her station home, Macarrie, Singleton, just by way of "a breather" after months of intense heat.

Mrs. Len Cameron has also been in town holidaying since Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Croxson, at Oriana, Macleay St. With her husband she has just motored back to Tantitha, Narromine, hoping she has seen the last of the summer's hottest days.

Much bright gossip in American enlivened the after-theatre supper party given by Mr. E. F. Tiel, just arrived from the States, at Prince's on Thursday night. His guests were Irene Purcell and Bobbie Hunt, her stage mother in "The Women," Mr. Herbert F. Johnson, also of America, made up the quartet.



## Wedding at Cobbitty

PHYL DOWNES' wedding with Doug Murray at Cobbitty last week was one of the prettiest. St. Paul's, Cobbitty's lovely old church, was chosen for the ceremony, with a grand country reception at the Downes' home at Camden afterwards.

When I met Phyl in town the day before, rushing around having her hair done and making final arrangements, she told me she and Doug both had very bad colds.

Mrs. Mona Osborne took a car load up from town for the wedding, including her two sons, Dan and Tim, Tim's fiancée, Bet Munro, and Sheila Lyle. Mrs. Venour Nathan came over from Bowral, and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Farnsworth (she was Molly Patterson before her marriage in Sydney on Thursday) delayed their honeymoon trip to be present.

## Rondon's Lazy Cruise

HAVE just heard that the yacht Rondon, with the Robinson brothers, Ronald and Don, taking turns at the helm, and a crew of two besides, has put forth to sea.

The Rondon will make a leisurely cruise down the Victorian coast.

## Novel Interpreter's Role

TO my way of thinking Mrs. Kenny Kerr's latest role at least will not lack variety. She will be French interpreter and adviser on the subject of hats when, next week, the Countess d'Espinau opens a hat salon in the city. The Countess speaks not one word of English, or she didn't when here on a visit in the early part of last year, her coping with housekeeping orders, when flitting at Friarcroft, casting her friends much mirth.

Mrs. Kerr tells me her French was acquired during her visit to Europe before her marriage.

Mrs. Clifford Minter and her son, John, who are motoring to Walcha for Norma Blomfield's wedding on February 21 with Tom Davies, of Tamworth, will remain on for the Geelong Picnic Races on February 24.

## Thinking of Going to China

MRS. H. H. PALMER, attractive wife of Commander Palmer, of H.M.A.S. Sydney, is giving up her flat at Fettes Point, and while her husband goes to Tasmania with the Fleet on the summer cruise will visit her mother, Mrs. Deschamps, at Canberra.

The Commander leaves shortly for China, and Mrs. Palmer is thinking of going along, too.

## A Winter's Tale

A LARGE centrally-heated flat in London was Dr. and Mrs. Terence Abbott's answer to England's coldest winter for years. They moved in recently from their former flat in Kensington.

So cold was it in London round about Christmas time, with people skating on the ponds in the parks, that the Abbotts really felt it was absurd to be going off to the Australian Tyrol for the winter sports. And it certainly did not prove the happiest of trips, as they had only spent a few days on the snowfields when Mrs. Abbott injured her arm and another member of the party broke her leg. So they hurried back to London.

Dr. Jean Pope, who arrived recently from Sydney to do a post-graduate course in London, is sharing the flat with Dr. and Mrs. Abbott.



## The Moon Looked In

EVEN the moon looked in at the first birthday party of the Carl Thomas Club. Rising above the trees in Government House grounds it shone through the wide, open windows on to the dance floor so that, with the lights turned out, guests danced in moonbeams.

Personality, as expressed in dancing—pretty Margaret Hodson, with a coronet of frangipani in her fair hair, and wearing pale green chiffon, made dancing incidental to vivacious chat with her partners. Mr. Sverre Kaasen, of the genial smile, prefers his dancing vigorous, and whirled his partners round the room at a great rate. While dancing, Jennifer Maughan caught up a fold of her full-skirted, Old-World taffeta frock with a graceful gesture.

Trousseau shopping for her marriage with Mr. W. G. Bevan, of Melbourne, which will take place in Sydney on March 3, has brought Lou Wason, Murrol, to town. She is staying with Jean Halpin at Haberfield.

## Delightful New Home

WHEN MR. and MRS. WALTER BARNES, who are at the moment holidaying at Port Macquarie, return to town they'll move into the charming new home they have just bought in Cranbrook Road, Rose Bay—a two-storied white mansion. It boasts a ballroom and tennis court, both of which I have no doubt will be greatly appreciated by only son Bill, just left school and with a job in town.

## DO YOU KNOW—

That Lynette, charming daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. O. Stokes, is down from her home at Taree, making the Garden Club her headquarters for her five weeks' stay in town?

A HEARTY WELCOME awaits you in

# ITALY



NAPLES. As your liner enters the famous bay, passing the sentinel islands of Capri and Ischia, you will see one of the finest views in all the world. To starboard lies Pompeii; soon you will wander amongst the patrician villas, which are revealed again after their 2000-year sleep beneath the ashes of Vesuvius. Dominating all is the volcano itself, with its plume of white smoke.

Vesuvius. Dominating all is the volcano itself, with its plume of white smoke.



VENICE. The most surprising thing about Venice is to find that it is really true. It comes as a shock, on leaving the station, to find a canal and not a busy street. Silence—no screeching of brakes, only the soft warning call of the gondolier as the boat turns a corner. Evening—the Grand Canal by moonlight... or roulette at the Lido Casino; take your choice—romance or finance—and may you profit either way.

ITALY is one of the most economical countries in which to travel. The special Tourist Rate of Exchange greatly enhances the buying power of your currency; Hotel Coupons are available at 5 to 18 shillings (sterling) per day, absolutely inclusive; motorists benefit by rebates in the cost of petrol, and rail fares are reduced by 50% to 70%.

For information and descriptive booklets apply to

ANY TRAVEL AGENCY, or to:

E.N.I.T., 58 Margaret Street, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

## HE SUFFERED AGONY IN WET WEATHER

### Rheumatism Attacked Limbs and Body

He had been bothered with rheumatism for years. The pain in wet weather—to use his own expression—was "indescribable." But all that is gone now—thanks to Kruschen. Read this letter:

"I suffered with rheumatism for years. I dreaded wet weather, for during such periods the pain was continuous and indescribable. To begin with, it was confined to my limbs, but in time I began to suffer as much agony in my body as I did in my limbs. When I began to take Kruschen Salts, I found it did me more good than all the other medicine I had taken put together. To-day, I have peace and freedom from pain, even during wet weather, and can heartily recommend Kruschen Salts to anyone who suffers from rheumatism."—N.M.

Rheumatic conditions are the result of an excess of uric acid in the body. Two of the ingredients in Kruschen Salts have the power of dissolving uric acid crystals. Other ingredients in these Salts assist Nature to expel the dissolved crystals through the natural channels.

### YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE OF CHARGE!



Professor BANDJARE MASIN, the famous astrologer, with his 45 years' practice, is ready to disclose any secret the gods have hidden from you. He will tell you whether you will be happy, wealthy or successful! Information on marriage, love, business, diseases, friendship. Professor BANDJARE MASIN will give you full particulars. He could produce thousands of letters in which clients express their profound gratitude. Therefore, write him this very day, stating your name and Christian name, address, birth date, sex, whether married or not. Enclose one of your hairpins for postage purposes. Your horoscope will then be sent you, entirely free of charge (just add 15c in stamps—on coins—to cover the cost of writing and postage). Postage to Holland is 3d. No horoscope sent to anyone under 15. Apply to: PROFESSOR BANDJARE MASIN, Dept. 127-C, Postbox 18 Scheveningen, Holland.

HE laughed and was sunny again. "That's good. We will walk in the garden. I must see my roses. And then supper. In here, shall it be? By the fire. But first let me get these preposterous boots off. Heavens, how sick I get of always walking about in boots! And this silly uniform—I have to strap myself up with leather! Anna—"

But she was gone. Into his bedroom next door, and came back with his slippers and an old shooting coat made like an English Norfolk jacket. She knelt by the sofa to help with his boots.

"I do not want to walk in the garden," she said. "I like the shutters shut, and the curtains drawn. I want to be locked in with you."

He took her chin in his hands. "Something is still worrying you, Anna. What is it?"

"Nothing," she said. "Now the other foot."

"You have a secret from me. I wonder what it can be?"

"No, no," she said. "Why should I? We have our three days."

"Where does a woman carry her secret? In her heart? No, in her bag." He lifted it from beside him on the sofa, and seemed immediately interested in its weight.

"No!" she shouted. "No, Victor, no! Leave that alone," and she attempted to grab it from him.

He held it away from her and opened it.

She slipped back on her haunches, put her hands to her face, and sobbed.

He weighed the neat little pistol gravely in his hand. "Was this—for me?"

She went on sobbing.

He took one of her wrists gently.

"But, Anna, my dear girl, why should you—"

She blazed at him suddenly. "Because one life is better than millions! Because if you must condemn Europe to wars to satisfy the madness of your ambition I can kill you first and prevent it! Even if I love you! Even if I am your wife!"

## HE

He sighed and tossed the pistol beside him on the sofa.

"I see we have to be logical after all," he said. He looked at her sadly for a few moments, then reached out for a cigar, leaned back and lit it. "Another, Charlotte Corday. Was it your intention to polish me off immediately?"

"No," she said into her hands. "At the end of the three days?"

She did not answer.

"Let us talk about this thing, Anna."

"Very well, then, yes."

"At the end of the three days?"

"Yes, if I couldn't persuade you."

She had stopped crying but still held her hands before her face. He watched her with a growing kindness. "Come, Anna," he said at length, "this isn't nearly so bad. I am not anxious to die. Why not persuade me?"

She took down her hands slowly and stared at him.

"Must you make war?" she asked.

"Not necessarily," he answered. "But the revolution must go forward. You've heard me say that dozens of times."

"Why must it?"

"Because if it doesn't it will go back."

"And why shouldn't it go back?"

"Now, now, Anna, there you go again. When I said 'logical' I meant within reasonable limits. Not even the Creator could stand up against a woman."

She stared at him. "I demand an answer," she said.

He squirmed on the sofa.

"Listen, Anna. You see that little box? And that little box? On Monday I shall go to that smaller box and make my dictator face and begin to speak. And through the other box I shall hear their cheers. For ten years I have been doing that. Ten years ago when you and I lived in two rooms I used to go down in the evenings and talk to twenty men round a table. I spoke to them and they cheered. I spoke to thousands and they cheered. The revolution came. I was carried forward by something which I had created, but which already was bigger than I, who created it. Pygmalion! I spoke to millions and they cheered. I was swept to power. Could I help myself? I tried to tame this gigantic machine which I rode, but which in reality rode me. I refined it. I perfected it. Ten years ago this country was dirty, beaten, dishevelled, disorganised, derelict. To-day it is gleaming with efficiency, and all my doing. The trains run. The wheels of industry turn. The machines of government work. Finance hums. I have taken every man in the country and turned him into a disciplined soldier. I have even trained the children, the boys and the girls. I have given them idealism and faith. In me. Our place is high in the race of the nations and the controls are in my hands. I have only to speak and they cheer. I have only to say 'go on' and they go on. I have only to say 'fight,' and they fight. I have only to say 'die,' and they die. I am their tyrant. I can do what I like with them—provided I like only one thing. I have complete control of this machine, provided that I let it run away with me. If I attempt to say stop—"

"Well?" she said.

"Then I am no longer their tyrant."

"Does that matter?"

"Not a bit, except that I am the only man who can control the machine even forwards. Remove me and you have a driverless monster, a thing of infinite power and no intelligence. In a week there would be death and pestilence and crime."

"So there would in either case."

"Those, my dear Anna, are the terrible alternatives I have to decide before Monday." He smiled at her rather ruefully. "So you see, Anna, if you kill me—"

He put the little pistol back in the bag and handed it to her.

"You made the machine," she said. "How do you know you can't drive it? Say 'stop,' and perhaps the people will still cheer!"

He bent down to enfold her. "You would be the ideal wife, Anna, if only you could be a little more unreasonable. You have more faith in your Victor than he has in himself."

She allowed herself, rather reluctantly, to be drawn into a love scene . . .

## Heel of the Tyrant

Continued from Page 16

BEYOND the gates of the tyrant's retreat where the great world lay, in the cities where men thronged with an anxious eye on the news sheets, the tension had screwed, if possible, to a still higher pitch. Three whole days had passed with so much accretion of rumors, appeals, exclamations, defiant utterances, fears, religious exhortations, and patriotic feeling.

Within their retreat the tyrant lived in a vacuum of peace with a certain lady. No messenger had come from the outside world. No telephone had rung. It had been isolated, and rather idyllic. He had worn shorts and she a Rumanian peasant dress.

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little nerve twitched in his chin as he stood in a Napoleonic attitude, one hand clasped behind his back, the other grasping the holster on his leather belt. A confused sound clapped and crackled from the wireless on its stand. The microphones hung above it with mute expectancy. So the tyrant could speak to his millions, and so he could hear the millions cheer. The red light winked and went out. In the speaker a church clock struck.

"My people!"

The tyrant strained his neck and bawled the words.

A full-throated roar greeted him in response.

The tyrant raised both his hands and stood on tiptoe. "Countrymen!" he shouted. "Friends!"

A deafening acclamation burst from the loud speaker.

"We are attacked! The enemies of our country have ringed us round! Formidable combinations of powers have allied themselves together to destroy us!"

Howls of execration from forty million throats.

"We," yelled the tyrant, "have threatened no one! All that we have asked is peace, and—"

He hesitated and then screamed the words, "and equal opportunity!"

The people of the tyrant rose magnificently in their enthusiasm. The tyrant was aware of it, but he was also aware, in the polished surface of the microphone, that a door had opened behind him. A lady in white evening dress stood there with a little pistol.

"Ten years ago what were we? A small nation, fit only for the 'self-determination of little peoples'! Where do we stand to-day?"

Hysterical outburst of exultation.

"To-day we are afraid of no power on earth, and no power on earth can stop us! Our army is invincible. Our air force is mistress of the air! We are to be dictated to by the older and jealous powers?"

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The tyrant looked down at the figure of a lady in white who had been his wife. He had been too quick for her. Her little pistol lay on the floor where it had fallen from her hand. His own smoked gently in his grip. He looked at it in a sort of astonishment and then back to her while the room filled with the sound of cheers. A whimper escaped him. The cheering thundered dutifully on.

(Copyright.)

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# Mandrake the Magician



## THE STORY SO FAR:

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, signs with Granite Studios to play in a picture with **MARILYN DAWN:** Who secretly employs a double, Nettie, to make public appearances for her. Marilyn, returning from a vacation, finds that Nettie has conspired with Marilyn's manager,

**FARRELL:** To steal Marilyn's home and job. At first all are deceived, but Mandrake, finding the truth, shows up Nettie, who, with Farrell, is thrown into prison. While Marilyn and Mandrake are celebrating at a restaurant they notice at another table a very bad-tempered child, **SONNY:** A noted Hollywood star, and the most spoiled child on earth. NOW READ ON—

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### SONNY STARR, THE CHILD CINEMA IDOL, AT HOME.





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"Damp-setting" keeps hair fastidiously fresh... keeps waves so firm and neat... yet never "stiff" or "greasy." Holds finger-wave for days. Makes "perm." last a lot longer.

## "REIGATE?"

she repeated incredulously, a smile of delight parting her lips. The real country! Happily she snuggled into the deep seat and threaded the car through the maze of traffic, while Howard watched her, an amused gleam in his eyes.

"It's a big brute for such a small child to handle," he said, as they cleared the last suburban ribbons. "Watch!" she answered, and put her foot down.

The white road roared beneath them. There was scarcely a sound from the engine; nothing but the rasp of tyres and the scream of wind. Unconsciously she pulled off her beret, letting her hair stream out behind her head. And responding to her mood he leaned forward and folded the shield flat.

"Good!" he declared boyishly, after ten miles of it. "Now let's find the lanes and just potter along."

She twisted to the left, at the next signpost and plunged into the narrow byways. "Know this country?" he asked curiously.

"I was born in it!" she breathed. "Then you're human! So was I. Get up to town once a week just to keep in touch, and I could sacrifice that without breaking my heart."

"You're lucky, Mr. Maitland." "Don't I know it!" He leaned back contentedly. "Suppose you have a spot of lunch with me? My place isn't far. Mind if I take over for a while? I suppose it's against the rules, but I'm pretty good with a car."

They changed places, though it was against the rules, and Shirley wondered what on earth Minnison would have said. Slowly they went on, through deep-tinted woods where the noonday sunlight lay in pools of liquid gold among the clearings.

"Are you satisfied with the car?" she asked, trying to wrench her thoughts back to business.

"Don't be funny!" he said. "Ho-ho; bless me if that isn't Diana! We'll not stop. She'll keep us an hour, and I want the car to be a surprise to her."

Shirley bit her lip as they moved past the white-painted gate. Diana! Prettier than ever, dressed exquis-

itely and expensively, standing there with two golden retrievers as though posing for her photograph.

Ignoring Shirley after a first critical glance, she smiled possessively at Howard. But he only raised his hand, and they slid quietly down the lane.

"Here we are!" he announced, slowing down. "The ancestral home. Get out and have a look at it."

It fitted snugly among the trees, a long, low house covered with a flaming mantle of creeper. Shirley gave a little gasp of delight.

So like Meads! The same old, twisted chimneys, the same blue smoke rising slowly into the clear sky.

It was too much! Howard Maitland heard a small, stifled sound beside him, and turned to Shirley curiously.

"You're crying!" he accused, putting his hands on her shoulders and twisting her round until her shining eyes met his.

"Nonsense!" she replied angrily, trying to pull herself away.

Whistling softly to himself, he walked slowly to the front door.

"This isn't one of those all-male establishments you read about," Howard said cheerily. "There's a housekeeper and a maid or two. Can't stand men-servants. They give me the jitters."

The Velden Twelve was safely parked at the rear, and Shirley was cool and sensible again. Why cry for the moon? Far better to realise that this one glowing day was a miracle never to be repeated, and live every eager moment of it.

"It's too wonderful to be true," she murmured, gazing across the smooth lawn.

"Mmm." Howard fumbled in his heavy jacket for his pipe. "Grand place, eh? That's a mulberry tree, believe it or not." He nodded towards a bushy giant at the edge of the clearing. "Good tree, that. Like trees?"

"Oh... don't!" she answered, thinking of her Brixton window-box. "Grand things, trees. They don't do on you like dogs, they don't kick like horses. Always depend on 'em."

"You must have a wonderful farm to keep all this going," Shirley said. He stared down at her for a moment, then burst into a hearty laugh.

"It doesn't! Sit down a bit. Grass is dry enough. No, the farm's a hobby. Mind, it pays. Folks say I'm useless. Maybe. But I was born with money. Not my fault. It doesn't suit me to go into business and rob people's eyes out, so I stay the country squire and look after the tenants. The farm just keeps me out of mischief."

He cracked the pipe and lit it with a steady brown hand, looking at her over the bobbing match-flame with eyes dancing with laughter.

"And you're quite happy here?" "Happy?" He was silent a moment. "Well, thereabout. Too busy to think about that as a rule." He looked at the rambling house. "But lonely sometimes, winter nights, that's all." He leaned back on one hand. "Now, what about you, my good woman?"

"I sell cars," Shirley replied. "Not because you like it. Why? Come along... out with it."

She told him a little, and he filled in the rest. "Same old story," he commented briefly. "Well, let's go in and eat."

They sat opposite one another with cold chicken between them, and a cheese of the country to accompany creamier coffee than she had tasted for years.

"Diana's coming up," he told her. "She'll be here any minute. She won't be satisfied till she's passed judgment on the new bus."

This time Shirley kept the smile fixed on her lips. But with Howard Maitland's kindly face peering at her between the flowers it was hard to believe that to-morrow would bring Minnison's again, and the blue uniform.

"Shall you want to go out again?" she asked casually.

"Just a flip. Twenty miles or so, if you're not too tired. Just put the Velden through its paces for her."

"Of course," she agreed bravely.

"Don't suppose you often get out so far on your job?"

"Not often." A little cloud had seemed to come between them.

"Mostly town birds! What's their idea of a trip?"

"Hamstead or Kingston, mostly. And they always want to meet me at night at a roadhouse."

"You don't?"

"Never. It's bad for business." "I'll remember that," he promised, and suddenly sat upright as a bell sounded.

Diana met him at the door. "Don't bother to get up," she said with a

# A New Car and a Lady

Continued from Page 5

cool little laugh. "Surely I can let myself in by now?"

She flashed him another of the tantalising smiles, and turned for a swift inspection of Shirley. "Something new in demonstrators, isn't it?" she murmured sweetly as Howard introduced them.

Shirley got up very deliberately. "I'll bring the car," she told Howard, and hurried away.

Standing over its purring engine while she made a minor adjustment, she steered her heart. It wasn't going to be easy, but she must go through with it.

And so it was a very cool and efficient demonstrator who toiled the Velden to the front of the house and opened the rear door for her two passengers. As they glided along the lanes she looked down at the vacant seat beside her. Now he was with Diana. They were talking about things that did not concern her. He had gone back to his own world.

SHE heard them laughing. Fiercely she pressed the accelerator and swept the car at breakneck speed through the sunny countryside.

Then above the roaring wind she heard Howard's voice, and slowed to catch what he was saying.

"We're doing a theatre in town tonight. Think you could take us back home to change and then drop us somewhere near Piccadilly?"

"Yes, of course," she agreed, and wrenched the wheel round.

Back, back... to the end of the dream. Again the white gate and the sudden vision of the old house. But this time she sat outside while Howard and Diana went in together. She could hear them laughing and talking through the open window.

"You're not wanted!" throbbed the engine softly. "Keep right on with the job!"

She looked up to see Diana standing by the car, smiling patronisingly. A very chic and freshly made-up Diana, very different from the wind-whipped, powderless face that looked back at Shirley from the driving mirror.

"Interesting job, yours," Diana said.

"Sometimes," Shirley answered.

"You get well paid for it, I suppose?"

Shirley set her lips firmly. "I have to be back by six. Will Mr. Maitland be long?"

"Not many minutes, then you can run round to my place and wait till I dress." Her gloriously blue eyes swept the Velden's low lines. "I'll

spin your car down the drive until Mr. Maitland comes."

"I'm sorry," Shirley said, "but you can't."

Diana drew back and looked at her. "Oh... I can't! You know, I do quite a lot of driving."

"I know. I was at Brooklands last Saturday. But this car is only insured on demonstration while I'm driving it."

"I see!" Diana's plucked brows drew together as she asked sweetly: "And did you think about that when you let Mr. Maitland drive this morning?"

She smiled at Shirley's confusion. "After all, you're a paid servant. I mean... if your firm knew you allowed liberties to attractive male customers and not to women..."

She stopped with a little shrug. Taking out a lipstick, she drew it quite unnecessarily round her hard, bright mouth.

Shirley sat very still for a moment. After all, it had been an unreal day. She didn't much care what happened. Slowly she climbed out of the bucket seat and stood aside, while Diana, with a triumphant smile, slipped into the car and pressed the starter.

Shirley thrust her hands deep into her pockets and watched. The great car bounded forward as the engine leapt under Diana's foot. She heard its spluttering roar as it died away in the distance.

Howard found her there ten minutes later.

"Where's the car?" he asked quickly.

Shirley nodded down the drive. "Somewhere in Surrey. Or Sussex. Don't ask me."

"You mean... Diana?"

"I mean Diana!" "But are you clean crazy?" Howard shook her shoulder. "She'll kill herself!"

Shirley looked at him incredulously. "But she's Diana Pembroke!" she said. "The Diana! Why, I saw her win the Valls Cup!"

"On the track," returned Howard crisply. "But I wouldn't trust her on the road with a gram."

Shirley sat down on the step, and Howard sank by her side. Neither of them spoke. Shirley had enough to think about. Twelve hundred pounds' worth of good motor-car in Diana's hands! And it was five o'clock. In an hour, Minnison's would be closing.

"Pretty!" she murmured to herself.

"What's that?" Howard had been watching the clear etching of her young profile against the sky.

Please turn to Page 41

## THE CASE OF THOMAS SLOCOMBE



CASE No. 17533  
NAME: Thomas Slocombe, AGE: 15  
OCCUPATION: Schoolboy.  
SYMPTOMS: Dull and listless. Fails at examinations. Can't concentrate. Slow at games. Irritable with other children. Sulky with grown-ups. Has headaches and bilious attacks.  
DIAGNOSIS: Constipation - resulting in toxins (poisons) being absorbed by the bloodstream - undermining the whole system.  
TREATMENT: Restore normal bowel action immediately with Nyal Figen.

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NYAL FIGSEN FOR CONSTIPATION

## A New Car and a Lady

Continued from Page 40

"NOTHING," she replied. "I was just wondering if it's all right sleeping on the Embankment as they say."

He jumped to his feet. "I'm taking the Ails to look for her. She's been gone three-quarters of an hour. You'd better stay here in case she comes back."

He crunched off towards the garage. She heard him starting up his old car. He waved as he went out, and she felt suddenly, agonisingly alone.

Twenty to six! She wandered to the edge of the lawn. Even the wicker chair and the gas-fire, symbols of safe if unromantic existence, were in peril now. Diana might come back safe and sound even yet, but there would be an inquest all the same when she got back to Great Portland Street.

The clocks about the house were asking the hour as she went in again. And then the telephone bell rang.

Hurriedly she picked up the receiver. A voice she knew came to her piping and sharp.

"Mr. Maitland's home?"

"Yes," she answered, "but Mr. Maitland isn't here."

Excited splutterings at the other end of the wire. "Listen . . . he's been having a demonstration. A Velden Twelve tourer. This is

If she had been, the police would have known.

No. Howard had found her and taken her to hospital, or to her home if she wasn't badly hurt. He would be bending over her now, full of blame for Shirley. He would never speak to her again. She knew the ways of big men with possessive bladders.

Well, there was one thing to do: Leave a note to say that she took all the blame, and then tramp to the nearest station. She felt through her pockets. Driving, she never carried a bag.

Seven and ninepence!

Grinly she reached across Howard Maitland's table for pen and ink.

Shirley was in the showroom early next morning, but Mr. Minnison was even earlier. He began his trade before she had closed the door behind her.

"Twelve hundred pounds!" he chirped. "Nothing, is it? You hung up on me. When I ring up Maitland again he tells me to go to the devil. And now you stroll in as if nothing had happened!"

Shirley stood very white and still. "I'll make sure you never get another post in this trade!" Mr. Minnison spluttered on. "I'll have you black-listed with every firm in London."

The showroom door opened. "Come here, Jean!" he shouted. "I've some letters for you to type."

But it wasn't Jean. It was Howard Maitland, who stood there, calmly fretting tobacco through his fingers.

"Morning," he greeted them. "Haven't got long. Busy threshing."

Mr. Minnison wilted, and Shirley flushed a bright crimson. In all her tumbled thoughts there had never been a single hope that Howard would stand by her.

"You'd better take a cheque for the Velden," he said coolly. "Good bus, Minnison."

HE flicked the cheque across the counter. Mr. Minnison blinked. "But the police said last night . . ."

"Oh, that! Local bobbies aren't overworked down our way. See a bus ditched and make a song about it. Big Five stuff, y'know. Never mind. It amused 'em."

"But it was deserted!" spluttered the car dealer.

Howard took out his pipe and looked Mr. Minnison squarely in the face.

"When I ditch a car I don't try to lift it out," he explained. "Too big a strain. I hoof it to the village pub and have one. Then I send a team of cart-horses to do the dirty work. Spouse I owe Miss Adams an apology for pinching the old rattler while she was powdering her nose, but I couldn't resist it."

"Oh, well . . . naturally . . . old customer like yourself, Mr. Maitland . . ."

Minnison made vague and polite noises in his throat. "I mean, we make allowances," he finished.

Howard nodded. "I'll say you do!"

And Shirley, nervously twisting her fingers, felt tears of shame pricking at her eyes. Not a word of blame for Diana! You could understand that, because he was in love with her. But to pay for a wrecked car just to shield a girl he merely pitied . . . no, she couldn't let him do that!

"Mr. Minnison," she began, "I've something to tell . . ."

"I'll talk to you later," he promised unpleasantly, busy with the receipt.

"Won't be time," Howard said airily. "I want your demonstrator for a day or two. Spot of driving work. Might even be a permanency."

"It might be arranged," Minnison said doubtfully.

"It is arranged," Howard replied, indicating the outer door. "Come on, Shirley. Oh . . . and you'd better bring your blue kit."

Wondering if it was all a dream, she put the coat and helmet over her arm and followed him into the street.

"Shall I put it on?" she faltered, sitting beside him in the Ails.

He stared. "Good Lord, no! No, it'll do for the Hunt Ball, if I take you. Wave good-bye to Daddy Minnison. Here we go!"

And that was the last word he spoke until they had plunged down just the same winding lanes as yesterday, and came to a sharp, treacherous bend.

"Look!" he said, pulling in to the grass verge.

The Velden lay upside down in two feet of muddy water. With a little cry of dismay Shirley leaped out of the car and down the bank. The sight of the car, so sleek and lovely only yesterday, brought tears to her eyes.

The radiator was crumpled. Glass and twisted metal-work had buried themselves a foot deep in the soft earth.

"But . . . Diana!" she breathed.

Howard nodded towards the undergrowth. "She landed there. Right among the wild roses. It's a wonder they didn't come in bloom for her."

"But why didn't she phone and let us know?" Shirley asked.

"She wouldn't. One of her nice habits, that. Get into filthy jams . . . other people too . . . then slips quietly out by the back door."

He clambered up the bank and turned to give Shirley a hand. "Question is," he said, "what's to be done with it? Cast your professional eye over the corpse. Is it a job for a mechanic, the village blacksmith, or just the scrap bloke?"

"The scrap bloke, I'm afraid," she replied unsteadily.

"I was afraid so."

He drove on in silence. The rough tweed of his coat brushed her arm.

The sun brought out a warm, wholesome smell from that big sleeve; the smell of soil and tobacco.

"I'm not without money," he said, as the house came into view. "But twelve hundred's a lot."

"I'll never be able to pay you back," she answered miserably.

"Oh, I'm not worrying about that. But I'd set my heart on the Velden. Saw it the first time I saw you. Odd, that! Thought it would be a grand bus to do a honeymoon tour of Europe."

"Then that's why . . . you wanted Diana to see it?" Shirley kept her eyes straight ahead.

"Diana?" He switched off the engine. "The fellow who takes Diana will have to give her wagons lites and the Ritz!" he said, "I'm talking about honeymoons, my child. Trouble is, whether you'd want to wait another year for the Velden, or if this old crag would do? What do you think, now?"

The house swam before Shirley's eyes, the twisted chimneys danced like marionettes on the steep roof. "It would do!" she whispered.

HIS brown hands dropped from the wheel and found hers. "Splendid. I'm . . . I'm not much good at this sort of thing," he confessed. "But if the car's all right . . . I mean . . . got anything against the chap it belongs to? Or would he . . . sort of . . . well, would he do, too?"

Shirley looked up at him. The grey eyes under their straight, freckled brows were very boyish and anxious. She smiled at him. Her eager lips were parted in the first real rapture of happiness he had seen.

"He'll do, too," she said quietly.

They moved forward. The long wings of the house stretched out to welcome them. Howard Maitland muffled a change most atrociously. For the first time in his long and blameless driving career he was handling his car with one hand.

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Minnison's. You've got that? The car has been found in a ditch near Boring. No one with it. It was under trade plates, but the police found one of our folders in the car and rang us up."

Shirley's voice was very steady, with that steadiness which comes when the worst is known.

"I'm sorry. When Mr. Maitland comes in . . ."

"Tel. yes, yes, yes, yes! But what about my demonstrator? What about my car? Here I send out a twelve hundred pound model . . ."

Something snapped in Shirley's brain.

"Your demonstrator's here," she said breathlessly. "It's my fault the car is smashed up. Mr. Maitland is all right so far as I know, and—my voice rose hysterically—"and I wish I were dead!"

She dropped the receiver back on the hook. So the Velden was gone. Her job was gone. And Diana would be in hospital. Oh, she wasn't dead!

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## DOES YOUR HAIR LOOK LIKE THIS?

...or is it dull and lifeless?



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**BRILLIANTINE**  
gives that touch of Perfection

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## HE

was clearly unhappy, and avoided meeting Crane's eyes. It was bad for business to testify against a conspicuous client like young Mr. Crane, and yet what could he do? He knew something of politics in Brant County. You simply had to stand in with the D.A. if you wanted to hold your licence.

"Yes, sir, yes, there were two quart bottles of champagne and a pony of brandy."

"A small glass, that is?"

"No, what we call a double pony." Murani mopped his brow with a cobweb handkerchief.

"Would you say that Mr. Crane was under the influence of intoxicating liquor when he left your establishment?"

"Well, not more than many young gentlemen in Mr. Crane's position."

"Please answer my question, Mr. Murani. The court is not interested in your sociological observations."

Murani caught a glimpse of two of his own waiters giggling in the background, delighted at his discomfort. Presently he stepped down, irritated to find that he was far more upset by the proceedings than the prisoner, who was sitting there calmly with his arms folded and his eyes roving over the courtroom, and coming to rest again and again on Kate's face.

The next witness was a bus boy, the one who had been playfully accused of being a Red by his companions. He was a member of no political party, but he was an observer of life and having washed dishes in night clubs for much of his life he had come to the conclusion that those who clean the glasses are as valuable citizens as those who empty them. He had taken away the empty glasses. He testified as to the time—not ten minutes, not five minutes maybe, before the accident—at which Crane had left the roadhouse.

"Would you say that the defendant was then under the influence of intoxicating liquor?"

"Oh, sure."

He was allowed to step down. He glanced critically at Crane. Darn these rich men, how could he be so calm, so sure, he was in no danger, unless he had bribed the Judge and the jury? Equal under the law—a likely story. Suppose he, the bus boy, had driven over an old man, what chance would he have to get off?

The next witness was the doorman at Murani's. He testified that he had helped Crane into his car and watched him drive out of the gate. Alone? Yes, alone. A violent, shouting cross-examination by Mann failed to shake him. No, he couldn't say what had happened outside the gate. If anyone else had got into the car, he wouldn't have seen it; no, of course not. Crane glanced at the jury. They seemed utterly unimpressed by this line of reasoning.

Before the court adjourned that afternoon, all the evidence for the prosecution was in. The next morning Mann would open the defence. Crane, escorted by two troopers, went back to his cell. For the first time he faced the fact that he might go to prison; faced it as a reality, as now and then, everyone faces the idea of death. Then he began to think of appeal and legal delays; even if this court should condemn him, there were still methods known to the law—

Kate came out with the crowd, but not talking to anyone. She heard Gertrude Mason's clear hard voice: "I'm sure I don't see what they can do. It's too bad. Poor Ridley. I can't see that he has a chance."

Kate couldn't see either. She had supposed that justice was just; that in some way in a court of law the innocence of an innocent man must appear. She had pinned all her hopes to that. She saw now that she had been wrong; he was going to be convicted unless she took action—action that would lead to the conviction of her own sister. She got into her shabby little car and drove herself home, and by the time she reached the house she

## And One Was Beautiful

Continued from Page 6

knew what she must do. She parked the car, and without going into the house she walked across the lawn to the wood. Helen, she knew, was out; there was plenty of time. She went to the old oak tree and examined the ground. Not a very good job; easy to see that the earth had recently been broken; the dead grass hadn't grown again, the stones were upturned. She found a sharp stick and began to prod and dig with it, and presently she saw the gleam of silver brocade. There were the slippers—one of them without a heel.

TO Mr. Harridge, too, it seemed that the day in court had gone badly for Ridley. He stopped and had a word with Prince, who seemed, as ever, calm and dignified. He admitted the jury would probably convict, but, on the other hand, there were plenty of opportunities for a reversal—a new trial in a year or so, when the community feeling was less intense.

Harridge sighed. He thought Prince very cold and Mann very vulgar. Harridge was full of class prejudice. He had that kind of class feeling which is made up one quarter of pride and the other three-quarters of responsibility. He was an excellent citizen—so good that his life had become a succession of small uninteresting duties. He served on school boards and road commissions and more charitable boards than he could remember. His family had owned land in Brant County since before the Revolution; though not the same land that he now owned. His father had been a private banker, and now that the bank had merged with a more modern institution it brought Harridge a large income and an excuse for going to town every day for a few hours of office work, as he thought every American gentleman should do.

He, too, felt quite sure that Crane would be convicted, and this made him sad—sad not only because he was tender-hearted and fond of Ridley but because so conspicuous a felon seemed to debase all the principles that he valued in his native land—to bring nearer the collapse of his own class and standards.

He was thinking of this, walking with bent head and abstracted air, when his butler stopped him in the hall of his house.

"Miss Kate Lattimer is waiting to see you in the library, sir."

Harridge stopped short. Kate, poor child. He had seen her several times during these past weeks, and had felt that she wanted to talk to him, but he had avoided her. She always looked as if she had been crying and might cry again at slight provocation. Evidently she thought herself in love with Ridley. Baiter for her, probably, if he did go to prison; then she could forget about him and marry some nice young fellow, not a drunkard, but it wasn't exactly his affair. He had no daughters and didn't know how to deal with emotional girls. She ought to go to her mother; though, of course Kitty was so wrapped up in the other one, she hardly gave enough attention to Kate.

"Hullo, my dear," he said very genially, as she rose out of a big chair by the window. It was almost six o'clock; the sun was shedding horizontal rays across the lawn, making it a vivid green than any artist had ever been able to paint.

"Oh, Mr. Harridge, what did you think of the trial to-day?"

"Nothing very good. Prince seems to be hopeful, though, of course, he wouldn't say so if he weren't, and that loud-mouthed crook they've got to defend Ridley—I have no use for men like that." He looked full at Kate. "I think they'll send him to prison."

"Mr. Harridge, an innocent man!" There was something pathetic in

her tone. Women! How devoted they could be when they loved you—respect all harvest, dread no dearth; seal my sense up for your sake." They did that—at least some did—Kate did.

"Sit down, Kate. You know I don't believe that. I can't."

"You don't believe he wasn't driving?"

He shook his head.

"Mr. Harridge, I know it's true." He began a little sad smile at her credulity, and she hurried on: "I know who was."

She had his full attention now, she had cut short that horrible little smile, but he still wasn't sure she was more than a moonstruck, hysterical child.

"You know who was driving the car?"

"Yes, I do, Mr. Harridge, only I don't know whether I ought to tell anyone—even you."

"Of course, you ought to tell."

"It was Helen."

Helen? Good Lord, poor Kitty! What a horrible thing!

"She has confessed to you?"

"Oh, no, she swears she didn't. She has a perfect story, but I know she did."

Harridge felt immensely relieved. Just as he thought, it was all a devoted romantic girl's imagination. She couldn't know, she wasn't there, if Helen hadn't confessed.

"What makes you think so?" he asked gently, in that tone that says as plainly as words: "Explain your reasoning and I will show you where you are wrong."

SHE told her story. Harridge wasn't much impressed by her description of Helen's distress—any nice girl would be upset by such an experience—to have allowed herself to be taken to a place like Murani's, and then to find the man she was with was so drunk that she had been obliged to run home—alone at five o'clock in the morning. No, no, he must say he thought there was plenty of cause for Helen to be upset.

"And then you know they found the heel of a woman's slipper."

"Yes, yes, but other women had been in that car, Kate. You had been in it yourself, not so long ago." He smiled, trying to bring her to her senses. "There isn't a grain of evidence that it came off Helen's slipper."

"Yes, there is, Mr. Harridge. I know it was hers."

"You mean you think so."

Again she wiped away that kind patient smile of his. "I know it. I've seen that she's afraid—terribly afraid all the time. The only person she thinks can help her is Freddie; she clings to Freddie. That isn't a bit like her, is it? She bed to me about the slippers; she hid them in the wood. I let it go until to-day. Then, after the trial to-day, I dug them up. One of them has no heel. Don't you see what that means? She's been lying all the time. She was in the car after she says she wasn't. She was in the car at the time of the accident. She was driving the car, Mr. Harridge."

Harridge pulled at his clipped grey moustache. He was thinking of Kitty Lattimer. This would kill her—this would certainly kill her; she adored that girl. Wasn't there some way out?

"We must speak to Helen about this."

"There's no use. She lies—she lies about it."

"Well, she can't let Ridley go to prison for something she did."

"That's what she means to do."

"I can't bear to think of your mother, Kate."

Tears were streaming down Kate's face.

"I know, Mr. Harridge. That's what has kept me quiet so long, but how can I let him be condemned when I know he's innocent?"

Please turn to Page 45

## FOLDS AND PACKS FROCKS FOR YOU

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**GLOBITE**  
**ROBE CASE**  
FORD SHERINGTON LTD., MANUFACTURERS  
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# And One Was Beautiful

Continued from Page 44

"He's not entirely innocent; the original fault is his." "He didn't kill old Torrington." Mr. Harridge was silent.

Could it possibly be true? He had never loved Helen as he loved Kate. He had not been her neighbor since her birth without having watched her methods; he had seen her selfish and inconsiderate, and always able to bribe herself back into favor by the use of her beauty and charm. No, he did not admire Helen's character, and yet he hardly thought her capable of such criminal conduct as this. It shocked him a little that Kate should be able to believe it—her own sister.

"Look, my dear," he said. "We mustn't be hasty. It may be a mistake. I once had a friend. Why, I could prove he had done something unspeakable. I couldn't imagine any way out, and yet when I spoke to him there was a perfectly simple explanation of what he had done. I grant you this looks black, and yet it is still possible."

"Oh, Mr. Harridge, you're not going to tell me to hold my tongue?" "No, I'm going to tell you to speak frankly to your sister."

Kate shook her head. "I've tried it's no good. She does something to me. I must have a very weak character, because she masters me—she overcomes me."

He laughed at this childish complaint. "Then I'll speak to her for you. She won't overcome me."

"No, she'll just smile and say it's all my imagination, because I have a girlish crush on Ridley—that's what she'll say, and make you feel that you and she are great wise grown-up people and I'm a silly child."

He looked at her, thinking. "That's just what the other one would do; the child has sense." Aloud he said: "Well, shall we speak to her together? Shall I telephone and ask her to come over here now?"

Kate caught at the idea—her information and Mr. Harridge's weight; Helen wouldn't be able to laugh those off.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Get her to come here."

Helen had come in from an afternoon of bridge and was talking to her mother when the message came. She was talking to her mother, but over her mother's shoulder she was looking carefully at her own image in the mirror, frightened to see that her face was different.

This difference was the subject of her mother's talk: "I can't describe it, Helen, but you don't look well—not as I like to see you look. You need a change of climate and idea. I wish you could go away somewhere." She sighed; if only she could send the girl abroad, away from all this horrible scandal and tragedy; she was so sensitive. "Of course, I know you worry more about this trial than you ever tell me."

"Well, Mums, it is rather horrible."

"Of course it is, but what can you do about it?"

Mrs. Lattimer set her mouth. She wasn't going to say that she hated Crane and would be glad to see him suffer. He had not only humiliated her daughter, but now he was destroying her joy and her beauty—that beauty that Mrs. Lattimer had cherished as a miser cherishes gold.

"I wish you would stop thinking about it," she said, "and be as gay and carefree as a girl of your age ought to be with nothing on her mind."

Helen managed a smile. Carefree—she whose life was a long nightmare. She was so terrified that sometimes it seemed, to her, impossible to draw her next breath. Her fear was that someone would turn up who had seen her in the car, or who had seen her leaving it. As the days passed and no such witness appeared, she regained a little of her calm—enough to live through each day—but every morning as she opened the paper, every time the telephone rang, her heart

leaped with fear, and she said to herself: This may be it. It may be coming now.

Of course, she knew Kate had guessed the truth, but she was not much afraid of that; she felt completely able to dominate her. Whatever the child might think, she would hardly dare to take any action. But the moment she heard Mr. Harridge's quiet voice on the telephone: "Could you come over for a minute, Helen? Kate is here and I want to talk something over with you," she knew what had happened. She was afraid. Kate and Mr. Harridge together couldn't be dominated and put off. A crisis had come.

Nevertheless, her manner was perfectly normal as she went back to the living-room.

him over. She passionately wanted him on her side now; she needed him. Her spirit began to revive.

Arriving at the Harridges' house, she was ushered directly into the library. She steadied herself and made a good entrance.

"Dear Mr. Harridge, I'm always so flattered when you want to see me instead of Kate. Is it a sin to be jealous of your small sister?"

Yes, something terrible had happened. Both the others looked so grave: Kate had been crying. Mr. Harridge said kindly—too kindly: "Sit down, Helen. I asked you to come over to discuss something very serious."

She sank on the sofa with a wondering look in her upturned eyes

ceive you, so I shall begin by telling you that it is known that the heel of the slipper found in his car was yours; therefore, that you must have been in the car after you say you had left it."

"Did they really know, or were they just trying to get her to commit herself?"

"My slipper," she murmured, as if she had never heard the word.

"I dug them up, Helen, where you had buried them."

Well, she was lost. Kate had destroyed her. They must now know that she had killed the old man, had run away, had lied, had left Ridley to bear the blame. They would try her; they would send her to prison—her, Helen Lattimer—the beautiful Helen Lattimer. Yes, she was lost. Or was she?

She sat perfectly still with the color draining out of her face. It was Kate who began to talk—Kate with her working, fear-stained face: "I'm so sorry, Helen. I did try to get you to tell me, but you wouldn't. You just sneered at me; and I couldn't tell mother, she wouldn't have listened, and anyhow I couldn't, and so I came to Mr. Harridge. He will help you, Helen; he'll do whatever can be done; only you don't want Ridley to be convicted for something you did."

"That I did?"

"Didn't you do it, Helen?"

She turned to Mr. Harridge: "Is that what you have been thinking, you two?—Oh, Kate!"

"My dear child, what else can we think? You evidently were in the car when you told us all that you weren't."

She nodded. "Yes, I was in the car, but don't you see what that means, Mr. Harridge? If I admitted it, I should have to testify—the only eye-witness. Oh, do you think that I need to do that? Poor Ridley!"

He didn't answer at once. He was feeling immensely relieved and a little ashamed. Well, he had told Kate there must be some simple explanation, and what could be simpler than this? He didn't understand why he hadn't thought of it himself. "You mean you were with him, but he was driving?"

"Of course he was driving, Mr. Harridge. You see, I started to run home along the road, and then he came by me, driving very slowly and zig-zagging from one side of the street to the other. I stopped him; it was too dangerous. I got in beside him, trying to persuade him to stop the car, to wait till someone came, but he did not seem to hear what I said. He kept on driving in a sort of trance."

Please turn to Page 46



Grecian Symphony

MYRNA LOY Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, features this cyclamen shaded chiffon dress for dancing. The dress is carried out entirely in knife pleating, and the Grecian bodice lends itself beautifully to form the very low V-neck.

## Timely Attention Checks Development of Disease

It is well known in medical circles that many serious diseases develop from the most simple of causes, many of which can be obviated by timely attention.

Simple disorder of the kidneys has been found to be the most common cause of many painful and common diseases. The correct function of the kidneys is the filtration from the blood of waste poisons and impurities which form through the decay of the tissues. If the kidneys are disordered, these poisons remain in the blood stream and upset the entire system, eventually causing Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gallstones and Digestive Troubles.

The remedy for these complaints, therefore, lies in the restoration of the kidneys to their correct working order, the best known course being Warner's Safe Cure, the sixty-year-old remedy for all kidney and liver disorders.

A lady user from Fullerton, S.A., writes: "For years I suffered severe pain in the back, legs and knees, which was so bad that I could scarcely go about my daily duties. After trying many medicines, I procured some Warner's Safe Cure and after taking only a few bottles all the pain left me."

Chemists and Storekeepers sell Warner's Safe Cure in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/6, and in the original 3/- bottle.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.

## Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey-haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

**SHAMPOO** with Castile No. 4! Keep your hair lovely with this genuine olive oil soap that preserves its softness and glossiness. Castile No. 4 prevents hair from becoming dry, brittle and lifeless. Try it and see what a difference it makes!

**CASTILE N° 4**  
GENUINE OLIVE OIL SOAP, APPROVED BY THE BRITISH PHARMACOPŒIA

## BETTY WAS A "PICKER"

(Betty was this, pale and 'nervy' until the Doctor traced the trouble back to her sleep)

**SATURDAY AT LUNCH...**

BETTY, DARLING, PLEASE FINISH YOUR MEAL

SHE HARDLY EATS A THING THESE DAYS. BETTER TAKE HER ALONG TO SEE DOCTOR RUSSELL

BETTY, THIS WILL NEVER DO! WE'VE SIMPLY GOT TO BUILD YOU UP

THE REASON WHY BETTY PICKS AT HER FOOD, MRS. WILSON IS REALLY DUE TO HER SLEEP. YOU SEE CHILDREN GROW DURING SLEEP. THIS USES UP THEIR ENERGY

DR. RUSSELL GAVE BETTY A THOROUGH EXAMINATION

**SIX WEEKS LATER**

HEARTBEATS AND BREATHING AT NIGHT ALSO USE ENERGY... AND NATURALLY, IF THIS ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED, THEN THEY GET IRRITABLE AND FINICKY. IT'S REALLY 'RIGHT STARVATION'! SO GIVE HER HORLICKS

LOOKS AS IF THAT HORLICKS HAS DONE THE TRICK

CAN I HAVE A SECOND HELPING MUMMY?

OF COURSE, DARLING

IF your child picks at her food, looks pale and gets nervy, then it's time you started her on Horlicks. Horlicks soon brings the appetite back and changes paleness and listlessness into radiant vitality. Children love the flavour of Horlicks—especially when it's made with a Horlicks Mixer.

Horlicks is priced at 1/6. Economy size, 2/9. Special Pack, with Mixer, 2/-.

## HORLICKS

at bedtime guards children against "Night-Starvation".

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Sea waves spoil hair waves, but Dampette puts them back in 2 minutes.

It's out of fashion to say "O yeah" and "Too right" — Smart girls say "I use Dampette."

A perm grows out quickly. Dampette makes your perm more permanent.

Add C to surf and you get scurf. Dampette prevents dandruff.

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There's 3 months of natural waves in every 2/- bottle of Dampette.

You can get DAMPETTE at all Chemists and Stores, price 2/-. Contains Vitamin P.

## MAKE BABY'S HAIR CURLY



Mrs. Roach, of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight to wavy and curly with Curlypet. She says: "Baby's hair was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet on her hair. She now has strong, soft curls in place of the lack, stringy hair, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about Curlypet. Yours sincerely, Mrs. Roach."

Brush Curlypet into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful, wavy curls. Get a 2-6 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or store today. Be sure to get GENUINE CURLPET

## TONE UP YOUR SKIN



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Pears' transparency is a sign of its absolute purity. A unique maturing process removes every trace of harshness.



There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

**Pears**  
ORIGINAL  
TRANSPARENT SOAP

Now only 6<sup>d</sup> City and per tablet 6<sup>d</sup> Suburbs

*Economy note*

He thought her so unreasonable that argument was useless. After a few minutes, she went away. It did not occur to him that she was going straight to Brant's Centre. She didn't answer, but he saw that she seemed quieter. She had stopped crying anyhow.

He'd have to talk to her, calm her down. No doubt Helen had often been selfish and thoughtless of the younger girl, yet that was hardly an excuse.

Kate wouldn't keep quiet: "Don't you see, Mr. Harridge? You must believe Ridley when he says—"

"Not necessarily. I'm sure he means to tell the truth, but a man in his condition can't be trusted to know what was happening."

"He wouldn't say a thing unless he knew it was true."

"But you think I would?" Helen smiled a little sadly as she asked the question.

"Well, you certainly did. You swore up and down, on your word of honor—you remember, you gave me your word of honor."

Mr. Harridge cut in: "I understand her position, Kate. She felt she must hide the truth for Ridley's sake."

"She was driving the car."

Mr. Harridge gave Helen a final pat. "You'd better go home now, my dear. I'll telephone Prince; you'd probably better see Prince to-morrow and tell him."

"No, no, Mr. Harridge, I'm so afraid of lawyers; they make you say anything. Couldn't you see him for me?"

Harridge nodded. "Well, yes, I suppose so. Now you had better go home and take things easy—try to forget it. You've done everything you could. . . . No, Kate, wait a moment. I want to talk to you."

Helen went away in an atmosphere of sanctity, declining Mr. Harridge's offer of his car and declaring she would leave theirs for Kate. "I'll walk back. I don't mind," she said very sweetly.

"I can walk, too," Kate answered ungraciously. "I'm not crippled either."

THAT was the trouble with Helen's sweetness; it sometimes drove the recipients to brutality. Kate said to herself that she knew exactly why Helen was walking back—she needed time to think up what she was going to tell her mother about the interview. Kate thought that she knew so well what would happen. Helen would come into the sitting-room and throw herself down in a deep chair as if exhausted, and her mother would exclaim at once: "My dear, you didn't walk back, did you?" and Helen would answer, yes, that she had left the car for Kate and she wasn't so very tired. And Mrs. Lattimer would tell her that she allowed Kate to impose on her. Kate was so thoughtful.

As soon as they were alone, Mr. Harridge began, "I really think your attitude to your sister—"

Kate interrupted: "Mr. Harridge, I must see Ridley."

"Gauls aren't like hotels, Kate. You can't just walk in and visit any inmate you want to see."

"You could get me in, if you would."

Well, he wouldn't. He saw no reason for it. The poor child only wanted to stir up trouble. For her own sake, he couldn't allow her to make an unwarranted attack on her sister for the sake of a stranger. Ridley Crane had no warmer, truer friend than Harridge, but there was nothing in Helen's story to help him—the opposite, indeed. The whole thing must be kept quiet for everybody's sake.

He tried to reason with Kate: "You must know, my dear, that I'm always on your side, that I love you better than I do Helen. You seem to me so much more like your father. But this time I must tell you you are wrong. You ought to think of your mother."

"I do, I do, Mr. Harridge. That's what has kept me silent so long. But now that I know positively that Helen did it I can't keep quiet and let him go to prison. I can't do it. If you won't tell him, I must tell him myself."

He thought her so unreasonable that argument was useless. After a few minutes, she went away. It did not occur to him that she was going straight to Brant's Centre. She didn't answer, but he saw that she seemed quieter. She had stopped crying anyhow.

The courthouse was a brick building, not lovely colonial brick, but of the Civil War period, dark with brownstone trimmings. It stood on a little slope surrounded with tall old trees. Kate parked the car and went in the main entrance, where she was accustomed to going in every morning. There seemed to be

## And One Was Beautiful

Continued from Page 45

a pleasant informality about Brant's Centre. No one was there, the corridors were empty, and the glass doors bearing the titles of the District Attorney, the Road Commissioner and the Registrar of Deeds were all locked. Finally she came upon a man in a visored cap who was sweeping the stairs. She told him her errand; she wanted to see Mr. Crane.

"Reporter, I suppose."

"No, just a friend."

"I guess you can't get to see him to-night."

NATURALLY

reasonable and docile, the word of authority had always been enough, but now she forced herself to insist. She must see Mr. Crane to-night. To-morrow would be too late. Where was the district attorney? Gone home two hours ago. Well, where was the sheriff? At supper most likely. The man went on sweeping; her eyes followed the little curls of dust and cigarette butts. At last he advised her to go round to the other entrance—the entrance to the gaol. Still he didn't think she'd get to see Crane; his lawyer was with him.

His lawyer? Kate suddenly felt hopeful. A large car with a New York licence and a sleeping chauffeur was standing at the side entrance. That must be Mr. Prince's car, or Mr. Mann's perhaps. She would wait, pacing up and down on the sidewalk, so many steps one way, so many the other.

Then a tall figure came out, Prince, not Mann. The chauffeur woke up as if by a secret signal, and sprang out to open the car's door. Kate caught Prince before he reached it.

"Mr. Prince, I want to see Ridley Crane. My name is Lattimer."

"You're Miss Lattimer?"

"Not Helen; her younger sister, Kate."

Ah, there was the look she always dreaded—the look that said, "I didn't think it could be the great beauty."

Prince belonged to the older school of lawyers, who were not servants of their clients, but guides, mentors, almost masters, stronger, wiser and probably nobler than anyone who called on them for aid. He

was tall and beautifully dressed. He had a wide thin mouth that took all shapes, except the shape of a smile; he looked at her gravely. His hair was grey, but his eyes were unfaded, a bright sharp blue. He had a clear cold voice.

"I'm afraid you can't see him to-night," he said. "What did you want to see him about?"

"I know something that he ought to know—something about his case."

"Tell me. I'm his lawyer."

She wavered for an instant, but she knew she couldn't tell him; he would take all life and power out of her words as she spoke them. She shook her head.

"I can only tell it to him."

Mr. Prince looked her over, leaning on his cane with his gloves in his hand and his long grey head slightly inclined to one side. He had seen so much of silly people in his life that young girls did not seem to him any sillier than all the others.

"Couldn't you give me some idea what it is all about?"

She thought she might go as far as that. "I know who was driving his car."

"Indeed." A perfectly colorless tone—he didn't believe or disbelieve her. "You are rather late with this information, aren't you?"

"I only found the proof to-day."

"Oh, you have proof?"

"Yes."

He made another effort to get her to tell him the story, and then he suddenly yielded, and she found she was walking back with him along the little paved walk to the gaol. She was entering; Mr. Prince was sending for the sheriff, supper or no supper, as if he were his personal servant.

They went into a bare room with chairs and a large varnished table. He motioned her into a chair. No one spoke. Kate sat quite still, thinking: "In a few minutes I shall see him. He will come in at that door." She knew that Mr. Prince was casting appraising glances at her.

Ridley, after his interview with Prince, had gone back to his cell, and was lying on his bed with his hands under his head, when the word came that Prince had come back with a lady who wanted to see him. He started up. A lady? Could it be Helen? Helen transporting her beauty to such sordid surroundings for his sake?

To be Continued

## LONDON DOCTOR'S FAMOUS PRESCRIPTION ENDS

## RHEUMATISM

Read what this one time sufferer writes

"I was getting to be a regular 'stay-at-home.' Had frequent Back and Rheumatic Pains; my joints used to swell and hurt till I felt exhausted with pain. I used to get dizzy, looked worn and old, although not yet 45. I read about Harrison's Pills and thought I'd try them, though I didn't get much relief from pills. But Harrison's stopped my pains at once—quickest thing I've ever known. Just two bottles put me on my feet again. All swellings went and have not come back." (Signed) T. S.



KILLS KIDNEY GERMS, POISONS, ACIDS—Restores Sparkling HEALTH AND VIGOUR

The cause of agonising Backache, Stiff or Swollen Joints, Aching Muscles, Neuritis, and other such upsetting troubles is Kidney Acids, Gout, and Poisons. To be fit and well, you must drive these right out of the system—and prevent their return. To do this, the sure, safe, thoroughly proven way is to take Harrison's Pills. Results are unfailing. Quickly, aches and pains GO—far good—the Vital forces of your body are invigorated in the most beneficial way. Acids and poisons are dissolved; stiffness departs; blood troubles are cleared up—the entire health is marvellously improved.

WONDERFUL QUICK IMPROVEMENT OR NO COST

To-morrow you can start looking and feeling a NEW person. Simply go to your Chemist and get a package of Harrison's Pills. (Three sizes, 2/-, 3/- and 5/-, the larger being the more economical.) Follow easy directions and if, on completion of the first bottle, you are not surprised and delighted with the results—money back. If not near Chemist, send your order by post to Amalgamated Laboratories, Shell House, Margaret Street, Sydney.

## HARRISON'S PILLS

THE PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Backache  
Neuritis  
Sciatica  
Limb Pains  
Dizziness  
Bad Nights  
Headaches  
Neuralgia  
Etc., Etc.

S.L.P. (H)

# THE HOMEMAKER

February 18, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## Eyebrows... have now gone back to the natural

By  
JANETTE

WHEN eyebrows fade off indefinitely pencil may be used to emphasise and extend the ends as Joan Fontaine, R.K.O. player, shows you here.



- They can give lots of character to your face, but they must be kept well groomed and well shaped.

EYEBROWS have reverted to the natural. Those abbreviated pencil lines are definitely out.

Even Hollywood now goes in for the heavier line, the "swallow's wing," instead of the faint suggestion.

The change is really a very fortunate one because most of us look a lot better with a brow that gives the eyes a setting.

Of course eyebrows vary. Nature starts you off with a brow that is more or less suited to your eyes.

But this does not mean that you can just relax and let your eyebrows grow like the weeds.

The best-behaved brows need a bit of tending.

The "swallow's wing" is so named because it is actually the shape of that bird's wing.

### Tapers Gradually

IT is a fairly sturdy brow with a slight curve which tapers gradually as it extends outward.

Whether you prefer this or your own style of modelling makes little difference, but you can't have bushes over your eyes, or even worse, those straggling hairs full length or starting, that are begging for a grooming.

The bushes give an unfortunate masculine look to the most flower-like face, and the stragglers just make you look ill-kempt and give your skin a dirty cast that all the washing in the world can't eradicate.

Nothing is more unromantic than a beautiful face when it breaks down above the eyes and goes astray with wandering brows.

After all, it's in the closeups that our husbands or boy-friends get their illusions or lose them.

The best way to handle the eyebrow problem is to pluck them or have them plucked.

Then you can take a look every few minutes and see how they are shaping up.

If you are planning to do the job yourself, here are a few points that may make the process a lot less painful.

This pruning really should be a daily thing. If you stick to it it won't hurt nearly so much and will only take a second.

It's the old story about nipping them in the bud.

First apply towels that have been dipped into hot water on the areas that you are going to pluck.

Get the surrounding skin warm, with the pores open. Then, after drying the skin, rub a little cream or vaseline into the brows to soften them.

Next brush your eyebrows forward, then back toward the temples, and brush them as nearly as you can into the shape you wish.

Now for the plucking. Always use a tweezer that you have had soaking in some disinfectant.

This is to prevent any slight infection, in case your hand slips.

Pluck the hairs one at a time, and don't get the idea that you can pull out lots of them and still look attractive.

Remember the aim is an eyebrow that looks natural.

An eyebrow pencil is a great help. Use it to extend the eyebrows at the outer edges or to define eyebrows that are too indefinite.

But use the pencil with dis-



TO KEEP the eyebrows a good shape play away stray hairs but use a pair of tweezers that you have had soaking in disinfectant.



FOR GROOMING her eyebrows Mary Astor, First National player, uses a tiny brush.

crimination. Don't plaster it on so that it looks obvious. Pencil can be used delicately so that it is hardly apparent, if at all.

I pooh-pooh other hose with persistence,  
With determined, unswerving resistance,  
After trying all brands  
KAYSER met my demands —  
It's quite the best hose in existence!

"I'm a  
**ONE Brand**  
woman now



I insist on  
**KAYSER**  
HOSIERY · WOOLIES · GLOVES

Through years of experience I've discovered that the best way to buy stockings is to stick to a good brand. That's why I insist on Kayser, they're consistently kind to your legs and your stocking budget. Mir-o-Kleer Sheers and Service Weights from 4/11 and Mir-o-Kal Super Sheers at 7/11 a pair.

"505X Service Weight now has a new picot edge... most enhancing... only 4/11."

H. 2. 9.

# You Can't Be Too Careful About The Welfare of Your Teeth

**PATIENT:** Is it true that unhealthy teeth will cause bodily disorders of various kinds?

**What My Patients  
Ask Me  
By A DOCTOR**

**D**OCTOR: The condition of the teeth does have an important effect on the general health.

"Dead" teeth, especially and their relationship to health, continue to cause much controversy.

This confusion of thought puzzles the layman because one dentist tells him to have the dead tooth removed, while another advises against its removal.

Pulpless teeth, dead teeth, are possessed by thousands of persons.

There is no doubt that many harbor such teeth without being aware of their presence. Often infection is present without giving any sign.

Such a focus or centre of infection undoubtedly plays a part in many of the so-called constitutional disorders.

That many of its poisons will be

absorbed into the system is almost a certainty if pus is present.

When this occurs, other structures and organs of the body may be endangered.

**Patient:** If "dead" teeth seem to be healthy is it necessary to have them removed?

**Doctor:** Pulpless teeth, when no pus has formed, are harmless enough. But if infection is definitely present, and that fact is confirmed by an X-ray examination, there should be no hesitancy about extraction.

## Periodic Examination

**A**LL those who have dead teeth and are unwilling to have them removed should have periodic X-ray examinations.

Since pulpless teeth are without sensitiveness, it is only by means of the X-ray that pus or other evidence of infection can be detected.

These examinations should be

repeated at regular times so that there shall be no oversight of a possible infection.

**Patient:** Isn't it better to keep one's own teeth as long as possible, rather than have to use false teeth?

**Doctor:** No one is anxious to lose his or her teeth. I regard it as fortunate that the present trend is against the ruthless extraction of teeth.

But, as I have indicated, if definite evidence exists for their removal, it is unwise to delay.

In many instances there may be a question of doubt as to the proper procedure. Under such circumstances, I believe that close co-operation between the patient, dentist and doctor will solve the problem.

If there is any sign of a constitutional disorder, functional or organic, and no other explanation can be found, the teeth must be examined.

In that event, if dead teeth are



● THAT glowing sparkle of health that is so attractive and which Lucille Miller, Fox player, above, possesses will soon become dim if the teeth are not healthy.

# HEINZ Mayonnaise

Crisp, luscious salads—so coaxing, so cooling that eager summer appetites just can't wait for the word "go." Enjoy your salad days! Nothing says "Tea's Ready" so invitingly as cool, crisp salads when they "say it" with Heinz Mayonnaise.

You MUST try Heinz Mayonnaise. Imagine the most delicious mayonnaise you've ever made—then imagine practising till you always get it perfect—then imagine all the Heinz experience and facilities to help you—that's what Heinz Mayonnaise is like. We promise! Try some, and if you don't agree, your grocer will give you back the purchase price in full. How's THAT for a guarantee!

A copy of a most interesting recipe book entitled "Salads and when to have them" will be sent you free on request to H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., Bendigo Street, Richmond E.1., Melbourne, Victoria.



present in the mouth, it is best that they be removed.

I cannot overstate the importance of periodic visits to the dentist.

Protect your teeth against dental decay and you will guard the entrance place of germs and disease.

If in doubt, your doctor and dentist will outline the necessary precautions that should be taken.

**Patient:** What is the difference between a functional and an organic disorder?

**Doctor:** There is a great deal of misunderstanding regarding these terms.

Many a mother has been confused because she does not quite know the difference between a functional and an organic disturbance, particularly when one or the other term is applied to a heart murmur.

## Is Temporary

**I**N reality, a functional disturbance is a temporary and passing thing, like the sputtering of a car engine caused by bad petrol. It is not caused by any defect in the machinery, and is of no lasting consequence.

An organic disturbance is one caused by a structural change in the organs or other parts of the body.

For example, an organic murmur of the heart is produced by such change and usually follows some infectious disease which has produced trouble in the lining of the heart.

Some form of organic disturbance is a common complication of acute rheumatic fever, scarlet fever and pneumonia.

In the various nervous conditions it is quite the rule that victims suffer from certain complaints which

the doctors regard as purely functional disturbances.

They are disorders that are temporary and soon disappear without leaving scars or other evidence that they ever existed.

It is not unusual in cases of marked emotional disturbance that there is a complaint of pain in various parts of the body.

The nerves supplying the lining of the intestines or stomach may be involved, with disturbance of appetite, digestion and elimination.

These symptoms do not indicate organic changes; they are purely functional in their nature.

The person who labors under severe emotional strain, constant fear and excessive fatigue often suffers from a rapidly beating heart. At times the heart may actually skip a beat out of five or six.

It gives the victim a peculiar jarring sensation. This trouble is purely functional.

As soon as the sufferer rests and obtains adequate relaxation, the disturbing symptoms quickly disappear.

In contrast to these trivial ailments are certain progressive and serious heart disorders which may have similar symptoms.

But, when the cause is an organic change, the distress is little improved by rest and relaxation. Such causes require careful medical treatment.

It is always best to discuss these matters with your doctor. Never resort to self-medication or depend on the advice of a well-meaning friend.

What may appear as a serious disturbance to you may be a mild disorder.

Let your doctor determine the real nature of your complaint.

## YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

### Recipe for Making Fruit Laxative

By MARY TRUBY KING

**T**HE general health of expectant and nursing mothers is of paramount importance, as the state of the mother's health naturally affects the child.

Regular daily elimination is therefore an essential. For cases of irregularity, however, harsh laxatives are not advised. But a mild fruit laxative that promotes a natural action is highly recommended and will effect a cure.

A leaflet giving a recipe for mak-

ing fruit laxative has been printed by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau, and can be obtained free of cost by sending a request, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Enclose your envelope "Mothercraft."

When writing, give baby's age, weight at birth, present weight without clothing. State if you have written before.

# 1939 EXTENDED RANGE OF SUNLIGHT FREE GIFTS

3 WRAPPERS  
WITH EVERY  
CARTON!

SUNLIGHT  
OFFERS THE  
WORLD'S FINEST  
SOAP VALUE  
AND FREE  
GIFTS

CHOOSE YOUR GIFT FROM THIS MARVELLOUS NEW RANGE



## BATH TOWEL

Red Striped Admiralty Bath Towel, 21" x 40", extra thick and long wearing. Save 30 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

## BATH TOWEL

Large coloured, size 23" x 40"—long-wearing, in gay, modern designs. Save 30 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

## GLASSCLOTH

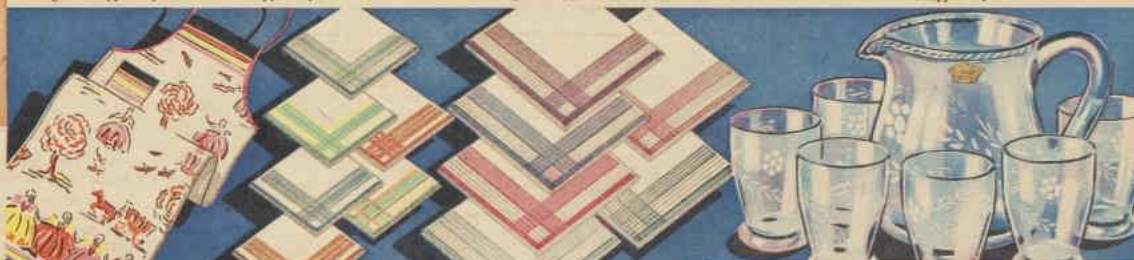
23" x 33"—pure Irish Linen—red or blue side striped. Save 18 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

## PILLOWSLIP

Hemstitched, size 21" x 31½"—nicely embroidered. Save 27 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

## SUPPER SET

Large hemstitched Supper Cloth and 4 Serviettes to match. Colours, primrose, green and blue; extra good quality. Save 111 Sunlight wrapper-tops.



## LADIES' APRONS

British Shantung Silk; charming colours; exclusive designs. Save 48 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

## Ladies' H'kerchiefs

Dainty and attractive, with coloured borders. Save 15 Sunlight wrapper-tops for set of 15 doz.

## Gents' H'kerchiefs

Large size, superior quality with coloured borders. Save 48 Sunlight wrapper-tops for set of 15 doz.

## ★ WATER SET—JUG and 6 COBLETs

Crown Crystal Glass. 72 Sunlight wrapper-tops. Send 2/2 for postage and packing.  
\* GLASS WATER JUG ONLY—Good quality. Save 30 Sunlight wrapper-tops. Send 1/4 to cover postage and packing.  
\* GLASS COBLETs—Set of 6. Save 18 Sunlight wrapper-tops. Send 1/6 for postage and packing for 3 or 6.

NOW Sunlight, the World's finest soap value, offers you a greatly extended range of gifts for 1939. Note the small number of wrappers required for each gift and, bearing in mind that there are three wrappers with every carton of Sunlight Soap, you will appreciate the amazing value gifts which are offered to users of Sunlight Soap.

Start using Sunlight Soap to-day for a better, more economical wash and save the wrapper-tops for the best value free gifts.

## HOW TO GET YOUR GIFTS!

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to:—  
LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall end), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift cut out the form below, fill in the particulars, enclose with wrapper-tops and stamps to cover postage (on gifts marked \*) and address to:—"SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LTD., BOX 4316VY, G.P.O., SYDNEY.



TABLE KNIVES & DESSERT KNIVES—Heavy Stainless Steel. Made in Sheffield, England. Save 27 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

TABLE FORK Heavy E.P.N.S. Save 24 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

DESSERT SPOON Heavy E.P.N.S. Save 18 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

## Teaspoons

Heavy E.P.N.S.—"A Grade"; set of 6. Graceful addition to your cutlery. Save 24 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

## ★ Billycan

3½-pt. size. White enamel. Save 66 Sunlight wrapper-tops. Send 3d. to cover postage and packing.

## ★ Kitchen Jugs

Set of 2, 1½ and 1½ pts. Save 111 Sunlight wrapper-tops. Send 1/4 for postage and packing for set of 2.

## ★ Bread Board

Strong, poker-worked edges. Save 25 Sunlight wrapper-tops. Send 7d. to cover postage and packing.

## Bread Saw

Stainless Steel. Made in Sheffield, England. Will cut to wafer thickness. Save 38 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

## ★ NOTE:

All the gifts shown in this advertisement are available at the Lintas Free Gift Depot, 147 York Street (Town Hall end), Sydney. For country users, the majority of the gifts are post free, but to cover the cost of packing and postage of the heavier and more fragile gifts (marked \*) remit the amount shown in stamps in addition to the required number of wrappers.

DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER  
BUT FILL IN THIS FORM

From

GIFT REQUIRED

ENCLOSED

POSTAGE

SUNLIGHT WRAPPER-TOPS



## HAIR BROOM

Fine close-set bristles. Sturdily made; will give years of service; will not shed its hairs. Save 78 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

## ★ MIXING BOWLS

Set of 4. Strong glass, pale green shade. Save 90 Sunlight wrapper-tops. Send 1/3 to cover postage and packing for set of 4.

## ★ SAUCEPAN

Aluminium, 2½ pint. Splendidly finished. Save 42 Sunlight wrapper-tops. Send 1d. to cover postage and packing.

## CASSEROLE

9" diam. "Strong-Lite" 80 per cent. aluminium. Strong close-fitting lid with heat-proof knob. Save 78 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

## ★ KETTLE

2-pint size. "Strong-Lite" 99½ pure aluminium. Save 114 Sunlight wrapper-tops. Send 5d. to cover postage and packing.

START SAVING SUNLIGHT WRAPPER-TOPS TO-DAY

L. 158.1

# WE DECORATE A LIVING-ROOM

## ... for the small home-owner

SECOND of a series of articles which are appearing from time to time in The Australian Women's Weekly on home decoration for the average small home-owner

**B**EFORE choosing furniture for a living-room, you should first make a floor plan of the room showing windows, doors, fireplaces, etc., and their dimensions and their relation to the height of the ceiling.

Keep in mind, too, as you plan your furniture, what your living-room will be used for most—whether for entertaining, studying, or for general family use.

If your room has no fireplace or outstanding architectural feature, make the lounge the centre of interest by grouping about it reading lamps, coffee table and pull-up easy chairs.

You may have space for built-in bookshelves. If so, use them as a background for the most important grouping.

A small room with a view and not much else can be treated in an effective manner with a pair of "love seats" (double armchairs) flanking

the window and forming a compact group that does not interfere with through traffic.

Another effective arrangement is to place a pair of armchairs on either side of the mantel with matched lamps and wall tables for a symmetrical balance and an air of intimacy.

As to color schemes—if the room is to be in fairly constant use, choose

quiet, restful tones. You can use more intense restful colors if you are keen on them in the dining-room which is used as a rule only for short periods.

The most satisfactory colors for walls and ceiling in a living-room are light ones. They show up the furniture to better advantage and make the room appear larger.

Curtains must be considered next. Use plain material with a straight drop to the floor if the walls have a patterned paper. This treatment gives an illusion of added height.

Patterned materials or plain fabrics in a contrasting color can be used with plain soft-toned painted or papered walls.

Texture plays its part in adding interest to plain surfaces, and contrast of texture often takes the place of contrasts in pattern.

Always look at materials in daylight and artificial light before making a final selection.

Now for the carpet. A plain ground or a closely patterned Wilton or haircord is a good choice. These carpets are extremely hard wearing, and can be obtained in 27-inch widths with standard designs and colors, so that new widths can be seamed in later on if there is hard wear in one part.

### Can Be Turned

**A** GAINST the argument for fitted carpets are the standard-size complete carpets which can be turned when shabby in one part.

The best idea when selecting the actual furniture is to make out a list of furniture you can't do without and, armed with your plan, set out shopping. Accessories can be bought later.

An attractive scheme for a small living-room could be carried out in soft, subtle tones of turquoise, ivory and gold. Have walls painted or papered a soft blue-green with all woodwork to tone. The carpet could be in a pebbled design in old gold and beige.

Use full-length curtains in old gold with parchment glass curtains. The upholstery fabrics for the lounge suite might pick up the main colors—turquoise-green, ivory and gold. Include a book-case and small occasional tables in quilted maple or bleached walnut.

### Another Scheme

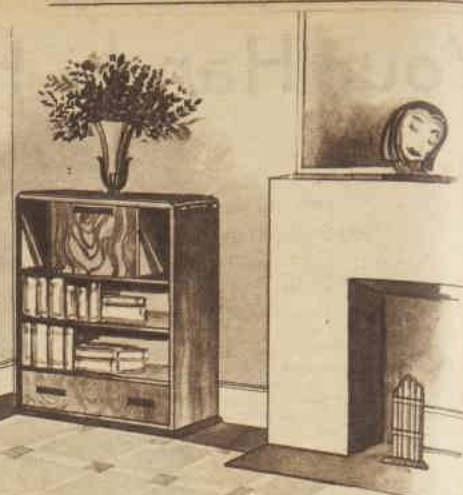
**A** NOTHER and more formal arrangement is illustrated on this page. It makes use of different furnishing fabrics, texture taking the place of pattern. The carpet has a bold, simple pattern in brown and beige. The windows have full-length severely-tailored curtains in green, with Venetian blinds.

This color scheme in beiges, browns and ivories, with touches of copper, white and brilliant green contrasts well with the warm walnut tones of the furniture and with walls of cream.

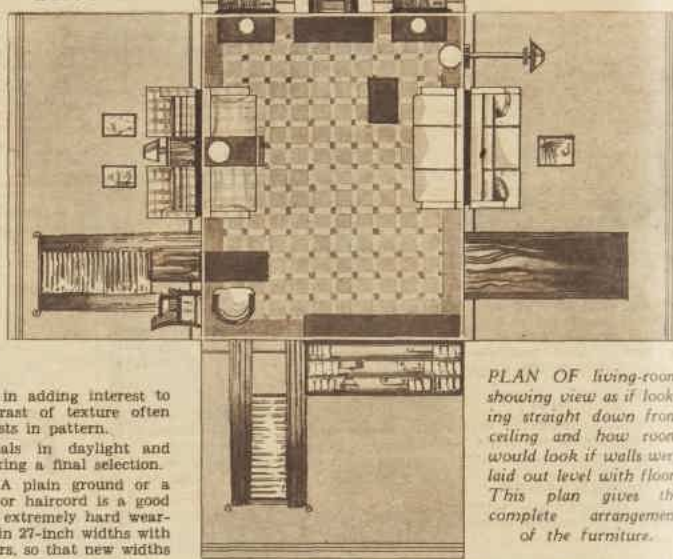
Some Chinese prints on the walls and a colorful piece of pottery on the mantel provide individual touches.



By...  
OUR HOME  
DECORATOR



CORNER OF a living-room decorated in beiges, browns and ivory, with touches of copper, white and brilliant green. Carpet is brown and beige. Curtains are tailored in plain green. Upholstery repeats main colors.



PLAN OF living-room showing view as if looking straight down from ceiling and how room would look if walls were laid out level with floor. This plan gives the complete arrangement of the furniture.

## HAVE YOU SEEN POND'S NEW DOUBLE INDELIBLE LIPSTICK?

as alluring by NIGHT

as it is by DAY



Now Pond's bring you a thrilling new lipstick that makes your lips look glamorous always . . . in the bright daylight, or under the glare of electric lights. Pond's new Lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich color night or day! Really indelible, too . . . Pond's new Lipstick stays fresh and smooth on your lips for hours. Six smart new shades. 1- and 2-6 at all stores and chemists. Try it to-day!

DAY AND NIGHT USE

pond's DOUBLE-INDELIBLE lipstick



1000 and 1 IDEAS to make your home more lovely! QUICKLY, CHEAPLY, EASILY!



FREE

Packed with interest! "Before and After" illustrations of all rooms in full color!

Anne Stewart's

2nd Book on Home Decoration

"THE COLORFUL HOME"

CLIP and SEND this COUPON

Anne Stewart, Director, Taubmans Home Decorating Service, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.—Please send me free your enlarged and entirely new book, "The Colorful Home." I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

Name

Address

AM

# Your Handy Hints Scrapbook . . .

CUT out these handy hints and new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order and you will find your book an ever-ready source of help and information.

## Suede Gloves

To clean suede gloves, dip a piece of darning into flour and rub the gloves gently. Let the flour remain on for a few minutes, then remove with a soft brush. During the process the gloves should be kept on the hands.

## Pie-Making

Often pies are spoilt by juice running through the pie crust. This can be prevented by rubbing the bottom crust of the pie with a white of an egg.

## Milk Puddings

Rice or other milk puddings are more successful if equal parts of milk and water are used. A teaspoonful of grated suet is also an improvement. Another point to remember is that cheap rice does not cream properly.

## Glasses Stuck Together

If drinking glasses have become stuck one inside the other and are difficult to separate, fill the inner glass with cold water to make it contract, and place the outer glass in hot water to make it expand.

## To Clarify Dripping

To clarify dripping, place in a basin and pour over boiling water to cover. Stir well and leave to cool. The purified dripping forms into a solid layer on the top and is ready for use after it is wiped dry.

## To Save Stockings

New silk stockings can be given a longer lease of life if they are washed in very hot water before being worn. This toughens the silk and they are less likely to ladder.

## Mud Stains

Mud stains on umbrellas may be removed by rubbing the parts with a rag dipped in methylated spirit.

## Painted Woodwork

Paraffin rubbed on woodwork with a soft duster will quickly remove all dust and dirt.

## Removal Notice

### VELVA ART CO.

Wishes to announce that we have now moved from 328 Pitt Street to 296 Pitt Street, Sydney. Where we will be pleased to show you our NEW DELICIOUS RANGE OF HAND-PAINTED LUNCHES, SETS, RUNNERS, AND CUSHIONS. Phone MA7754, or write and our representative will call on you with samples.

Note: NEW ADDRESS—

**296 PITT STREET**

Two doors from Rathurst Street, Sydney.

## HELP STOMACH DIGEST FOOD

With Triple-Action Remedy and You'll Eat Like a Horse

Your system should digest two pounds of food daily and in this work minute glands in mouth, stomach, liver and pancreas, each do their part. When you eat heavy, greasy, meat or rich foods, or when you hurry through your meals, your digestive system becomes upset and either too much or too little of these vital digestive juices is poured out. Then your food does not digest and you have gas, heartburn, nausea, pains, the food—in fact you feel wretchedly ill and miserable. Alkaline powders and artificial digestants are often used, but thousands of people have found Mother Seigel's Syrup gives quick relief and comfort. Mother Seigel's Syrup is a combination of herbal extracts which stimulate the salivary, stomach and liver glands to normal action and once this is accomplished eating becomes a pleasure and that sour, sick, depressed condition becomes a thing of the past. Ask for and insist on using genuine Mother Seigel's Syrup.

TRAVELERS are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear. Is the disappointment of husband and wife. A Book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. for postage to Depart "A." Mrs. CHURCH, 43 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

## Wooden Shelves

It is sometimes found that wooden shelves do not succumb to cleaning with ordinary soap and water. Try scrubbing with sand and hot water.

## To Remove Rust Stains

Rust stains can be removed from steel, nickel, or iron if the affected parts are covered with grease. Leave for a few days and then wipe with a rag dipped in ammonia, and you will find the metal will look like new.

## Cooking Macaroni

Macaroni will cook better if it is stored in an airtight tin, and then immersed in boiling water before cooking.

## To Clean Black Marble

Washing black marble with soap and water will clean it. But this leaves it rather dull and lifeless. Rub over with a little linseed oil and it will gain quite a gloss.

## Fruit Stains

When fast-colored silks have been soiled with fruit stains sponge the stains with cold soapy water and the silk will look like new again.

## Discolored Glass Bottles

When glass bottles become discolored, they can be cleaned by putting tea-leaves with a little soft soap and hot water into them. Shake well and rinse, then dry with a clean, smooth cloth.

## To Clean Wallpaper

Soil marks on wallpaper may be removed with stale bread. Use a large piece with the crust cut away, and gently rub the soiled parts.

## Washing Hint

White clothes that have become yellow will regain their whiteness if they are soaked in water to which a tablespoon of cream of tartar has been added for each gallon. Let the garments soak overnight, and then wash in the usual way.

## Stains on Brass

Stains can be removed from brassware by applying lemon juice. Immediately after, wash brass in warm, soapy water, rinse in clear water, dry, and polish with chamole.

## Peeling Tomatoes

If tomatoes are plunged into a bowl of boiling water a few minutes you will find that the skins will peel off easily and without waste.

## A.B.C. of Cookery

This glossary of the more unfamiliar terms used in cookery and on menus will be continued every week until complete. Cut them out and paste in your scrap-book.

**Crumbs.** Biscuits, ratafias, sponge cake, bread crumbled between the palms of the hands. Used in ice-cream, apple charlotte.

**Cut In.** To mix by cutting through and through with a knife.

**Croustades.** Shapes of rice, fried bread, or pastry used as foundation for meat dishes.

**Culinary.** Term applied to anything in the kitchen or to do with cooking.

**Chow Chow.** Kind of pickle—vegetables in very hot sauce.

**Croissant.** Half-moon shaped pieces of bread or pastry.

**Caramalase.** To melt sugar to a liquid stage.

**Camembert.** Name of a cheese.

**Chiffonade.** Vegetable shredded.

**Cotes.** Ribs (cotes de boeuf, ribs of beef).

**Creole.** Name of a soup, sauce, and a garnish.

**Croquettes.** Croquette mixture, wrapped with bacon, dipped in batter, or covered with paste and fried.

**Croute-au-pot.** Name of a soup, containing crusts.

## BE SHOPWISE



YOU CAN SPOT GOOD TAILORING BY THE WORKMANSHIP ON COLLARS, LAPELS AND SHOULDERS, AND BY THE SET OF THE SLEEVES IN THE ARM-HOLES. THESE ARE NOT THE ONLY SIGNS OF GOOD TAILORING BUT THESE ARE IMPORTANT.



CHILDREN WHO HAVE SATISFYING PLAY MATERIALS ARE KEPT OUT OF MISCHIEF AND BAD HABITS. THE FIRST TOY SHOULD BECOME A NUCLEUS TO WHICH OTHERS ARE ADDED. EACH NEW TOY WILL THEN INCREASE THE PLAY POSSIBILITIES OF THE OLD ONE.

## Scratched Furniture

Scratch marks on furniture can be removed by applying iodine. Use a camel-hair brush and when dry polish with a good furniture polish.

## Easy Glass Cleaner

Instead of cleaning windows and mirrors with soap and water and then rubbing hard to get a polish, apply a weak solution of water and ordinary starch. Leave this to dry for some time and then rub off quickly with a soft cloth.

## Substitute for Oil

Melted butter is a good substitute for olive oil in a salad dressing.

## Suede Gloves

Stale bread is a good cleaner for light-colored suede gloves.

## Odor of Fish

If you rub knives and forks that have been used for fish with a fresh lemon, after they have been washed, the taste and smell of fish will disappear.

## Disfiguring Skin Outbreaks

NOW BANISHED BY NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

Skin specialists have now traced the real cause of pimples, blackheads and other complexion imperfections to self-poisoning, i.e., a clogged colon. Due to inactivity of the colon (large intestine) all the food waste left over from digestion is not passed out of the body. Instead, it encrusts on the colon walls and there decays. Virulent poisons and bacteria, and irritating acids, seep into the bloodstream which carries them to the face, neck and other parts of the body. These poisons break down the "alkaline reserve" of the blood. It becomes "acid" and in an endeavour to free itself from these poisons (which should have been got rid of through the kidneys and bowels) it forces them through the pores of the skin. This results in open pores, pimples, blotches and other disfiguring and embarrassing facial blemishes.

You cannot clear your complexion of pimples and blotches until you check the cause—self-poisoning. You must remove the decaying encrustations of food waste from the colon walls. Normal bowel movements do not do this—the walls become sluggish. Opening medicines only purge the lower end of the colon, so drink warm water and "Coloseptic" every morning. This simple scientific plan cleanses the colon, leaves up the colon walls giving them back their power of normal movement. "Coloseptic" neutralises acidosis of the blood. With the restoration of blood alkalinity, pimples dry up, open pores close and the complexion regains its clearness and freshness. "Coloseptic" also stimulates the action of the kidneys, thus aiding the elimination of body poisons through these natural channels. "Coloseptic" overcomes these evils of self-poisoning in a simple, revolutionary yet scientific way. Get "Coloseptic" from your chemist to-day. Individual size, 2/9; Economy size, 5/6.

## FREE SAMPLE

Send 3d. stamps for postage; a Liberal Free Trial Sample and interesting literature book will be sent you. COLOSEPTIC (AUST.) LTD., 26 O'Connell Street, Sydney.

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## FOR ONE RECIPE!

### IN THE 1939 AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RECIPE COMPETITION

### NO ENTRY FEE!

## £1000—PRIZES TOTAL—£1000

—and you don't have to cook a thing. Just write out your favorite recipe and post it to The Australian Women's Weekly. That's all!

And it doesn't matter where you get the recipe—out of a magazine . . . from a neighbor . . . from grandma . . . Whatever it is—or wherever you got it—send it in. Someone's recipe must win first prize, and you may be that "someone."

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Big Sections  
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Cook a Chance

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For the recipe considered best out of any of the three sections above.

### ANY WOMAN CAN WIN!

### FULL PARTICULARS ON PAGE 3 IN THIS ISSUE OF The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

## DO YOU KNOW ?

DENTAL DIAGNOSIS  
ON 3,000 YEAR  
OLD TABLET

3,000 YEARS AGO a  
PHYSICIAN of the ROYAL HOUSE OF  
NINEVEH RECORDED this TREATMENT  
ON CLAY —

"I HAVE SPOKEN THE TRUTH WITH THE KING  
MY LORD. THE BURNING OF HIS HEAD, HIS  
HANDS, HIS FEET, WHEREWITH HE BURNS,  
IS BECAUSE OF HIS TEETH. HIS TEETH SHOULD  
BE DRAWN—NOW WILL HE  
BE WELL EXCEEDING"

**LOVELY TEETH**  
WOMAN'S GREATEST CHARM

America's  
Famous Poet,  
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES  
1809-1894, wrote  
"THERE IS NO ELEMENT  
OF FEMININE BEAUTY TO  
MATCH WHITE, EVEN  
WELL-SHAPED TEETH."

**"BACTERIAL MOUTH"**  
CAUSES DENTAL DECAY

"BACTERIAL MOUTH" is caused by  
GERMS that breed in tiny  
FOOD PARTICLES left between  
the teeth. KOLYNOS cleans  
away those DANGEROUS  
PARTICLES. KOLYNOS leaves  
your teeth **SURGICALLY clean** —  
sparkling with NEW LOVELINESS.

**KOLYNOS  
DENTAL  
CREAM**  
1/3 AND 2/4

£225 or even less in Australian Money  
Buys This Really Outstanding

TOUR OF  
EUROPE

LEAVING SYDNEY PER R.M.S. ORION, MARCH 22

Leaving Brisbane per Orion, March 15	£227 10 0
Leaving Hobart per Orion, March 24	£222 10 0
Leaving Melbourne per Orion, March 28	£222 10 0
Leaving Adelaide per Orion, March 30	£221 5 0
Leaving Fremantle per Orion, April 3	£217 0 0

LAST YEAR WE PROVIDED OUR PARTY WITH THE OUTSTANDING TOUR OF 1938. THIS YEAR'S TOUR PROVIDES AN EVEN BIGGER BARGAIN.

## OUR PARTY WILL VISIT

Naples	Berlin	Lugarno	Versailles
Grenoble	Venice	Milan	Heldberg
Menton	The Black Forest	Prague	Pilatus
Paris	Rice	Dresden	Stresa
Cologne	Cannes	London	Florence
Lucerne	Lyon	Kandy	Rodez
Torsholmen	Brussels	Monle Carlo	Amsterdam
Rome	The Rhine	Marselles	Edinburgh
Vienna	Mayence	Vichy	Shakespeare's Country

53 DAYS' ESCORTED TOUR  
12 COUNTRIES

Remember this: £225 not only includes exchange, but provides the 53 days' tour of Europe, with first class hotels, wonderful motor tours, and all travel on the Continent and Great Britain, transfers from stations to hotel, tips, side-trips, etc., etc., and return steamer fares, tourist class.

EARLY APPLICATION IS ADVISABLE TO ENSURE BERTHS.  
SEND OR CALL FOR DAY-TO-DAY ITINERARY.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

ST. JAMES BLDG., ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY. Tel. MA4496.

WRITTEN STARS  
IN THE STARS  
ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society.

The stars of Aquarian-born people are rather unpredictable stars. Aquarians are not people who can be definitely classified according to any particular routine or system.

THROUGHOUT their lives Aquarians — those born between January 20 and February 19 in any year—seem anxious to do something different, original, or strange.

Most of them are progressive, inventive, and change-loving, and it is their nature to fight against the old order of things. They strive, too, to impress this attitude upon those with whom they associate—to make them realise that the world is full of wonderful and exciting things for those who have the eyes to see and the wits and courage to dare.

In other words, these folk are among the world's enigmas—in the opinion of those who cannot or will not try to see life from the Aquarian point of view.

Sometimes this point of view is so radical that conservative people are disinclined to accept it. At other times it is based to such an extent on "crank" ideas and methods that even the less conservative citizen finds it more convenient to dodge the Aquarian when he sees him in the distance.

There are times, however, when the point of view of Aquarians is not only well worth listening to—it is dynamic and brilliant.

The important thing to know is when to draw the line. It is a slender thread that divides the genius from the "crank," and who at first sight can tell which is which?

## Brilliant Brains

SOME of the most brilliant people of all time were born under this particular sign of the zodiac, people whose seemingly fantastic ideas eventually proved sensible and practical in the extreme and who can really be said to have done something for humanity.

The names of such are legion, but here are a few: Charles Lindbergh, John D. Rockefeller, Jules Verne, Franklin Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Edison, Charles Dickens.

Another thing, the laboratories of the world, where valuable research is being undertaken, are filled with Aquarian-born scientists.

The truth of the matter is that many Aquarians mentally are a hundred years ahead of their time. A few more are so full of so-called "brainwaves" that they will take a hundred years to catch up with themselves; and the balance, rather hard to find, but very well worth knowing when located, are just easy-going citizens who are neither foolish nor brilliant, but are lively and original enough to be interesting.

## Daily Diary

MAKE use of this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Just fair for you on February 22, 23, and 24.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 23): On your toes, Taurians, for your

affairs will now take a turn for the better. February 24 (after 4 p.m.), 25, and 26 are the best days to start new ventures, make semi-important changes.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Geminians must watch their step, for their stars will afflict the venturesome or impatient on February 19 (late), 20, and 21, by delays, annoyances, difficulties and worries. Meanwhile February 18 and 19 to dusk excellent for beginning or finalising important matters.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Watch for opportunities during the next few weeks, especially on February 19 after dusk, and on February 20 and 21. Do not waste time then. Be sure to start some new venture and make changes or ask favors. Be confident and optimistic, dare.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be most cautious in your affairs on February 17, 18, and 19. Take no risks, make no changes, ask no favors. Try to avoid losses, partings, and opposition or disappointment. Affairs soon improve.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Adopt the word "don't" as your motto just now, for unwary Virgoans can get themselves into trouble on February 19 (evening), 20, and 21. Avoid all new enterprises. Follow the advice given to Leonians, but on your own days.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Make a last spurt to finalise important or urgent matters on

## Live in the Future

NEVER content with the past and the present, Aquarians are ever anxious to discover some new and spectacular thing that will help make the world a better place to live in.

February 18 and 19, for thereafter things slacken.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Have some good plans in readiness, for February 19 (late evening only), 20, and 21 can bring silver linings to your recent clouds. Start something new; make changes; seek advancement. The next few weeks can be very productive ones; so work hard.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Leave undone those important things not already started, for over-confidence just now spells trouble for you. Be particularly cautious on February 19 (evening), 20, and 21. Use those walk-loving legs of yours to walk out of trouble on those days.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): February 24 (after 4 p.m. only) and 25 can be quite fair for you.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Work hard on February 18 and 19, starting or improving all important matters. Ask favors, seek advancement.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Don't let the grass grow under your feet on February 19 (late p.m.), 20, and 21. Your stars favor you then, so get busy. Ask favors. Start new enterprises. Be confident and cheerful.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

KIDNEY TROUBLE  
NEGLECT IS DANGEROUS . . . YOU  
MUST TAKE A REMEDY SPECIALLY  
PREPARED TO ACT ON THE KIDNEYS

There is only one way to stop the down-dragging weakness and constant pain and danger caused by Kidney Trouble. You must cleanse the kidneys of impurities that stop them working healthily. You must wake sluggish kidneys to life. You must give over-worked kidneys new strength.

Only a true kidney pill can do this. That is why De Witt's Pills act so effectively, because they are true kidney pills, made for the one purpose of giving new life to worn-out kidneys. In 24 hours after taking the first dose of De Witt's Pills you have positive proof that the kidneys are being restored to healthy action.

These Genuine Kidney Pills  
Cleanse Pain-Causing  
Poisons from your System

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills act at once on weakened kidneys, they stimulate them into normal, healthy activity, enabling them once again to perform their natural function of filtering impurities from the system and preventing the formation of cruelly sharp, glass hard crystals which tear the tender tissue of the nerves and cause your terrible pains.

De Witt's Pills drive the poisons (especially excess uric acid) and the impurities that cause your pain right out of the system. Your awful pain goes for good. Your vigour and vitality come back. You feel years younger—happier and healthier. Read the evidence given here—proof positive of the quick, certain action of De Witt's Pills.

Mr. J. T. Clarke, of 11, Portman Street, Waterloo, Zetland, Sydney, writes:—

"I suffered many years from backache and kidney trouble. I was often two or three days in bed. My son gave me some De Witt's Pills and they certainly did me good. I came from 10 stone to 15 stone and never felt better in my life, thanks to De Witt's Pills. I feel better than I did 30 years ago. I have recommended De Witt's Pills to all my friends."

Mr. Raymond Austin, of 46, Crown Street, Sydney, writes:—"It is with much thanks that I inform you of the wonderful cure De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills effected for me. I suffered dreadful agony through pains in the back and left hip. I became so bad that I could not walk. Acting on a friend's advice I tried De Witt's Pills and in two days the pains completely vanished."

RHEUMATISM  
BACKACHE, JOINT PAINS  
are all caused by  
WEAK KIDNEYS

That the cause of rheumatic pain, bad back, lumbago is due to weak kidneys is proved over and over again. Weak kidneys allow body poisons and impurities to enter your system, causing stiffness, swellings, inflammation, lifelong misery and excruciating pain.

Why stay in pain and the terrible danger from Kidney Trouble or any of its painful symptoms when De Witt's Pills offer you quick and lasting benefit. No long-delayed treatment. Relief at once. Start to-day with the genuine kidney remedy.

DE WITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS  
Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Price 1/9, 3/- and 3/6.



EXQUISITE NIGHTGOWN and matching boudoir cape. Both are embroidered in peach silk, with edging of coffee lace. Both are embroidered with floral motif. Paper pattern and transfer for embroidery both obtainable from our Needlework Department.

## Everybody can have an indoor garden

IT'S ever so easy to grow bulbs in bowls and pots, and there's no lovelier decoration for home interiors.  
—Says THE OLD GARDENER.



### Are You Sure YOU ARE FREE FROM UNDERARM ODOUR?

There is only one way to be sure of your freshness. Prevent underarm perspiration before it starts . . . Keep the underarm dry! A deodorant that merely takes the odour out of perspiration without checking it—doesn't protect your clothing from ugly stains and that stale, lingering odour. Odorono gently checks underarm perspiration—a habit practiced and recommended by doctors.

### ODO-RO-NO

FOR THOSE WHO PREFER A CREAM DEODORANT. Odorono Cream is the perfect deodorant. It has a soothing cream base that does not irritate your skin. Does not check perspiration.

Prices: 1/- and 2/-  
2 Kinds: Instant Odorono, Odorono Regular.  
PRICES: 1/-, 2/-, 3/8

NOW is the time to plant spring-flowering bulbs in pots.

Strong growing bulbs such as daffodils, tulips, freestars and hyacinths are the best to choose. All of these make splendid and attractive displays, and are easily cultivated.

In a four-inch to six-inch pot plant half a dozen to a dozen bulbs according to their size and place about one inch apart. On no account use fresh manure, but a well-decayed manure rubbed thoroughly through a good, rich, fibrous, loamy soil with a little sharp sand thoroughly mixed in.

The pots or bowls should be thoroughly washed and dried before putting in the soil. Add plenty of crocks such as broken pieces of pots, cinders, rubble or any such material. These should be placed in the bottom of the vessel to ensure a good drainage system.

Plant the bulbs well down so that each crown is at least an inch below the surface.

### Cool, Shady Position

AFTER they have been planted and soaked thoroughly they must be placed in a cool, shady position, and in a very short time the young shoots will appear.

Then they must be placed where they will receive the morning sun. This will give the plants a chance to develop a good root system.

Plenty of water is all the bulbs need during the growing period, and in the late winter or early spring you will be rewarded with a splendid display of flowers when other blooms in the garden are scarce.

Moss fibre is just as successful as soil. Daffodils and hyacinths especially grow well in fibre. Pots, bowls, or vases are used, and no drainage is required as is necessary with soil.

First place a few lumps of charcoal in the bottom, moisten the moss fibre well, squeeze almost dry, and pack it in tightly over the bulbs just to cover them.

After planting, place in a dark, cool place where the bulbs will have plenty of fresh air until they begin to make good growth. Keep the moss damp, but not saturated.

This moss fibre can be bought from almost any seed merchant. The growing of the bulb in a glass utensil is very interesting, because you can watch the whole process of growth.

## So flattering . . . so young . . . Boudoir cape and nightgown set

BOTH embroidered with dainty floral motif in green, blue, and salmon-pink. Paper pattern and transfer available now.

ISN'T this the prettiest set you've seen for ages?

It consists of a nightgown and matching boudoir cape both embroidered with an exquisite floral motif that uses two shades of green, salmon-pink, and blue.

The original set was made in peach silk with coffee lace edging.

The paper pattern for cutting nightgown and boudoir cape, together with transfer for embroidery, is obtainable from our Needlework Department.

Paper pattern in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38-inch bust is 10d. Transfer is 1/- extra.



ABOVE: This diagram shows the various stitches used for the floral motif. Right: Guide to colors of cottons to be used.

### NEEDLEWORK . . . NOTIONS

Instructions for making the garments are supplied with the pattern. For the embroidery you will need the following Anchor stranded cottons:

One skein each F.405 (pale Gobelin-green), F.406 (light Gobelin-green), F.586 (pale marine-blue), F.542 (light salmon-pink), and F.610 (dark ecru).

The diagrams show how the embroidery is done, the figures indicating the shade of cotton to use for the various stitches.

The flower is worked in satin-stitch, leaves in slanting satin-stitch, and stems in stem-stitch. Hemstitch the lace edging to the cape with the dark ecru cotton.

For addresses of Needlework Departments, see our Pattern Page.

	= 406
	= 406
	= 405
	= 542
	= 506

## Gas in the Stomach is Dangerous

Daily Use of Salix Magnesia Overcomes Troubles Caused by Acid Indigestion

Gas in the stomach accompanied by a full, bloated feeling after eating is almost certain evidence of too much hydrochloric acid in the stomach, causing so-called "acid indigestion."

Acid stomachs are dangerous. Too much acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, often leads to gastritis accompanied by serious stomach ulcers. Food ferments and sours, creating the distressing gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal functions of the vital internal organs, often affecting the heart.

It is the worst of folly to neglect such a serious condition or to try to treat with ordinary digestive aids which have no neutralising effect on the stomach acids. Instead get a little Salix Magnesia from your nearest chemist or store and take a teaspoonful in water right after eating. This will drive out the gas, wind and bloating, sweeten the stomach, neutralise the excess acid, and prevent its formation, and stop sourness, gas or pain. Salix Magnesia is harmless, inexpensive, and a fine remedy for acid stomach. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no fear of indigestion.

## "Freckle-face"

When Weather Brings Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case. Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.



EXCITING INVITATION



CAUSES CONSTERNATION



SOLVOL INSPIRATION



SAVES THE SITUATION



### SOLVOL CLEANS HANDS IN 30 SECONDS!

SOLVOL SAVES THE SITUATION EVERY TIME! CLEANS HANDS THOROUGHLY IN NO TIME. SWEEPS AWAY EVERY TRACE OF GREASE AND GRIME—PAINT STAINS INCLUDED. LEAVES HANDS SOFT AND LILY-WHITE, TOO. THE PENETRATING SOLVOL LATHER IS JUST AS GENTLE AS ANY FINE TOILET SOAP. BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!

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# Trying to think of something different for dinner?

**Y**OU will like the dinner menu and recipes given below—an entry which wins first prize of £1 in our weekly Best Recipe Competition.

Other prize-winning recipes are also worth trying. Notice that most of them make use of gelatine.

You, too, can enter this fascinating cookery competition. Just write out your pet recipe, attach name and address, and send to us. First prize of £1 is awarded every week for the best recipe, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

## MENU FOR SIX

Mushroom Broth  
Tuna Fish Salad—Savory Moulds  
Maple Nut Forte  
Cheese Straws Coffee

● YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER—HERE IS A NEW MENU FOR YOU SENT IN BY A READER. RECIPES ARE GIVEN, TOO.

## MUSHROOM BROTH

Four dessertspoons unflavored gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 stalk celery, chopped, 4 cups stock, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 cup mushrooms, broken in pieces, 1 onion, sliced, 1 clove.

Preferably chicken stock, but beef, or tinned soup, or bouillon cubes may be used. Put stock, mushrooms and seasonings in pot, boil slowly ten minutes. Soften gelatine in cold water, add to stock, stir till dissolved. Strain into bouillon cups and chill, serve with a spoonful of whipped cream on top of each.

**Tuna Fish Salad:** 3 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup hot water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 cup flaked tuna fish, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup chopped cucumber, 1 teaspoon salt.

Softened gelatine in cold water, add hot water, stir till dissolved, add salt, vinegar, paprika. Cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in tuna fish, celery and cucumber. Chill. Serve on lettuce leaves surrounded with savory moulds.

**Savory Moulds:** 3 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup hot water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup vinegar, 11 cups grated cheese, 1 cup chopped olives, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup chopped green pepper (if liked), 1 cup whipped cream.

Softened gelatine in cold water, add hot, stir till dissolved, add salt and vinegar, cool; when mixture begins to thicken, add cheese, olives, celery and pepper and whipped cream. Turn into individual moulds. Chill.

**Maple Nut Forte:** 3 dessertspoons unflavored gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 11 cups scalded milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup maple syrup.

Add hot milk to slightly beaten egg-yolks. Cook over boiling water till mixture thickens. Soften gelatine in cold water. Add to hot mixture and stir till dissolved. Add maple syrup and salt. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites, vanilla and nuts. Pour into individual glasses. Chill. Decorate with whipped cream and nuts.

Tuna fish and maple syrup can

be bought tinned at big department stores.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Mary Styles, Weemala Rd., Northbridge, N.S.W.

## DELICIOUS SWEET

Mix 1oz. gelatine with a quart of milk and add 1 pint of cream. Heat, but do not boil, or milk will curdle.

Beat egg-yolks well and pour hot milk over, then place on fire and stir till custard thickens (being careful not to bring too close to boiling), pour into a basin and stir in 6oz. of sugar and 2oz. sweet biscuits. Put aside till cold.

When cold, whip up 4 egg-whites and fold into mixture, add 1oz. ground or chopped almonds, 2oz. cherries, 3oz. currants, 1oz. raisins, and any other fruit desired, finely chopped. Put into refrigerator. When half frozen, stir mixture to distribute fruit.

This needs a very cold temperature in the refrigerator. If you feel you can't get a low temperature use more gelatine. This proportion of 1 dessertspoon to 1 pint of liquid makes a very firm mould and will hold about half a pound of fruit. The quart of milk and pint of cream make a rather large mould, and can be halved.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Marginson, 115 Brighton Rd., Elwood, Vic.

## HOT WEATHER PUDDING

One quart fresh milk, 1 cup cream, 2 level tablespoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons fig jam, 10 drops vanilla, 1 tablespoon sugar.

Bring milk to boiling point, then let cool till blood heat. Mix gelatine in half a cup of cold water and let stand till dissolved. Stir occasionally. Beat cream till it holds its shape. Add gelatine to milk now it is cool, also sugar, vanilla, and beaten-up cream. Add jam last. Pour into glass dish and set in refrigerator or ice-chest.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Lawrie, Westwood, Central Qld.

## Weekly Special Feature

# PEACH RECIPES

## SUNSHINE PEACH RING

One ounce shelled walnuts, 1 tin peaches, 1oz. gelatine, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 1/2 gills milk, and lemon juice to flavor.

Drain syrup from peaches and rub enough of it through a sieve to give 6oz. of pulp. Make a boiled custard with the milk and leave to cool. Add lemon juice and sugar to peach pulp and stir in finely-chopped walnuts and custard. Dissolve gelatine in a saucepan with 1 gill of the peach syrup and strain into mixture, adding more sugar if required. Leave mixture until it begins to thicken, then turn into a mould. When set, unmould, and serve with the rest of the peaches.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Quick, 81 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.

## PEACH COFFEE CAKE

Two tablespoons margarine, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 egg beaten lightly, 1 1/2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 cup milk, canned sliced peaches.

Cream margarine and sugar, add egg, and mix well. Sift flour, salt, and baking powder, add alternately with milk. Mix only till ingredients are blended. Pour into a greased six-inch pan. Arrange drained sliced peaches over top. Crumble 2 tablespoons of flour, 1/2 tablespoon of

margarine, 1/2 cup of sugar, and 1 teaspoon of cinnamon together, and sprinkle on top. Bake 30 minutes in a moderately hot oven. Serves six persons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Pauline Dawson, 3 Winchester St., Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W.

## PEACH WHIP

One pint cream, 1/2 cup powdered sugar, 2 half peaches, 10 white marshmallows (small, round ones purchased at any sweet shop), some light sponge cake, red jelly.

Whip cream, add sugar, sliced peaches, and marshmallows cut in small pieces. Line a mould with thin fingers of sponge cake and fill with mixture. Place in ice-chest until ready to serve. Serve with sliced red jelly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gale Nelson, Herbert St., Brisbane.

## TOASTED HONEY PEACHES

One tin peaches, 1/2 cup butter, 1 cup honey, 1 cup grated sponge cake.

Drain halved peaches free from syrup and place in a shallow baking-tin. Pound together butter, grated sponge, and honey. Now fill hollows in the peaches with this mixture. Put in a slow oven and cook until crumbs are light brown in color. Delicious served with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss C. Coney, 84 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.



THIS young cook loves to turn out something different for dinner. Why don't you try, too? Some novel recipes are given on this page.

## ORIENTAL SUNDAY

Two cups hot water, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, juice two lemons, 3 bananas, 1 passionfruit, sponge cake, cochineal.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add sugar, lemon juice and enough cochineal to color bright red. Cut cake into squares, place in glass dish, pour in jelly, cut bananas into rounds, add passionfruit. Allow to set. Serve with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Roy Halloran, Turvey Park P.O. Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

## PASSIONFRUIT DELICACY

Make a custard with 1 pint milk, 2 egg-yolks, and 2 tablespoons sugar. Cook in double boiler till it thickens slightly; do not boil it. Set aside to cool.

Dissolve 3 dessertspoons gelatine in 1 cup boiling water, add 1 dessertspoon sugar, and when cool pour into the cold custard. When partly set, add 2 egg-whites (stiffly beaten) and pulp of 3 large passionfruit and beat till spongy; put aside to set firmly. When turned out pour over the following sauce:

Boil 1 pint water with 2 large tablespoons sugar. When syrup thickens with 1 heaped teaspoon arrowroot, then add pulp of 2 passionfruit. Cook a little longer, then cool. Serve as cold as possible.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. A. Rosin, Nerada Rd., Timara via Maryborough, Qld.

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IN QUARTS AND PINTS

# ...Why not a daily surprise Packed into the lunch-box?

HERE are some recipes to help you . . . Just try them. New and delicious sandwiches, simply and quickly made, but so appetising for school and office lunches.

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert  
to The Australian  
Women's Weekly

**LUNCHES?** Sandwiches? What shall I give them to-day?

The eternal problem . . . and almost every housewife and mother knows just how difficult the problem is.

Especially now the children are back at school again.

Children tire of the same old sandwiches every day, hastily prepared with anything handy in the way of a bit of meat or egg.

Even the healthiest young appetites find food monotonous palling. And who could blame a child for despising an uninteresting lunch?

You'd probably be surprised if you knew how often a dull sandwich, rejected by a young palate, provides a meal for any stray animal that may be around.

And as it's not in a child's nature to confess that he gave his lunch to a hungry dog—he doesn't want to hurt your feelings by letting you think he didn't like the lunch you prepared for him—it never occurs to you that your small son or daughter may not be having sufficient food, not to mention adequate nourishment.

So guard against the possibility of such happenings by making luncheons so interesting that they will be eaten to the last sandwich with great relish.

Pack a surprise into them every day. It's really quite easy if you just spare a little thought.

Here are a few simple recipes—quick and easy to prepare—that change the habitual "door-steps" of bread-with-meat-in-between into tasty, appetising sandwiches that will make any appetite fairly hanker for lunch-time to come around.

For the kiddies, they make a new beautiful lunch that provides more vitamins for those energetic, never-still youngsters.

All these healthy ingredients must make a difference . . . the fruit, the salad, and, of course, the mayonnaise.

Mayonnaise, because it lifts your



OFF TO SCHOOL with delicious lunches stowed away in their school-bags. No wonder they are all smiles.

sandwiches out of the rut. It keeps them from going dry and tasteless. It gives added piquancy, and increases the nutritiousness of sandwiches made with salad.

You will like them yourself. So will young members of the family who go into office, shop or factory every day.

And here's the secret of these appetising, zestful recipes. All you need is your usual sandwich base—bread, butter, and whatever-you-put-inside—plus a few crisp lettuce



A HEALTH-GIVING lunch—green salad sandwiches, meat and mayonnaise roll with lettuce and onion, and fresh fruit.

leaves, garnishings such as olives or gherkins and a good mayonnaise.

A really excellent prepared mayonnaise can be bought for a few pence, the advantage being that it not only saves many hours of not always satisfactory cooking, but it keeps indefinitely, and what a saving in time in those rushed early hours of the day.

That's all—let's go!

## MEAT SANDWICHES

Here's to disguising the everyday meat sandwich! Lightly butter your bread (or rolls) and wipe a spoonful of prepared mayonnaise over, before placing the meat. Add lettuce or gherkin or sliced radish—or, if you prefer, a slice of apple or orange. Another dash of mayonnaise, and you have a sandwich the most jaded palate would welcome.

## MINCE SPREAD

Never are meat "left-overs" more tasty than when minced and mixed with a dash of prepared mayonnaise. Spread on brown bread, add a thin layer of sliced banana, lettuce leaf, and eat. Delicious!

## FRUIT SANDWICH

Banana, pear, peach, apple, in fact, most summer fruits make delicious spreads. Use brown bread or rolls, butter thinly. Add sliced fruit and prepared mayonnaise—and a dash of orange juice if you like—and you have a tasty sandwich that is good for you.

## SALMON MIX

If you like salmon, there's nothing more delicious than the addition of prepared mayonnaise. Mix with salmon, season with pepper and salt, and spread, using plenty of fresh lettuce. Rolls sliced and prepared in the same way are equally tasty.

## SARDINE SALAD SANDWICH

Skin and bone a small tin of sardines and pound them up with prepared mayonnaise. Spread wholemeal bread slices with butter and then spread with the sardine mixture. Add thin slices of skinned tomato before sandwiching the pieces together.

## SALAD BISCUITS

If you have an extra minute, butter some dry biscuits; add a slice of lettuce, cucumber, beet, gherkin, a spoonful of prepared mayonnaise, more lettuce, and top with a dry biscuit. What a mouth-watering mouthful!

## EGG SALAD SANDWICHES

Hard-boil one or two eggs and rub through a sieve. Mix with them a little pepper and salt and a spoonful of prepared mayonnaise. Spread thickly between slices of bread or bridge rolls lightly buttered.

## GREEN SANDWICHES

Make a mixture in a bowl of shredded lettuce, watercress, and parsley divided into tiny sprigs, but

not chopped. Then spread slices of white or brown bread (or some of each) with butter and a little prepared mayonnaise, and put the pieces together with plenty of the green salad between.

## SMOKED KIPPER SANDWICH

Flake a cooked kipper with a fork

and moisten it with some prepared mayonnaise. Spread some slices of bread or bridge rolls with butter. Pepper the kipper well and place in the sandwich between two lettuce leaves. Add some cress and grated radishes if liked. Kipper used in this way tastes very like expensive smoked salmon.



LUNCH-TIME comes as a welcome relaxation to the hard-worked business girl when she can look forward to a delicious and nourishing lunch of appetising sandwiches and fruit.



"Tommy's been a cry-baby again," says Margaret. "I know why! I know why! He wouldn't eat his breakfast for his Mummy."



"You know, Mrs. Rogers," says Tommy's teacher to his Mother, "we never force the children to do anything here at the Kindergarten. The idea is to let Tommy think that there's something interesting about eating his breakfast. Now, have you heard about 'Snap! Crackle! and Pop'?"



Tommy's Mother took his teacher's advice. She gave Tommy a plentiful of Rice Bubbles for breakfast next day. No more trouble with Tommy at breakfast time, now! . . . He loves to eat up those delicious, nourishing Rice Bubbles that greet him with a thrilling "Snap, crackle and Pop" when he comes to breakfast!



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**AH!  
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**SUNSHINE SALAD made with Kraft**

8 oz. packet Kraft Cheddar; 4 hard cooked eggs; 2 tomatoes; 2 oranges; lettuce; olives; parsley; Kraft Mayonnaise. Arrange lettuce leaves on large flat salad plate. Slice oranges and tomatoes into circles, and slice cheese. Cut the eggs into petals as illustrated, and top with mixture of egg yolk and mayonnaise. Arrange all ingredients on lettuce leaves, garnish with olives and parsley. Serves four.



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# MARRYING MARK

By . . .

Violette  
Kimball  
DUNN

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES



Australian Women's  
Weekly NOVEL  
February 18, 1939

SUPPLEMENT—MUST NOT  
BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

# MARRYING MARK

By VIOLETTE KIMBALL DUNN



THE morning following Ellen's departure from the earthly scene, Mark woke to confusion. Then he looked through the open doorway into the emptiness that was Ellen's room, and remembered. But oddly enough, it was not his wife's going that came back to him. It was the memory of the horribly sweet fumes from hundreds of blossoms—the curious mingling of dissolution and festivity—that had risen to the upstairs sitting-room where he and young Valerie had sat the day before in deference to custom.

He had talked softly and incessantly to Valerie. About the dogs and the horses. About the rose garden, and the spring that was almost on them. About anything he could think of connected with life and joy, until Valerie's tense young silliness relaxed against him, and her eyes like pools in her small white face lost some of their daze.

"Dorothy said you would probably sell Wide Acres now," she told him. Mark started.

"Sell Wide Acres?" The idea was purely fantastic.

"That's what she said."

"I'd much sooner think of selling Dorothy!"

Valerie smiled a little. "She said you wouldn't want an enormous house all alone."

"But I'm not alone while there's you. Besides, I built it when there was nobody else here."

Valerie's eyes brimmed again. It disconcerted him. For all her captivity in Ellen's personality, she had never had the habit of tears. He sat still, not speaking. His own freedom was so new, he hardly more than sensed the necessity for caution with Valerie.

"Dorothy said she and Paul could make room for me. She said so—nobody could expect you to—"

"Maybe Dorothy has forgotten that I adopted you legally a long time ago."

"I don't think so. But she said nobody could expect you to—keep me—now—"

"Let's get us some more fire," said Mark. He leaned forward, bringing her with him, and laid a log on the flames. He had entirely forgotten for the moment that a funeral service was being conducted below. Had, even forgotten Ellen, lying almost warmly beautiful under shaded lights in flesh-colored satin. "My darling child, you're not a piece of furniture I had sent home on approval. You see, the law gave you to me. Dorothy can't take you away—unless, of course, you want to go."

He was astonished that the thought of her leaving filled him with sudden fear. He had never thought of it through the strangeness of Ellen's passing, or after. Even though he and Valerie had made

contact only through the veil of his wife's acquiescence, he found himself waiting anxiously for what she would say.

Valerie suddenly clasped her thin young arms as far around him as they would go. It brought her face somewhere towards the middle of his waistcoat. Mark felt his throat tighten for the first time since they told him Ellen had taken her permanent departure from Wide Acres; and as he had an ingrained distrust of too many words, and no intention of adding to the emotion which seemed to drench his house, he merely added his other arm to the one already around her; and they sat and held each other tightly.

"So that's settled," he said presently. "If Dorothy says any more about it, just send her to me."

Soft footsteps in the hall, and Ellen's sister, Dorothy's face full of sorrow and authority at the door. Behind her Paul, her husband. Mark became conscious that the sounds from below had ceased. Or rather that they had become the soft hum of retreating footsteps, and the sound of cars starting in the drive outside.

"It was a lovely service," said Dorothy. Mark felt relief that she stated the fact, instead of asking him a question. "I know darling Ellen would be happy if she could know all the people who came to be with her. Or maybe she does know—"

She drew a wisp of black-and-white chiffon from her sleeve. Her husband patted her arm consolingly. "There will be another brief service at the cemetery, of course. Get your things on, Valerie. It's time to leave."

"But surely—a child—" began Mark. He found himself trembling curiously.

Valerie began to cry softly, with little nervous sobs. Mark clenched his fists, as if he could in this way stop the ridiculous chattering of his teeth.

"I forbid Valerie to go to the cemetery—" he managed to say.

SITTING with Valerie over a late breakfast, he found himself making plans. This would have surprised him if he had thought about it. At home, it had been Ellen who did the planning. She had even tried to plan his business, during the first year they were married; had learned, by means of intelligent questions, almost as much about Mark's chemical plant as the efficient young woman who was his secretary. Indeed, their honeymoon was hardly over before she had put her arms thrillingly around him and begged him to let her assume that office.

Mark had almost doubted his ears. After he became acquainted with the inflexible will lurking in the beauty that was Ellen, he wondered how he had been able to stand so solidly against her in this. Wondered that she believed him when he told her he had married a wife, and not a business partner.

"Isn't it—exciting?" asked Valerie over the rim of a tall glass of milk.

"What?"

"Just sitting here like this—together. No rooms for me and no office for you." She had apparently forgotten for the moment the reason for all this. Let her forget, thought Mark. He had no intention of turning the place into a house of mourning. "Don't you like your school?" he asked.

She hesitated for a long moment, facing him with a sort of shy speculation. "Not—very much."

"Why not?"

"Of course, everybody is very nice," she hurried to tell him. "But you see—it's so far—and cold—"

"Cold?"

"Nobody seems to care. I mean, you feel like a machine—"

Mark nodded, watching her. "Maybe you'd like a change?" he suggested. "Me, I'm not so crazy about this school thing anyway. Schools are sort of mental cal-

liver oil—to be taken and forgotten as soon as possible."

Valerie laughed with delight. Her laughter was like a reproach in her ears, and she shut it off quickly.

"Of course mother is—was—always right, and she said the machine part didn't matter. She said it gave you backbone. But back-

bones aren't so comfortable, are they? She said it was the very best school. And that we ought to be thankful—"

Mark finished his coffee before he answered. "I don't say she wasn't right. But look at it this way: we have to stick together. Who's going to see that I stay home nights, if you are off up the place being educated? So just say I'm a selfish person, and we'll hunt us a learning factory somewhere in town. There must be one. I mean the kind you should go to. Or maybe you can stay at home and have a governess or tutor, or whatever beautiful young women almost fourteen have. We can let it wait a while, anyway, and see. There's no hurry."

"I like it! I mean, the idea. But does it matter what you like?"

Mark looked at her quickly. She had no business with that blend of wistfulness and renunciation. "I hope to tell you it matters! Look at me. I like work. Even in college I knew I was going to be like that. So what do I do? Go and take up room in a plant being a chemical engineer that somebody else might fit much better."

"But it's your plant," Valerie reminded him.

"So it is." He realised suddenly with a pang that he had not even thought of Ellen during the conversation. He pulled himself up sharply. Surely it wasn't decent to begin to forget, even to bring comfort to this thin and solemn child.

Sunlight flooded the room, and outside on the lawn a lone robin strutted. Mark picked Valerie out of her chair and walked with her to the window.

"This is sort of trippish weather. How would you like to take a car and drive? Anywhere—just as it comes? Before we go back to work. Or how about your not going back to work. I mean, not until autumn!"

Valerie leaned a little shyly against his arm. "You have grand thoughts, don't you? I suppose—"

"What?"

"We couldn't really start this morning—"

"Except for one thing."

"You haven't got—I mean, you haven't time—"

"You don't have to be so darned grammatical with me," said Mark.

"It makes it so much easier," she leaned a shade closer. "Would you mind, do you suppose, if I asked you something?"

"I think it would be quite exciting."

"It—it's a favor—"

"All the better."

"Well—would you mind if I called you just father? I mean instead of 'daddy'?"

"Absolutely not. I think it would be great."

"But mother liked 'daddy.' She said of course you weren't my real father. But I do like 'father' so, I suppose it's silly—"

Mark leaned suddenly to kiss the top of her head. "Just because you like it doesn't mean it's silly," he explained.

When she looked up again her face was like a child's. "There's another favor—"

"Sometimes, when you aren't too busy, do you suppose we could go to see the kennels?"

He could hardly remember hearing Valerie ask for anything. He had thought of her during the five years he had been married to Ellen as a small shadow in a state of perpetual acquiescence.

He looked up and saw Valerie sitting with patiently folded hands, and realised she had asked him a question, and was waiting for him to answer.

"Listen, my sweet," he said. "We both know how wonderful your mother was—how beautiful—and how good. We don't have to go into that. But she and I were hardly married before I found out something I never knew before, and that is that a man's a man and a woman's a woman, and there isn't any overlooking it. And just because they're so different doesn't mean they can't both be right."

"Take the dog business. Ellen believed a dog's place was in a kennel. I believe a library fire just abouts for a dog to warm his back. Well, we didn't have a dog. After all, she was in the house more than I was. You and I happen to think a dog's place is in the home. So what? A dog is by the library fire—and any other place you want him."

"Oh—," said Valerie again. It seemed all she could think of.

They went to the kennels, and Valerie asked her Scottie. The head gardener turned to her at once when he saw her coming over it. He promised her the puppy as soon as it was properly trained and ready to leave its mother. Meanwhile, she could come every day to see it until she went back to school.

"But I'm not going back," she cried. She stopped as soon as she said it and looked obediently at Mark. The excitement faded from her thin little face.

"We're not going back to school," said Mark quickly. "If we did, who would help with the dogs?"

He came into the library at three that afternoon, with Valerie, sedate, beside him.

LEE DAGNALL, Ellen's friend and lawyer for many years, sat at the table looking over papers, and to Mark's surprise there were four other people in the room.

He had not realised there would be anybody but himself and Valerie, and saw from the slightly reproachful looks they bent on him that they felt he should have been told when they arrived, and some notice

taken of them. Dorothy and Paul had come and gone in the house at will during the last wretched week, and Elise Waterford, and Shirley Endicott, being Ellen's dearest friends, were on anything but a formal footing.

Mark sat on the sofa and drew Valerie down beside him. Lee at once unfolded Ellen's will, and began to read. The formal phrases fascinated Valerie as he proceeded. Not that she understood them, but coupled with her own name, they sounded strange and full of importance.

After a few minutes, however, they fell more and more into a sort of cadence, like some sombre music, and she found trouble in keeping her mind on them except as an accompaniment to her thoughts. She had so many things to think about.

She was the sole owner of a dog. She was going on a trip with Mark.

Again she heard her name—"my beloved daughter, Valerie." It was funny, because "beloved" sounded like being loved, and certainly her mother had never loved her! She thought of Ellen a little hazily, even now; which was queer, when the thought of Ellen had dominated her for so long.

She looked up and found Lee had stopped reading, and was putting his papers back in his brief case. Her Aunt Dorothy got up, and Elise and Shirley with Mark beside them. She followed and slipped her hand into his.

"Ellen's child was her dominant passion," said Dorothy, looking obliquely at Mark. She was feeling sentimental about Ellen for the first time in twenty years. The ten thousand dollars Ellen had left her had been an enormous surprise. With five thousand each to Elise and Shirley.

And the trust fund for Valerie. Not a fortune, of course, but more than a child had any need of. Mark's marriage settlement must have been far more than anybody dreamed. But that was Ellen's way from childhood.

Leaving money to Elise and Shirley was madness. Not that Ellen would have listened, even if anybody had known she was going to do it. Elise's alimony must run into thousands, and Shirley made enough with her best sellers to keep her like a princess. Still, reverting to the trust fund, no properly brought-up child could use the income for years.

Lee Dagnall stopped on his way to the great hall to shake hands. "I'll be getting along," he said to Mark. "Drop into my office when you have time. There are a few details—"

"I'll do that," Mark told him. He gripped Lee's hand. He liked the man, although there had been no really close contact between them.

"Good-bye, lovely ladies. That means you, too, young person," Lee said to Valerie. "I congratulate you on your father."

"Thank you," said Valerie. She tried to remember a grown-up voice. She looked up at Mark, and he looked down at her. Both smiled.

There was something proprietary in the smile that vaguely troubled Dorothy. She nodded mechanically to Lee, glad of his departing footsteps. If Elise and Shirley would follow—

But Elise and Shirley showed no symptoms of following. They stood one on either side of Mark and his daughter, chatting pleasantly.

"I have the sweetest plan," Elise told Mark. "I want to take this darling away for a while—just us two—not so far but what you could run up often." She put a familiar hand on Valerie's shoulder.

Valerie could feel the spot turn cold. She

edged toward Mark and put her fingers on his arm. Shirley said nothing. The scarlet line of her mouth twitched a little as she looked from Mark to Valerie.

Valerie liked Shirley. She liked her blue eyes rimmed with long dark lashes, and the lovely transparency of her skin. She made up her mind to look as much like Shirley as possible when she grew up.

Dorothy didn't smile at Elise. Valerie could see that her aunt was angry. She had seen Dorothy's temper before. The kind of temper that mustn't show. The kind where you pretend to be pleased when you're not.

"Mark and I both appreciate that," she said sweetly. "But, you see, we're anxious to get the child settled and back in school as soon as possible. I plan to keep her just a few days—"

Valerie doubted her ears. Her lovely castle was tumbling before she had it fairly built. She turned terrified eyes on Mark. He could fix anything. He would fix this.

Mark was speaking. "It's simply grand of you all to make plans for us," he said. "We appreciate it. But you see, we made our own first. As a matter of fact, Valerie isn't going anywhere. She's staying here at home with me." It felt like a sort of amiable bombshell.

THE will was read on Friday. On Saturday, Dorothy and Paul left for home. Callett, the chauffeur, loaded them and their luggage into the town car, and Mark drove Valerie in his roadster. It was one of those misunderstandings by which Valerie found out she was a human being, instead of a creature moved by grown-up strings. She stood in the hall, waiting listlessly to say good-bye to Dorothy and her husband. The car was already at the door as her aunt paused beside her. Dorothy's mourning seemed to flow in tides around her; Valerie shrank from its contact.

"I thought it would be better for us to follow you than to try to crowd in," he told Paul. "Haven't you better be getting on your bonnet and shawl, Val?"

Valerie wondered if she was dreaming. She looked closely at Mark to be sure he was in his right mind.

"Are you going to take me to the station?" she asked.

"You didn't think I was going to leave you here, did you?"

Dorothy opened her lips, but Valerie didn't wait to hear what came out. She was already leaping up the wide stairs toward her room.

"Do you really think this is quite wise?" asked Dorothy.

"Does it really take a lot of wisdom to drive a kid to a railroad station?" he wondered. He hoped he was going to continue to be polite to Dorothy.

She moved closer to him in her heavy black, looking up the stairway, and speaking secretly. "You'll understand that I am a little fearful," she said. "After all, she is my sister's only child. I know Ellen's wish was to keep Valerie from active contact with the world, so that when she emerged, she would be prepared—"

"For what?" asked Mark. He couldn't quite help it.

Dorothy looked at him with faint pity. "For life, of course. With her slightly neurotic tendencies—"

It always amazed him that the child was almost fourteen. He would have said at guests that she was a rather tall and stringy ten. He had always tried to keep his ideas about his stepchild to himself. After all, she was Ellen's, and his policy had been

hands off. And he had really known very little of her. School in the winter and expensive camps in the summer, where Ellen's instructions had been strictly carried out, had given them very little contact.

Valerie now came into sight around the bend in the stairs. A blue beret was half on her head, and her coat hung by one sleeve, while she struggled into the other.

Mark caught her just as she stumbled down the last two steps. He straightened her hat, and put her into her coat. "Where's the fire?" he asked calmly.

"I was afraid you'd get tired waiting—or—change your mind—"

"How do you know I've got one?"

She looked up with a quick half glance, and then giggled suddenly.

"Go on out and climb in," he ordered. "Second car to the rear—seat beside the driver. That's me."

He turned to Dorothy again. The sight of Valerie's eager, pointed little face had somehow restored his poise.

"Now—" He followed Dorothy and Paul out to the car, and saw them safely inside. He even shut the door himself, so there would be no mistake about it.

"See you at the station, Catlett," he told the chauffeur. The man got in behind the wheel, and the big car purred smoothly away. Mark went in for his hat and coat, and came out again to Valerie.

And how remarkably he drove, because, by merely manipulating a few buttons and bits of metal, they were presently spinning down the drive.

Mark caught her eyes on his hands. "By the way," he wanted to know, "what are lovely young women wearing this season? Your aunt seemed to think you ought to have a new wardrobe."

Valerie looked up wisely. "I want to talk to you about that, please. She—I mean Dorothy—said I should wear black. It's funny about black. There's party black—like for dancing—I love it. But black for—I mean like—like here—Of course, I could wear it, if you want me to—"

"In China," said Mark, "they use white to mourn in. You see, it's just a matter of custom, of being conventional—doing things because other people do. It has nothing to do with what you feel inside. I don't happen to like it, myself—I mean black—but you shall have a ton of it if you want it."

"But I don't," she cried. "I want blue—and white—and—"

"We'll find your favorite shop, and buy 'em out. But maybe you'd better not tell Dorothy."

"Oh—no—"

He laughed at the horror in Valerie's eyes. Then he decided it was no laughing matter.

THE train slipped away from the platform.

Valerie and Mark almost missed it. Mark apologized steadily for the two minutes left him, and said things about the traffic.

He was so charming, Valerie wondered how Dorothy could look at him so crossly. She and Paul stood in the vestibule of their car, behind glass, for now the door was shut in their very faces. Her aunt looked out at them grimly as they stood side by side on the platform.

Anyway, she had no chance to speak, for suddenly the train was gone, leaving a faintly disturbing scent of smoke about their heads.

"A railroad station is terribly exciting, isn't it?" Valerie asked, as they went back up the long stairs. "I mean—it sort of goes up your spine—"

Mark stopped short to look down on her. "Can you belong, by any chance, to the

Brothers of the Wandering Foot?" he asked. "Because, if so, you've picked the right parent. Just give me a few months at the factory to make 'em think they can't get on without me, and I'll show you a real vacation. Where would you be wanting to go?"

"California, please—and the South Seas—nowhere cold—unless you like it—"

"California and the South Seas are all right with me."

Valerie took refuge in saying nothing, as she so often did. Things had come so fast—being terribly shocked, losing a mother, finding a father, finding yourself, or at least beginning to—she was badly confused.

They came out of the station, found the parked roadster, and headed for shops. Mark asked which one she preferred, and Valerie, after trying frantically to be grown-up, collapsed and told him the truth.

"I don't know any shops, father. You see, I never saw my clothes until they were sent to me. Mother got them, and I just wore them. She thought girls ought not to think about clothes—I mean, until they were older—so what are we going to do?"

"Oh, we'll muddle along," said Mark.

His eye was now caught by a riot of color behind a plate-glass window. He pulled around a corner and parked his car.

They came out an hour later, and piled boxes in the rumble. Valerie had insisted on carrying them. She wouldn't trust them to be delivered. She felt even now that there must be some mistake, and that if she took her eyes off the things, they would be sure to vanish.

Mark headed for his factory next morning. He had, he said, to show up at least for the day, before they went adventuring. He wondered a bit uneasily what Valerie would do without him. It was the first time he had left her.

He put it to her at breakfast, but she told him solemnly that with her old things to transfer to Mrs. Banwood, her new ones to pack, and the dogs to say good-bye to, the day would be hardly long enough. He left her standing out on the wide steps, the morning breeze in her hair, her right hand raised in a queer little salute as he wheeled his roadster around the curve of the drive and was gone.

He carried the picture with him with an odd sort of emotion. She looked small and somehow valiant under the great arch of the doorway. He was in the process of finding himself, as Valerie was. Getting his bearings to sail his course alone. Weighted a bit with responsibility. Being a father, he was finding, was nothing to laugh off.

Valerie watched his car vanish among the trees. She felt small and insignificant, and at the same time terribly important. It was pleasantly confusing. She went into the house, and hurried to her own room.

The house frightened Valerie a little, for the first time since Ellen went. She ran upstairs, past her mother's sitting-room, bright with chintz and books and flowers. Its very brightness was a little terrifying. There was a curious, suspended sense about it, as if it were a sort of picture, waiting for Ellen to come back and give it life.

It was strange what people did to a house. With Mark there, everything that wasn't part of him faded. Now that he was gone, her mother seemed everywhere. Her chilly, charming voice came faintly, clipped and precise, reciting what nice girls did and what they didn't do. What they thought and what they didn't think.

She went into her dressing-room and opened the big clothes closet to pass final sentence on the solemn dresses in an orderly row on their hangers. It hardly seemed possible she was about to wipe the place bare of them and start all over again.

She was balanced in enchantment before the newly-filled closet when Mrs. Banwood walked into the room. Valerie jumped and confronted her, standing before the swaying garments defensively.

"I—I'm afraid I didn't hear you knock—" she said.

"I knocked three times," said Mrs. Banwood. "What in the world!"

"Just—just my new things. I—I'm sorry I didn't hear you." Mrs. Banwood fingered a bright chiffon critically. "And who is going to wear these?" she asked.

"I. I am." Valerie ran past her into the bedroom and gathered a pile of sober garments from the bed. "These are for you." She thrust them into Mrs. Banwood's arms. "My father said you would know what to do with them. You see, somebody may need them—"

"Who bought you the others?"

"My father." The words made magic. She wanted to say them over and over—"my father." When she said it, she could see the ugly grey of Mrs. Banwood's disapproval fade.

"Aren't you going to wear any mourning?" The woman seemed able to speak in nothing but questions. They sounded held, even to her own ears.

"Did you know that in China they wear white when somebody—goes away?" asked Valerie. "It's true, because my father says so. He says it's what's in your heart—not what color you have on."

Mrs. Banwood looked down at her accusingly. "And your mother hardly in her grave!" She stopped suddenly.

Nervous tears filled Valerie's eyes. She could almost see the world turning again into the dim and dusty place where she had lived so long.

Mrs. Banwood was a little troubled at the tears. After all, the child was not her business. Let them dress her in rainbows, for all she cared. Housekeepers were not at a premium with conditions what they were, and places like this didn't grow on bushes. She tried to smile reassuringly at Valerie, who found the grin terrifying.

"Thanks for the things," said Mrs. Banwood. She settled the clothes more firmly in her long arms. "I know you little girls who aren't lucky like you. They will be thankful enough to have them."

"How—how nice—" said Valerie. "I mean, that you know somebody who—" She wondered how far it was proper to go with housekeepers.

However, while she thought about this the situation resolved itself. The woman moved towards the door. Once there, she stopped suddenly, and turned back. Valerie braced herself for she knew not what.

"Oh, my—I declare—what with the dresses and all—I forgot to tell you, although I came up myself—Mrs. Radding and her daughter are in the drawing-room. Mrs. Giddens Radding!" She spoke the name with reverence.

IN the drawing-room a fat dowager and her stringy daughter waited. Valerie had met them once, briefly, the year before. She wondered as she came in, why Mrs. Banwood spoke their names as if she were going to church.

She made a curtsy to Mrs. Radding as she had been taught, and then to the almost

Imperceptibly yawning Miss Radding, and wondered what to do next.

"Such a quaint gesture for such a tall girl," commented the dowager. "How old are you, darling?"

"Thirteen and a half—almost," said Valerie. "I'm sorry I didn't know you were here. I think Mrs. Banwood forgot—I mean, something took my mind off it—". She stopped. This wasn't putting Mrs. Banwood in much of a light. "I'm sure she's very sorry."

"It's quite all right," said Mrs. Radding. She seemed determined to enjoy herself. "Gilda felt we simply must come in and see how you were getting on—you poor mite—". She glanced sharply at Gilda, who was shaking down a cigarette, and barely bothering to cover a second yawn. "Of course, we hardly looked for you the day your dear mother—I mean at the services—they were beautiful—". She drew a handkerchief from her purse and touched her eyes.

Her daughter looked at her from under slightly raised eyebrows. She seemed to say that she would follow her mother's sentimentalities only so far.

"I was upstairs—with father—", explained Valerie nervously. Was it only this morning that she had said good-bye to Mark? She seemed to have been shut up in this strange house forever alone.

"How like dear Ellen to have shared him with you. Of course, it isn't as if he were really your father, is it?"

"It's much better," said Valerie.

She looked up and saw Mrs. Radding's rather full eyes regarding her strangely. Then Chiltern came to the doorway, and announced lunch. He looked straight at Valerie, bowing very slightly.

He was, she decided, probably the second most wonderful man she had ever known. She had never felt so important. It was just as if a firm hand had suddenly taken hers. It was as if she had quite grown up.

She said, "Thank you, Chiltern," in striking imitation of Ellen, and got up, moving out through the great hall toward the dining-room. Guests became suddenly exciting, never mind much who they were. It was exciting trying to remember all the right things to do. To behave as befitted somebody who was Mark's daughter.

Valerie watched Mrs. Radding eat her way through lunch with a strange fascination. She herself ate almost nothing, although she had been eating almost ravenously for several days. It seemed easy to eat with Mark opposite her—laughing at her, laughing with her, telling her things, asking her things.

Later, when they had gone back to the drawing-room, she found out why Mrs. Radding had come to lunch, although even then she couldn't quite believe it. Mrs. Radding had by this time learned that Mark had really adopted Valerie some years before.

"And now we must have a nice little talk before I go," said Mrs. Radding. She drew Valerie down beside her her fat hand suddenly strong.

Valerie wondered what she had been doing up to now, and decided that it must be the "nice" that made it different.

"I would love you to think of me as a mother," she said confidentially. Valerie shivered a little. She stopped almost immediately, and hoped nobody had noticed. "To come to me with your small joys and woes. It was so bitterly tragic for your lovely mother to die—to leave her home, and her little girl, and be hurried into the darkness—".

The shivering began again, and this time it went on and on. It seemed to be inside, where nobody could see.

"My father says she hasn't—I mean gone

—into darkness," said Valerie uncertainly. "He says she was really her thoughts—and they couldn't—die—because she took them with her—".

"What a very strange idea," said Mrs. Radding. She looked across at Gilda; but Gilda was smoking, and flicking the pages of a smart magazine she had got from the library on her way from the lunch table.

"But we do know what has happened to all the lovely things she left behind her. Or do we?" Gilda's eyes lifted, flickered briefly, and dropped again. "Her jewels, for instance—".

"They're in a place—a deposit—or something—I think in a bank—". Valerie remembered hearing Lee Dagnall say this when he read the will.

"They would be," said Mrs. Radding. She reached out and took Valerie's thin little hand into the vast softness of her own.

Valerie saw it coming, and braced herself. She wondered if people forgave you if something burst inside, and you screamed in their faces.

"I loved your dear mother. It seems curious your—your father hasn't given some token of hers to her intimate friends—".

Valerie thought of Elsie and Shirley, and the will. But something told her not to tell. Gilda's eyes flickered again. "Dear Ellen's sable coat! Not the ermine—or the broadtail—I have ermine, and the broadtail was beginning to rub. I noticed it the last time I saw dear Ellen wear it. But the sable. I wonder if you know it? I wonder if you wouldn't love me to have it—to remember my friend—".

Valerie looked at Mrs. Radding's bulk, which overflowed the little seat they were on.

"My mother was not very large—I mean around—", she offered uncertainly. Mrs. Radding's florid face grew even redder. Over in her corner Gilda made a curious choking sound without raising her eyes.

"But don't you see, darling, Gilda could wear it for me. My little Gilda! Then I should always have it near me. Something dear Ellen had worn—something personal, intimate—to keep always—".

"I—I'll ask my father." But even before Mrs. Radding answered, she knew it wasn't the right thing.

The dowager got up as suddenly as she was able, and faced Valerie.

"I hope you will do nothing of the kind," she said crisply.

Gilda held her long ebony holder with its half-smoked cigarette, and got lastly to her feet. "Taking candy from a baby isn't my idea of sport. This was your bright idea, remember—not mine."

Mrs. Radding's maternity vanished with her manners. She looked witheringly on Gilda, and started out of the drawing-room. The velvet hangings just stirred, and a moment later Chiltern opened the front door for them, stepping out to call their car.

VALERIE stood in the big hall and watched them go, and said nothing. Then, as if to get some air, went out into the late-afternoon sunshine and down the little drive to the kennels. Collins was nowhere to be seen, but Tam, the little Scottish mother, was tumbling her babies about the grass behind the fence of the kennel enclosure. Valerie let herself in, and dropped down beside them.

Tam came near, lifting her black muzzle and looking up through the hair that half hid her eyes. Valerie caught her close, but Tam wriggled free and went back to the rolling puppies. Valerie picked up McTawish, cuddling him, but he didn't help much.

The sun was drooping lower now. The air

was growing faintly chilly. Valerie pulled the unwelcome black coat closer. She was crying and wondered vaguely if she was ever going to stop. Collins' voice came faintly from the direction of the little cottage where he and his wife and two children lived and kept watch over Wide Acres.

Valerie, pricked to sudden action, jumped to her feet. If Collins came and saw her, what would he think of her—but, worse, what would he think of Mark? For who would imagine that Mark's daughter would begin to cry the minute his back was turned?

She ran to the gate and unlatched it, remembering even in her flight to shut it carefully behind her. She disappeared down the drive, a small black shadow in the twilight. She found the main driveway, and trotted down the half-mile that lay between her and the big gates. She had a dim notion of getting nearer Mark. But she was very tired, and her head was so dull and confused she sat down on a flat rock and tried to think. The crying had stopped at last. Probably all the tears she would ever have were used up. She would never be able to cry again, that was one comfort.

The queer shaking persisted. It seemed to be quite apart from her. Something over which she had no control. But it made her very tired. Things were getting very jumbled, and she kept slumping more and more, until at last she gave up and curled down on the big grey rock and thought no more about anything.

AT seven, the light from Mark's lamps picked her out of the twilight as he swung through the gates. At first he saw only a blur of black against the grey of the rock. He had gone on a hundred yards when his memory focused it as something to be looked into. He jammed on his brakes and stopped, jumped out, and ran back along the gravel, and presently stood looking down on Valerie.

Her small face lay white against the black of her crooked elbow. Her lashes looked fantastically long—trailing shadows on her cheeks. She still shivered in her sleep, moving uneasily.

Mark stooped and lifted her in his arms. He was amazed and somewhat appalled at her lightness. No growing girl should weigh as little as this! Something would have to be done about it.

His astonishment wiped out any sense of fear. A sleeping child on a flat stone beside his road was outside his experience. He went back to the car, freeing one hand to shut off the motor. It was better to carry her the rest of the way than to shock her into waking by driving off with her. He strode on up the drive, trying to puzzle it out.

Chiltern opened the door, and closed it after them. He managed to remove Mark's coat, and took his hat and gloves. He put them away, and came back, meeting Mark's eyes over Valerie's young body. The shivering had stopped, and Mark, looking in sudden fear at her pale face against his shoulder, wondered if she could have fainted.

"I found her lying by the side of the drive! Have you any idea what this is all about?" he asked.

So Chiltern told him, in remarkably few words, several of which bore no relation to a well-trained butler at all. He wound up with the sable coat.

"I see," said Mark when he had finished. "Exactly how did you hear all this?"

"Most of it took place during lunch, sir.

As to the coat, sir—I happened to be in the hall—I had work there—

"Good," said Mark. "Always keep work about in the hall—when there are visitors—of course, I mean when I'm not here." He found sudden laughter struggling with the rage which had mounted rapidly as he listened.

"Yes, sir," said Chiltern. "Thank you." When Mrs. Banwood came hurrying up, knocked and was admitted, she found there was nothing to do. Valerie was sitting back in the cushions of the chaise longue in her own room, with Mark astride, facing her, at the end.

"You wanted me, Mr. Alexander?" she asked. She stooped for the black coat, which lay crumpled on the floor, as if it had been dropped there in a hurry.

"Yes," said Mark, "that is—will you just take that coat, please, and give it to someone. It doesn't matter whom. We don't want to look at it any more, that's all. We don't like black much." He wondered how much sense this made. Apparently Mrs. Banwood was quite satisfied.

"Yes, sir," she said. "Shall I send up Miss Valerie's dinner?"

"No—," said Valerie quickly. She hadn't found Mark only to lose him to a dinner table. "I mean, thank you very much. I'm coming right down with my father." She got up, facing Mark. "It's probably dinner time. I'll wash my hands and face—"

THEY were at the end of a long and leisurely dinner before Valerie referred to Mrs. Radding.

"Well, the Radding mother and young came to lunch. So what?"

"If you'd been here, you'd know! But, then, if you'd been here none of it would have happened. At least, I don't think it would."

Mark poured himself a fresh cup of coffee. "I can hardly wait to hear," he told her.

"It was a very good lunch. I—I really wasn't hungry, but it must have been, because they ate a great deal. That is, Mrs. Radding did. Gilda smoked so much, she didn't have time for a lot of food."

"Sounds very jolly."

"But it wasn't—not really."

"You surprise me. How was that?"

"Well, Mrs. Radding talked. I mean—about mother—and everything. She made it all seem so awful somehow. I got terribly frightened. I knew I was being silly—nearly grown-up, and all—"

As she rested against him, he could feel her shiver again. He set down his cup, rubbed out his cigarette, and drew Valerie from the arm of his chair to his knees, inwardly cursing all meddlesome old women who delight in inflicting misery. Mrs. Radding had been, he supposed, the kind of child who impaled butterflies on pins.

"Well, isn't there any more of Mrs. Radding? Don't tell me that's all. She appears to have been in splendid form."

"There's a lot more. She said mother's friends ought to have things to remember her by. She asked a great many questions—like where was all her jewellery—and things. I tried not to tell her anything you wouldn't want her to know. I said I thought the jewels were in the bank. So she said she'd like to have mother's coat. The sable one, because she had ermine and the broadtail was beginning to wear. At least, I think that's what she said."

"So what did you say to that?"

"I said I'd ask you. But it must have been wrong, because she was very angry,

and said something about my being some kind of dull—incon—I'm afraid I don't remember. Anyhow, she said I was to do nothing of the kind. I mean, tell you. Only I decided I would anyway. Then in a minute they went home."

"What an excellent idea if they had never left it!"

Valerie sighed with relief. It was all so simple now. She could hardly believe Mrs. Radding had troubled her.

"I figure it like this," said Mark. "There are two kinds of friends, the way there are two kinds of people. One sort sees how much they can get, and the others what they can give. It's really much better to be on the giving side. It gets you more in the end. Sounds funny, but that's the way it is. Mrs. Radding happens to be one of the getters."

EVERYTHING nice seemed to be happening at once. Also several things that were not nice. The best was that the day before they went away, Shirley called her up. Valerie had thought she had forgotten.

Valerie had almost forgotten the smooth, lovely tones of Shirley's voice. Things unlinked themselves for you when Shirley spoke. You wished her voice would go on and on forever. Or at least for a long time. But Shirley's message was brief. She wanted, she said, to remind Valerie of their engagement.

"I've been up to my ears, darling, or I'd have phoned before. Going over the proof of a silly book, and trying to finish a story for an exasperated editor only two jumps behind me. Could I drive over and get you to-morrow?"

"To-morrow we're going away," said Valerie. She would have been almost sad if she hadn't wanted to go so much. There was something about Shirley that was so sweet. "Could—could you please have me when we get back?" It took courage to suggest it, but she couldn't quite give it up. "We wouldn't be gone so very long. I do so want to come to your party!"

"Of course," said Shirley over the wire. "Perhaps it will be even nicer, because we'll have more time to think about it. Call me as soon as you get back, and we'll make a date."

"I think McTavish will be old enough to come, too, by then," said Valerie.

"McTavish?"

"He's going to be a Scottie when he's older."

"Of course we must have McTavish. And any kind of a party you like. And maybe Mark would come for dinner, and bring you home."

"Oh—yes—" It was wonderful how things straightened out.

"Good-bye, darling. Don't forget—when you get home—"

"I won't—good-bye—thank you." She sat still for a moment after she put the telephone back. It seemed as if Shirley must be somewhere near.

What was not so nice was the sight of Elise's maroon car in the drive, as she came back from a flying trip to the kennels, late that afternoon. She would have run away to lose herself in the shrubbery if Elise hadn't caught sight of her just as the big front door swung open. Elise and Shirley in one day. Almost as if they had known—only, of course, they couldn't have.

"I happened to be passing the gates, and thought I'd run in and see if I could carry you off to drive a little," she said. "You must need cheering up, darling. You've been on my mind night and day, and I'd have run in days ago, but I thought it

more tactful to leave you and your dear daddy to get a bit acquainted."

Valerie wondered why "daddy" gave her the creeps. It must be a perfectly good word, for heaps of people used it. It couldn't be because they never heard of "father." That was quite a common word, too, although it would probably take time to get used to it.

"Good heavens," cried Elise, "what have I said? Don't sit and stare at me like that!"

Valerie jumped. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to. I guess it—it's just one of my bad habits."

Elise smiled. Valerie wished that she wouldn't. When you didn't feel smiling inside, it was silly to act as if you did.

Elise got up and went to Valerie's chair and held out her hand. "We're going to be great pals," she said. "Come on—we'll drive till dinner time; then I'll bring you back, and your daddy may be home, and perhaps you'll take pity on me and give me a bite to eat. Wouldn't it be sweet—just us three?"

Valerie had to think very quickly. She let Elise take her hand, although she got up and stood beside her.

"Oh—yes—thank you—" she said. "But you see, we're going on a trip. To-morrow morning. Very early. My father may not get home until late to-night. And I'm packing—at least, I'm helping—"

Elise dropped her hand. "Of course, if Mark isn't coming home—it would probably bore you terribly—just us two—"

She sat down again just as Valerie was beginning to breathe freely once more. She suddenly asked a great many questions: where they were going, how long they'd be away, and especially if anybody else was going, too. Valerie said she didn't know, until they came to who was going.

Elise's rather sullen dark eyes rested on Valerie sharply until she found out the answer to that. Then they brightened, and she rose once more. She glanced out into the hall almost as if she were going to say something nobody must hear, and lowered her voice.

But she spoke casually. "I suppose you wouldn't know what your daddy did with darling Ellen's sable coat? I just happened to think of it. Funny, wasn't it?"

Valerie thought it wasn't funny at all. She was getting tired of her mother's sable coat. "My father sent it to the furriers," she said. She didn't explain about its being for her—later—when she grew up. She felt somehow it was enough just to tell where it was. After all, that was what Elise had asked.

Chiltern was standing by the door. She looked at him oddly as she went out.

"Call my car, will you?" she said.

Chiltern bowed and followed her onto the terrace. But he didn't have to call the car, for it was waiting. He opened the door, and Elise got in.

She must have forgotten Valerie, for she didn't say good-bye. Just remembered and looked back suddenly and waved her hand as they disappeared around the curve.

THEY really started the next morning, in the early sunshine. Alice, still smiling, had filled two of the cages in the luggage trunk with Valerie's new clothes, and didn't forget any of the things Mrs. Banwood was sure she would forget.

Mrs. Banwood silently disapproved of Alice's packing. She disapproved of Valerie's blue knitted suit, and her blue tweed coat to motor in. She disapproved of Valerie's and Mark's being gay, and of laughing so much.

Valerie leaned back beside Mark, and

looked out on the world. She supposed she was the same girl she had been six months ago. Three months ago. Even six weeks ago. But she had nothing to prove it, except that she recognised herself in the glass.

Nothing, that is, until the old queer shocks of vague and nameless terror came riding over her like a cloud, and swamped her. She had never told Mark about them, but she had known them as long as she could remember. It was something like being afraid of the dark when you were very young, only much worse. She had tried to explain it to Ellen, but Ellen had looked at her with her long-lashed lovely eyes that saw so little, and laughed.

"Good heavens!" she had exclaimed. "What nonsense! Don't tell me you're going to be a morbid child! I must speak to Miss Weatherbee about some kind of psychology class for you when you're older."

Valerie had an almost frantic dread of her mother's laughter. So she had never mentioned it again. The fits of terror had grown far apart lately. She had had a bad one the night after Mrs. Radding and Glida had come to lunch.

They nearly always came at night. She would awaken suddenly, sitting straight and shaking in bed, her hands at her heart. "I'm gone!" she would think. Sometimes she cried it out loud, though where she had gone, she never stopped to think.

Presently her heart would cease its pounding, and she would lie down, weak and trembling. After a long time, she would go back to sleep. The next day would be almost, as bad. Gloom, and a nameless sort of fear.

It was different, now that she had Mark. She thought about all this now, and looking up at him, saw that he was looking back at her and that he was smiling.

"When I was young, girls wanted to know things," he said. "You haven't spoken for at least ten miles. You haven't even asked where we're heading—"

"But it doesn't make much difference, does it?" asked Valerie. "You see, this is the first trip I ever took. I mean, with my father. Because you can't call a chauffeur's driving you a trip, can you? It's the first time I ever chose my own clothes, and the first time I ever had a friend I mean really a friend. Are fathers always friends?"

"Well, anyway they always ought to be," said Mark. He knew a moment's qualm for the responsibility he had undertaken. He felt a mounting respect for the heads of families. "As for where we're going, I thought we'd just head north and let things ride. We'll just along, and if we see anything we like, we'll stop and look it over. It's not to hurry when you're just out to play, don't you think?"

"I think it's all nice," said Valerie. "It's like all the things that ought to happen, and nearly always don't."

THEY were gone a month. Valerie's small thin face filled out, and her color became a part of it, instead of a mere reaction to fear or joy. She had gone away a little girl. She was coming back, if not grown-up, at least not nearly so young.

It had happened up in a little Vermont town. Her room in the hotel had been next to Mark's as usual. She had gone quietly to bed after a long day in the open, and had fallen asleep almost at once.

Suddenly, toward morning, the panic was on her. She sat on the side of her bed, clutching her heart, which thumped and pounded and left her cold and shaking. For

the first time in her life there had been somebody to help.

She must have cried out, for suddenly there was Mark. He ran in, thrusting his arms into his dressing-gown of heavy silk. He asked no questions, but picked her up, caught a cover from the bed, wrapped her in it, and walked up and down the room with her in his arms.

When the terror dimmed a bit, he began to talk, dropping a hint here, a tactful question there, until he had the whole story. He couldn't have told what he said. Words seemed to come to him unsought. Valerie could hardly remember the next day. She only knew that when he put her back in her bed, kissing her and going quietly out, the thing vanished forever. The secret fear she had hidden almost as long as she could remember had evaporated. She would never have forgotten the trip for that alone.

The next day Mark taught her to drive his car. He said she might as well learn on the long stretches of road, even though she couldn't drive officially for ever so long.

So he made a driver of her. It was just another wonder in a world filled with miracles. The sense of controlled power under her hands. The smooth beat of the engine, like a great heart. She wondered again if she was really the wretched little girl at Miss Weatherbee's school who questioned daily why she had been born.

TWO days this side of home, they ran into adventure. Valerie had been secretly wondering about adventures. A trip could hardly be complete without one, and yet she wouldn't speak of it to Mark for fear of hurting his feelings. And then, just as she had abandoned the idea, there it was!

They had made an early start, getting up at six, with a long day of driving ahead. The world still wore its early-morning face of innocence as they came out of the hotel and watched the head porter direct the stowing away of their bags. There was a small thrill in the way even servants spoke to Mark. Even when they didn't know who he was. They seemed to feel he was very special.

She could hardly realise she had known him a whole five years without knowing him at all. She felt as if she had only recently discovered him. Like Columbus and America, or Franklin and electricity.

She sat beside him in the car, thinking this, and looking up at him admiringly. She thought she would like to tell him. Only it was funny about words. They often paid so little attention to what was expected of them.

The road ran through little villages and past thick woods. The woods always made Valerie want to get out and explore. Sometimes she and Mark did, but to-day she knew there wasn't time, so she said nothing. There were miles and miles of road, built over waste land and marshes, and they planned to cover it by afternoon.

They stopped beside a great elm under which a little brook chattered, and ate their lunch from a hamper, sitting side by side on the running-board, like children. They almost always ate their midday meal like this, and Valerie loved it more than all the splendid dining-rooms in which they had been fed.

Getting back in the car, she could see why Mark had predicted rain. A heavy black cloud unrolled across the west. Like a dark blanket putting the sun to bed, she thought.

"You were right, father—about the rain. Look!" she cried.

"I've often thought I'd get me a job with the weather bureau," he said. "However, I won't deceive you. I read it in the local paper last night. 'Probably showers.' But we don't mind."

"No, and if we did, what good would it do?"

"Philosopher! Want to drive your aged father?"

Valerie laughed. Mark's assumption of age always amused her. Although he knew so terribly much, she often felt much older than he. She climbed in under the wheel, and switched on the engine. Even now she couldn't get used to seeing the car come to life in her hands.

"How did you know? I mean, that I wanted to drive."

"As one good chauffeur to another—it's a kind of feeling in my bones. Do you mind if I smoke?"

"Of course not," said Valerie. Asking her about smoking was another trick of Mark's that made her feel grown-up.

He lit a cigarette and slumped down beside her. He was more completely at peace than he ever remembered being before.

The clouds were riding lower now, and occasionally thunder rumbled. When the storm began, he would take the wheel. He wished idly that it could have waited for pleasanter surroundings. The highway ran over the marshes on a kind of causeway. The tall dark grasses on either side blew slantwise in the wind, like the spears of an army.

It was picturesque, he decided, but not cheerful. Mark had an incurable love of the sun. Along the whole flat stretch, as far as he could see, there was nothing, not even another car, to share the coming storm. And then ahead, he caught sight of a speck beside the road.

In the rapidly-changing perspective of the moving car, the speck grew. It became boxlike. It developed form. It was a vehicle of sorts. A kind of van drawn up alongside the road. Mark had never seen anything quite like it. A figure peered past the lifted hood. The figure wore breeches and boots, and a soft shirt. By the time they were beside it, he saw to his astonishment that it was a girl.

Valerie stopped before he spoke, impelled by the curious brotherhood that links a driver who is safe with a driver in distress.

"Good kid," said Mark. He opened the door and jumped out.

The young woman straightened and looked up. For a minute they stared at each other. Mark got an impression of slim and medium height. Of very brown eyes and exceedingly golden hair. Of a sort of flower-petal skin, rather badly smudged with grease.

"Speaking of an answer to prayer!" she said. "Would you have the least idea why the thing won't go?"

"Not yet." He bent beside her over the engine, and was immediately absorbed. No matter how perfectly his own car ran, the problem of another at once became his. He supposed it was part of the mystery of locomotion. When he too straightened, his smudges matched hers.

"I'm afraid that's no mystery. I think it's a case of burned-out bearings. Mind you, I don't pretend to be infallible. It's just my guess. Do you ever think of oil?"

"I don't think of much else," the girl told him.

"Maybe you've got an oil leak."

"Which makes it even better!" She dropped down on the running board and looked up at him. "What do I do now?"

Oh, I know it's not your worry, but you're the first human being I've seen for an hour. I can't help feeling you came—you know—on purpose—"

"Undoubtedly," said Mark. He stood off and looked with widening eyes at the aged vehicle. It was part truck and part delivery wagon, with a drop of passenger car—the worst highway hybrid he had ever seen. It was painted a bright green, and on its sides in enormous white letters were the words Tredway's Travelling Library.

The girl still sat limply on the running board, staring at him. "I don't blame you for not believing it," she said. "I wouldn't myself, if I weren't used to it. But what am I going to do?"

Rain was beginning to fall. A big drop landed on her upturned nose, and she automatically wiped it away with a smudgy hand. Mark looked carefully behind him. After all, who could laugh at a girl in distress just because her face was dirty?

"What's in it?" he asked.

"Books."

"Can you look the thing up?"

"Oh, yes—but what's the use? I suppose—you wouldn't have—a towline about you anywhere?" She cast an admiring eye over the long perfection of Mark's car. "No—of course not."

"I'm sorry," said Mark. He felt apologetic, somehow—as he used to feel when he was a small boy, and his toys were more expensive than the others.

"I broke my third yesterday," she admitted. "You see, this isn't the first time the Ark has stranded—what with one thing and another—you wouldn't believe what can happen to an old car! Well, that's that."

She followed his glance. The sky was quite black, and the rain was coming down faster. He held out his hand and pulled her to her feet.

"Let's talk it over inside," he suggested.

They made a dash for his car, and he opened the door and put her in the back, getting to his own place beside Valerie. The girl looked from the delicate fawn upholstery to her smudged breeches.

"Couldn't I just camp on the floor?" she asked.

Mark and Valerie laughed.

"Sit down at once," Mark said. "Now, then—" He looked back at the van, its white letters distinct even through the steel sheet of the rain. "In the first place, where's Tredway?"

"Tredway is—she—I mean, you see—I'm Tredway. Name of Lucy." There was pride and a bit of bravado in the confession.

"I—I see—" said Mark—though nothing could have been more obscure. "Well—I'm Mark Alexander, and this is my daughter Valerie."

Lucy smiled at Valerie, who instantly smiled back. Something warm and friendly seemed to flow between them. Valerie had never known anything like it before. As if Lucy would be her friend. Straight off—without waiting to get acquainted.

Which was almost exactly what Lucy was thinking. "What did they do to you, darling?" she was saying to herself. "A long time ago—"

"Well, now that's over," said Mark, "we can get down to business. You can see you can't sit by the road—in this—"

"Oh—no—" cried Valerie. The idea seemed little short of fantastic.

"But you don't understand. You see—I live in the Ark," explained Lucy. "The library is only the front half. I sleep and

cook and everything in the back. It's really rather sweet—when you've got used to it."

She smiled again at Valerie, who hung on her words. Up to now she had dreamed of nothing to exceed a trip. But to sleep and cook in a van—For the first time since they had left Wide Acres, she envied someone.

"I think this is the best plan," said Mark. "Let us take you to Allington, which according to the map seems to be the end of the day's going. You can put up at the hotel overnight, and to-morrow we'll find a service station, and they can come and tow in the Ark, and doctor her up. We couldn't leave you here—no foolin'—"

"Oh, please—" said Valerie. They couldn't have found this charming person in the breeches, only to lose her immediately.

THEY sat in the Allington lounge after dinner, talking and listening to an orchestra that came from somewhere just far enough away. Valerie thought it was all terribly exciting. It gave her a thrill to see Lucy in a dress of primrose taffeta that she herself had never worn. For with the plans, and the storm, they had forgotten all about Lucy's clothes. It wasn't until just as they were coming into the outskirts of Allington that Lucy suddenly remembered she had nothing to wear.

"But it will be fun!" Valerie had cried. "Because I have such a lot of things my father bought me. Some I've never even worn. You see, I'm tall for my age, and you're not so very tall for yours. Oh, please—"

And so Lucy wore the primrose taffeta, which fitted her perfectly, even to the slippers. She wouldn't have known what else to do, as she could just manage her night at the hotel without shopping for clothes. And it would have been cruel to refuse Valerie. So she allowed herself the luxury of a knitted suit along with the dinner dress.

Valerie insisted on the suit, because it just matched Lucy's hair. She also added a prim and childish little nightgown. They shopped together in the hotel drug store for a toothbrush and a cake of Lucy's favorite soap.

Valerie thought of to-morrow and good-bye with a strange hurt. But she put it away, remembering that after all they were all three here now. You never could tell, she thought, about to-morrow.

"My doings must be an awful bore to you," said Lucy at last.

"They are not," Mark said. "You've got romance all tamed and eating out of your hand. I never imagined a travelling library. How did you?"

"Oh—I was brought up on books. Practically nothing else but. If my father had known anything was going on outside the covers of books, he'd have guessed there was something phony in the way the bank was running his affairs. But of course the money lasted until he went. I'm thankful for that. He could never have gone out and taken the world by the tail. He wouldn't have known what it was all about. And things didn't really crash until I'd finished college. I had a very good education. I've even got a couple of degrees I snatched when nobody was looking."

"Don't go modest," said Mark. "I'm greatly impressed. The mere sound of a degree incites me to reverence."

"I haven't been able to cash in on it, though. I wanted to teach. I know it sounds crazy, but I love it. Of course, I had to do something."

"You see, it never was a success. Not really. First, there's the Ark. It wasn't much more than junk when I bought it. It cost only fifty dollars."

"I can't believe it," said Mark. He saw that surprise was indicated.

"Wasn't it silly? But that's all I paid. At first. But has it cost me money since?"

"That's the way with used cars," he spoke as if he had had vast experience. She looked quickly at him, but he looked back seriously.

"Most of the books were father's," she explained. "I thought it would be a big help. But I hadn't counted on their taste. It's changed, you see, since father's time. It's not a very flattering commentary. All they want is murder mysteries—even the women."

"Do you like Valerie?" asked Mark suddenly. The craziest idea had crossed his mind while she had been talking. He watched her closely. Her unconscious reaction would answer his question better than words.

The rather hard little lines that had appeared beside her mouth were rubbed out. Her face softened as she half smiled across at Valerie's sleeping face. "I love her. I don't know just why. I'm not—not specially soft about people. But there's something about her—I don't know what—but it gets you. I can't see why it should, when she's your daughter, and I suppose even a gold spoon hasn't been good enough for her."

"But you see—she's not my daughter," said Mark very quietly. He even looked a long time at Valerie first, to be sure she was still asleep. "She was my wife, by a former marriage. Of course, I adopted her legally—and I don't think she could possibly be any more mine—so far as the way I feel about her—"

"She adores you," said Lucy. "I tried to think up ways to make her say 'my father.' It sounds like a coronation, or something."

He was looking at her now, though she realised he scarcely knew it. He seemed really looking at his thoughts, marshalling them, reviewing them. Suddenly coming to a decision.

"We can offer you a job," he said. "I don't know how good a one."

MARK knocked at Valerie's door the next morning, just as she was about to knock on his. He came in and drew her down beside him on the window seat overlooking the hotel gardens. "Just in case you have five minutes you don't know what to do with before breakfast," he said.

"If you're sure it won't be any more—" She leaned her head against his arm, and looked down on the flower beds, multi-colored in the morning sunshine. But when she heard about Lucy, she sat straight up.

"How did you know?" she cried.

"Know what?"

"What I was wishing for?"

Lucy met them later in the hotel lobby. She made no explanation as to why she hadn't joined them for breakfast. As a matter of fact, she had got up early on purpose, preferring to conduct her business transactions alone.

She packed the primrose taffeta, the slippers, the nightgown, and the soap in a little bag Valerie had loaned her, and came down to the office and paid her bill. After that, she had just twenty-five cents, twenty of which she exchanged for coffee and rolls at a shop on a side street.

She made some inquiries about the sale of her books, and finally ran to earth a timid little man in a second-hand book

shop. He listened warily while she told him about the library. He seemed, Lucy decided, to be afflicted with chronic suspicion. He could never, he said, commit himself without seeing the books. And even then—with times what they were—Lucy thanked him and went back to the hotel. Even with five cents in her pocket and no sale for her books, there was an extraordinary lift to her spirits. It was not to be accounted for by the sunny morning after last night's storm. The world was changed in more ways than the weather.

She met Valerie's eager hand, and turned a cheerful grin on Mark. "How do you like my clothes?" she asked. "Do they look like Allington?"

"No," said Valerie. She would try to make Lucy keep the sports suit forever, she thought. She looked like a gay child in it.

"Women and clothes!" said Mark. Lucy explained about the books and the way little man. She had also, she said, made inquiries about towing in the Ark and scrapping it.

"But I want to salvage the Ark," explained Mark. "You never know when we may need it. And then you may not like us and may want to escape in the night. How would you make your get-away?"

"So what?" asked Lucy. But an unforeseen hope was stirring.

"So leave the Ark to me. I'll have it put in shape and sent home. It's a sort of institution. I couldn't abandon it. I mean it."

"But I can't let you," protested Lucy. "And I can't afford any more repairs. So I really don't see—"

"Look at it this way. I'm buying the Ark for the repairs. And cheap enough. I want the books, too. You can buy them all back later, if you want to. But I'd feel a whole lot better about it that way. All right?"

"It's marvellous," said Lucy.

Mark hunted up the best garage in town, and made arrangements about the Ark and about sending the books to Wide Acres. Their luggage was stowed away in the car, and they started out to hunt Lucy's references. Mark tried to laugh her out of the idea, but when he saw what it meant to her he decided to go through with it. The fact that she so wanted to identify herself would have been reference enough for him.

They called first on the judge who meted out justice at the Allington courthouse. Allington was the county seat, and the court was in session, which was a break for Lucy.

Judge Brown greeted Lucy with wheezy enthusiasm. He had gone to college with her father, and was quite definite in his opinion of the family.

"Surely that's enough," said Mark, as they came out of the dusty corridors into the sunshine.

"Just one more—Mr. Barrows, over at the bank in Melton. It's only ten miles. You promised!"

They dragged Valerie away from the pigeons strutting over the grass in the courthouse square, and went back to the car.

"You never told me he was a president," said Mark an hour later. He was, he said, tremendously awed by bank presidents. "And he's known you since you were five. Don't you feel completely vindicated by now?"

"I suppose so," said Lucy doubtfully. "I did so want you to see the dean—but if you haven't time—"

"We haven't," said Mark. "I'm a hard-working president myself. Nothing swanky, like a bank. Just a chemical company. But if I don't show up once in a while, they may throw me out on my ear."

Valerie looked at him seriously. She had a great respect for the factory, though she couldn't quite believe that Mark would lose his job.

"Besides," he said, "you must have a flock of diplomas and degrees. What would we want of a mere dean?"

So Lucy had to be satisfied.

THEY reached Wide Acres in time for dinner the next night. Lucy never forgot her first sight of the house. Mark had told her a little about it, and she knew it was comparatively new. But as they drove up to the door and she glimpsed its mellow brick beyond the great white pillars of the portico, it was hard to believe it hadn't been there forever. The look in her eyes established her more firmly with Mark than could a week of visiting judges and bankers.

Chiltern opened the door. The spirit in which the two men's hands met was obvious, although all Mark said was, "Well, Chiltern!" And Chiltern answered, "It's good to see you back, sir."

Mrs. Banwood stood, primmer than ever, in the background, waiting to be greeted. And there were the still-smiling Alice, and Katie, the other maid. Lucy was explained to them all simply as "Miss Tredway, who has come to us as Miss Valerie's tutor."

Her arrival, thought Lucy, would probably give them something to talk about! She had heard Mark tell Mrs. Banwood to show her several guest suites and let her choose. But she never got farther than the first one. She took one look at it, put down her purse and gloves, and said, "I like this so much, I won't look at any more, thanks."

"Dinner is at eight, Miss Tredway," Mrs. Banwood said. "The houseman will bring your bags immediately. Shall I send a maid to you?"

"No, thanks," said Lucy. "I'm quite used to looking after myself." She wondered what would happen if she should tell Mrs. Banwood about dressing in the Ark.

Mrs. Banwood said, "Thank you," and shut the door. Lucy took off her hat and loosened her flattened hair. She glanced at Valerie, who still stood in the middle of the sitting-room looking critically around her.

A man knocked and came in with Lucy's bags, and she began at once to unpack.

"I'll be right along," she promised. "It won't take me a minute."

"Could you—if you wouldn't mind—wear the primrose taffeta? Maybe it isn't nice enough, now you have your own things," suggested Valerie.

"It's much nicer than anything of mine," Lucy told her truthfully. "You see, I didn't need much in the Ark. Mostly just breeches and boots. I love your dress, and I'll adore wearing it."

Mark was reading in the library. He jumped up as they came in, and his face lighted. It seemed somehow as if youth and gaiety had entered with them.

LUCY looked around the long dining-room with delight. The furniture was Sheraton, from an old manor house that had fallen on evil days. It had cost Mark a small fortune, and belonged in a museum.

Lucy always remembered that first dinner at Wide Acres; the informal formality with which it moved; the perfection of its service. As they chatted over their coffee in the library afterwards, she began to wonder almost fearfully if she had stumbled on a

sort of domestic fourth dimension, where discord was taboo.

She was laughing over some nonsense of Mark's when the curtains parted and Elise came in. She moved in her fluttering skirts with a curious swinging motion. Lucy thought at once of something floating in on the tide.

"I hope I'm not going to begin by being a cat," she said to herself.

"Darling!" cried Elise. But her look was for Mark. Her voice was rich with emotion. "I just ran in on the chance you'd come back. If you knew how I've missed you!"

Lucy stretched back in a corner of her big chair, and watched. It was almost like seeing a curtain go up. Mark and Valerie had both got to their feet.

Elise caught one to throw a lavish arm around Valerie. There was something almost domestic in the posing of the three, if you didn't look too closely at their faces. The light that smouldered behind Elise's large, rather full brown eyes was anything but peaceful. And Valerie and Mark reminded Lucy curiously of wild things held against their wills.

Elise turned suddenly, and caught her first glimpse of Lucy. She stared and froze. Her hand dropped from Valerie, but her hold on Mark tightened.

"Oh—" she said.

"Oh—" echoed Mark easily. "You haven't met Miss Tredway, have you? She's heaven's gift to the unlearned. Valerie's new tutor. In other words, between whistles, she's going to keep us all in order. Isn't it luck?"

"It's quite charming," said Elise. "How do you do?" She sat down suddenly.

She ignored Lucy completely after that. She chattered endlessly about her own affairs, and asked questions about the trip when she remembered, seldom waiting for an answer. Almost as if she were afraid to pause, while she made the new adjustment to Lucy's arrival.

Chiltern came in, and poured coffee for her, and went away.

Elise was almost ready to leave before she apparently realised Lucy. She turned the velvet of her eyes on the girl, and spoke with gentle enthusiasm.

"My dear—we've all forgotten you," she said. "But I'm sure you'll understand. We three had so much time to make up."

"I hadn't forgotten Lucy," said Valerie suddenly. It was the first time she had spoken since Elise came in. She had been trying to figure out how she could attract Lucy's attention, and still preserve the manners you were supposed to have in your own house. She got up now and tucked her slim young body into the vacant space in Lucy's big chair.

"Oh, but, darling!" cried Elise maternally, "aren't you crowding Miss Treadle terribly?"

Lucy smiled with equal amiability on Elise and Valerie. "She isn't crowding me at all, thanks. The name is Tredway," she said.

"I'm so wretched at names," said Elise plaintively. "I shall probably call you all sorts of queer things. It may take me months to get you straight. I expect you'll be tired of us long before that, and have flown away."

Valerie clasped Lucy's hand in sudden panic. "Lucy's going to stay forever!" she cried.

She could hardly remember taking such an active part in a grown-up conversation before. She was probably being rude.

She turned to Elise, but Elise was now concentrating charm on Mark.

"Bad boy," she complained. "To keep charming girls up your sleeve like this, and bring them out when nobody is looking! I don't seem to remember hearing darling Ellen speak of Miss Speedwell."

"Probably because Ellen never knew Miss Tredway," said Mark. He subdued a frantic desire to laugh. He didn't know why, because Elise certainly wasn't funny. His wife's friendship for her had always been just one more of Ellen's mysteries to him. It wasn't that he actually disliked her. It rather irritated him that she sometimes found her languid beauty rather alluring. But he also found her a trifle unbelievable, so he was never quite comfortable when he was with her.

"Oh," said Elise. She managed to sound surprised, wounded, and just a little shocked.

"Our contact with Miss Tredway came through old friends of her father's," he explained. "Judge Brown, of Allington, and others." He suggested somehow that she could take the information or leave it.

Elise at once became all feminine. "Oh, but how marvelous! I mean to have a real background. It looks like wonderful luck for you all. I suppose you've done a lot of teaching, Miss Tredway?" She clasped her hands delightedly. "Oh, how clever of me! I really got it that time—or did I?"

"You did," said Mark. He didn't wait for Lucy to answer. As well to establish her once and for all. By this time next week, everybody within fifty miles would know whatever he told Elise now. Telling it to Elise would be telling it to the world. Their world, at least. "You see, Miss Tredway only graduated from college herself last spring, so her teaching experience hasn't been exactly vast. But she's won medals and taken degrees and done all the high-brow stunts you'd expect from a spinster of forty. Instead of what you see." He sounded as if he couldn't put into words what he thought of Lucy. Of her brains or beauty or charm.

"But how terrifying!" cried Elise pathetically. "What will she think of the rest of us when she finds us out? But maybe she never will—and she got slowly out of her chair."

"Selfish me," she said reproachfully, "when you're all probably tired out. Mark, darling, will you ring for Chiltern and ask about my car?"

She looked appealingly at Mark, as if she expected him to contradict her; but he only rang and gave her message to Chiltern.

ELISE made good her threat two days later. She called Valerie late in the afternoon, asking her to lunch the next day. She said nothing about Lucy. Valerie happened to be in her own room when the call came. She had a curious illusion of walls closing in as she tried to think frantically of some reason why she couldn't go. Again it was Mark who saved the day.

"I couldn't promise without asking my father," she was almost faint with relief.

Elise became reproachful. Valerie could practically see the drooping red line of her lips. "Darling, how ridiculous—with me?" she asked.

Somehow Valerie found the courage to say she was afraid so. Elise said she must ask him that very night, and telephone her at once. Valerie promised. She put the telephone down, and sat staring at it.

Lucy came in and found her a few minutes later. "I wondered if you'd like a couple of sets of tennis, or a swim in that adorable pool?" she suggested. "I'm

not going to make a bookworm of you, you know."

"Yes—of course," said Valerie obediently. "In other words, yes and no!" laughed Lucy. "What's happened to you, kitten?"

Valerie sat and looked back at her. She hadn't yet got entirely used to saying what she really thought. She had lived so long in a world of outward acquiescence.

And then, suddenly, Valerie spoke almost before she knew it. "It was the telephone—Mrs. Waterford. You know—Elise. Do you sometimes find things quite puzzling?"

Lucy brought her thoughts back from the broad lawn beyond the windows. "Often," she said. "But puzzles aren't so bad. You can make a kind of game of them, if you just take them as they come. It's really not so much the puzzle as what you do with it."

"Oh—I see," said Valerie. It was a new angle, and suggested possibilities.

Valerie moved a little nearer. She would tell Lucy. After all, a tutor couldn't be only for books. Lucy was very wise.

"You see—I don't like her! Mrs. Waterford, I mean. My mother did. That is, I suppose she did. They were together a good deal—anyway, whenever I was home. Of course, that wasn't very much. And then there's being loyal and not criticising, and all. And still, there it is—I don't like her."

Lucy wondered if it was possible that less than ten years lay between them. She felt like Methuselah. "I often get like that," she said.

Valerie looked up. "Really?" she asked hopefully.

"Absolutely. And when I do, I turn it into a kind of game. I call it 'Making Excuses.' Not for yourself—that's not so good—but for other people. Especially when you don't like them. I think, maybe they aren't happy, or their shoes don't fit, or somebody dropped them on their heads when they were babies. You know—like that." Valerie laughed.

"That's fun," she said. "I wonder what I could think up for Elise? Would the head-dropping one do?"

"Well—first, tell me why you don't like her?"

"Do you like her?" countered Valerie.

Lucy thought furiously. "Well—how do I know? It's a little soon to tell. You see, I never laid eyes on her until last night."

"Oh," said Valerie disappointedly. "But sometimes you can tell right away. Look at father and me and you."

"I suppose that was an exception," Lucy thought hard. She would not be lacking in mental gymnastics, she decided, as long as she stayed at Wide Acres. "You didn't tell me why you don't like her," she said.

"It's like this," Valerie explained. She drew on the bright chintz of her chair with a pointed finger. "She's going from here to here, you see." She made a straight line between two points. "But she doesn't. She goes this way—"

A series of curves indicated Elise's circuitous course. Lucy looked at Valerie in amazement. "And then she wants to ask you something terribly, and she doesn't. She just talks around it, until you get all mixed up and tell her something you don't want her to find out. So you see, she isn't a very nice person. At least, I don't think so."

"She's rather nice to look at," suggested Lucy. It was the only thing she could think of in Elise's favor.

"Not to me. It's sort of like smelling a lilac, and then a tuberose. Both of them are sweet, but the tuberose is shivery. Anyway, it is to me." Lucy wondered if it

wasn't, somehow, a rather complete summing up. "I suppose it isn't nice, feeling this way, but what are you going to do?"

"There are the excuses I told you about."

"All right. You begin."

"Well—" said Lucy, "she's alone, isn't she? Being lonely often makes people disagreeable."

"She didn't have to be," explained Valerie. "There was her husband. He was quite nice. Not very handsome or young, but nice. And she knew he wasn't very young or handsome when she married him. Then after a while, they weren't married any more. If she was lonely, why didn't she keep him?"

"I give it up," said Lucy. She had rather a feeling of being carried over her head.

She heard with relief Mark's knock on Valerie's door; and Valerie, with her young arms around him, forgot Elise and the game of making excuses. She didn't think of her again until an hour later, as she and Mark and Lucy sat swinging their bare legs over the edge of the pool after an exciting game of water ball in its green depths.

VALERIE, Mark, and Lucy swam every day, even when it rained. Mark, fired by their enthusiasm, was already making plans for an indoor winter pool. McTavish had left the kennels, and was never far from Valerie's heels, running frantically on his short black legs.

Mark looked at the placid pattern of his days, and marvelled. His life had seemingly crashed so thoroughly; and yet here it was, weaving itself as if nothing had happened. He hardly realised how much of this was Lucy's work.

Elise had invited herself to dinner at Wide Acres twice before Shirley showed up at all. Elise never mentioned her, and Mark almost forgot she lived only a scant ten miles away. He was ashamed to find how completely she was out of his thoughts, when he came home late one afternoon in June to find her sitting with Valerie and Lucy at a table under a huge gay umbrella at the edge of the pool.

They were all in swimming suits, and they hailed him as he caught sight of them through the trees, and came across the lawn. Shirley was at her best in the water. She gave him her hand, her long grey eyes a little sombre under the yellow handkerchief that bound her head.

"Hello, Mark," she said. Valerie thought how nice it was to hear her father's name instead of Elise's invariable "darling." "I got tired of waiting to be sent for. Valerie was going to telephone me, but she never did. So I just came over. It's not a maidenly age, is it?"

"No, thank heaven," said Mark. He looked at her with approval. Women were like gay slim boys these days, in their brief suits. Those to whom Nature had been more abundant should be compelled by law to forswear the water except in the strict privacy of a bathtub.

He kissed Valerie, and hurried to the house, coming back in his swimming togs. He caught Shirley by the hand, and together they took a running dive.

Shirley came to the surface first, shaking the water from her eyes and laughing in his face. She put her hand on his shoulder, and they swam slowly to the far side of the pool.

"You didn't mind my coming?" she asked.

Even in the water, he was conscious of a fresh, faint perfume. "My dear—" he protested.

"I thought maybe visitors were to stay on the outside looking in—where I suppose

they belong. Only, I got tired of hearing all about you from Elise; so I chucked all my pride overboard, and came to hunt you up."

IT was truly astonishing the number of thunderstorms that summer. But the thunderstorms were nothing compared to the people who got caught in them practically at the gates of Wide Acres. Only a week after Elise had shivered her way into the house, cringing and clinging to Mark with every faintest flash of lightning, a huge black cloud appeared about seven o'clock, to send Mark and Lucy and Valerie scurrying out of the pool and into the house.

Valerie wondered involuntarily who would be travelling in its wake this time, so she was hardly surprised to find Mrs. Radding's antiquated car around by the parking circle, and to hear that Mrs. Radding and Gilda had taken refuge in the library.

"Did you ever hear of a desert island—I mean, a real one?" Valerie asked Lucy in the middle of a lesson on French history the next morning.

Lucy put down her book and stared. "I once had an old nurse who said I had a 'fettering mind,'" she answered. "I hope you haven't caught it. How did you get on a desert island from France in the Middle Ages?"

"Sometimes my thoughts stay where I put 'em, and sometimes they don't," said Valerie. "It's funny about that. And funny how I can think of two things at once, and pay attention to them both. You wouldn't think I'd been listening to you, but I have. Maybe the history made me think of desert islands. I don't know."

Lucy laughed. "Well, anyhow, let's give France a rest and settle the thing. Now, then."

Valerie tossed her book on the table and propped her elbows beside it. "I don't understand why I always seem to think rude things. Like wishing people would stay at home, or anyway that they'd stop coming here. If you had a nice desert island, and nobody knew about it, you wouldn't have company. Why do you suppose people want to come to see other people? I don't. I'd be happy for years and years, with just you and father. And of course, Chiltern—oh, and Alice."

Lucy tried to think of tactful phrases. She had a desperate longing to say what she really thought. Just for once. About attractive men, with the added danger of money. And women who twittered over them like a flock of birds. They reminded her of the commotion in the honeysuckle, over the old summer-house down in the back garden.

To be specific, she longed to be frank about Mark, and Elise, and Mrs. Radding and poor Gilda, and even lovely Shirley, whom she honestly liked. She wondered if she herself had ever been a nice girl who spoke her mind. Or at least, if she ever would be again.

"You must admit there's something funny about how many people get caught in storms in front of our gates," insisted Valerie. "Specially at dinner-time." Her wide grey eyes in their fringe of black looked straight at Lucy, and Lucy forced herself to look back and stifle a dreadful desire to shriek with laughter.

"There is—rather—" she agreed. She picked up Valerie's French history and handed it to her.

MARK came out of his office one hot day in early August to find Elise sitting, parked, at the factory gates. At first he

thought his eyes were playing him tricks, and he kept his course to where his roadster waited beside the kerb. But the sound of Elise's voice calling his name left him in no doubt, and he crossed to her car just as her chauffeur got out and opened the door.

Elise emerged, cool in pastel chiffons, under a huge hat. Her dark, rather heavy eyes were veiled as they rested on him. They made him vaguely uncomfortable. This was his frequent reaction to Elise these days. If he had formulated his thoughts, it would have been that he was being drawn somewhere against his will.

She laid her hand on his arm, and looked up at him reproachfully. "Don't go conventional, darling," she said. Mark decided he would never get used to "darling" as the current output in salutations. "I'm quite sure what your opinion is of women who pursue men to their offices. But how else am I to see you? And I truly must. Will you drive me home? Oh, Harmon, just take the car back. I shan't be needing it again until to-night."

Mark almost put out a protesting hand, as the man touched his cap and drove off. Elise was moving flowingly towards his roadster, and there was nothing to do but follow her.

"I don't think you'll be very happy," he said opening the door. "Picture hats and chiffons don't mix very well with roadsters."

She tucked her flowing skirts around her and leaned back with a wistful sigh. "But I adore roadsters. And you have the top up, so I shan't be too terribly windblown. Don't stand there staring at me, silly. Aren't you getting in?"

Mark brought his thoughts back with an effort. "I just remembered—A telephone call. Excuse me a second. I'll be with you—"

He was halfway up the walk before she could answer. He felt childishly defrauded as he called his house from the superintendent's office. He had hardly realised how he counted on the hour in the pool with Valerie and Lucy. He was glad when he heard Chiltern's voice. Sometimes if Valerie happened to be passing when the telephone rang she answered, just in case it might be Mark.

"Please tell Miss Tredway and Miss Valerie I've been detained, and to have their swim without me," he said. "And Chiltern—I say—tell them I'm terribly sorry, will you?"

"Yes, sir," said Chiltern. "Will you be coming home for dinner?"

"Yes," said Mark loudly. He felt his voice would banish the faint fear that seized him at the question.

"I see, sir," said Chiltern. "Thank you."

Mark almost suspected he really did see. He went back to Elise. He got in beside her and started his car.

"I suppose you're wondering why I've carried you off," she said. She had almost mastered her temper. At least she had succeeded in penning it up until a better time to let it loose.

Mark was not quite so successful at hiding his curiosity over the whole proceeding. "Of course—it was sweet of you—" he began.

"I simply had to see you. And it's practically impossible to get you to myself even for a minute. Of course, I simply adore Valerie, as you know. And Miss Treadle is—well, of course, she's quite—stimulating—if you know what I mean."

Mark nodded. He didn't in the least know. "Stimulating" must be, he decided, a kind of trade word for anything you didn't care to put a name to. He was quite

sure Elise had something more explicit in mind.

She hurried on without waiting for an answer. "You see, I can't beg, lure, or even abduct you to my apartment. I can't think what you're afraid of—"

"Perhaps it isn't exactly fear," he explained. "Maybe I'm catering a trifle to the tongues of men—to say nothing of women. Silly rot, I know. But then, we do live in the world, don't we? And even if one doesn't go in for stereotyped mourning, it does curtail social activities a bit."

"You're just talking off the top of your mind," said Elise sadly. "Keeping me on the outside. Just as if we hadn't been friends for ages. It isn't fair—when I miss Ellen so anyway—"

Mark was horrified, after the fashion of men, to see her loose one hand from the still struggling hat and wipe her eyes on a gay bit of chiffon. He felt more or less like a ruffian. Like a bull let loose in a poney bed. What had he done? He couldn't remember having been particularly clumsy with women in his earlier youth. But he must have been. He was probably losing his memory as well.

"I—I'm frightfully sorry. I'm probably a clumsy brute—" He laid his hand over hers on the big hat, and held it closely.

Elise looked up at him from undampened lashes. She even smiled plaintively.

"No, darling," she sighed. "It's just that you don't always think. Of course, I know you can't go dashing around to parties. Amusing yourself like that. But surely nobody could criticise you for coming to see me! As a matter of fact, it's criticism that made me hunt you up. It's terribly hard to tell you. You are so—so sort of sweet, Mark. And so young about some things, in spite of all your experience. I suppose it's been your money. Being able to do what you pleased and not bother about what people said. But when others are involved—"

"I'm afraid I don't understand," he told her. "I suppose it's stupid of me. Do you mean somebody we know is talking about somebody? They generally are, aren't they? Who is it this time, and what are they saying?"

"They're talking about you, darling, of course."

"About me?"

"Naturally. Did you imagine you could bring an attractive young woman from nowhere, like a rabbit out of a hat, and put her unchaperoned into your house, and nobody would talk about it?"

Mark drew up by the side of the road and stared at her. "Do you mean—are you by any chance telling me—that Lucy Tredway—"

"Who else? Really, Mark, I admit your right to do as you please. But after all, you're over ten—" She stopped, a little frightened at what she had said. She had never seen Mark angry before. It was distinctly disturbing.

Mark was staring at the horizon. His face was quite cold. She began to be very much afraid. Perhaps the idea was not so clever as it had seemed when she invented it.

"All I mean is," she went on rather sadly, "people seem to think you're not being quite fair to Valerie." Watching him closely, she could see that the shot went home. She continued more confidently. "After all, the child is very young, and susceptible to impressions. It doesn't seem quite playing the game to let people gossip—of course, it's only for Valerie. I'm just a little afraid nobody is bothering a great deal about Miss Speedwell—"

Mark turned on her like a man who has suddenly had enough. "The name is Tredway," he said. There was something in the way he said it that made Elise jump.

Elise grew suddenly cold. "But, of course, if you're in love with her, darling—"

The words were hardly cold before she knew what a fatal mistake they were. It was the one thing that should never have been said. If he didn't love the creature, it would only put the idea into his head. If he did, she had simply made a bad matter worse. His face was far from reassuring.

"Why do you women always imagine a man must be in love?" he asked. He had often wondered. "Anyway, count me out. Absolutely."

Elise tried not to read anything more into it than just the bare words. But his emphasis on "absolutely" was a bit terrifying. She looked out and saw with astonishment that they had entered the town, and were even now stopping before her apartment house.

Mark got out at once, and opened the door. Her big hat drooping at her side, she faced him with lowered eyes.

"And now," said Mark pleasantly, "run along in and catch up on your sleep."

"You're angry—"

"Not a bit. Why on earth should I be?"

Toasting off the whole thing as if it were less than nothing.

He was really wondering how much longer she intended standing there talking inanities. He could forgive her, suddenly, for the whole silly business. Even for making him miss his swim.

"Good-bye—" She tried to put heartbreak into it, and loneliness.

Mark turned as if on a released spring, and held out his hand. "Come over some time," he grinned. "If you're not afraid of our reputation."

Real tears sprang to her eyes. She turned quickly away and walked up to the house. She was afraid he would see the tears. They were of rage, and even a man would know the difference. By the time she turned at the door, Mark and the roadster had vanished.

Mark refused to admit to himself that she had disturbed him, as he covered the miles to Wide Acres. He told himself he might almost have guessed Lucy was too good to last. He wanted to talk the whole thing over with someone. He went through the list of his friends, and discarded each, with the possible exception of Shirley.

Could he really trust even her? He knew that he could, if she could trust herself. If she could be fair and quite unbiased. If deceit was in her, she would be deceiving herself as well. He was sure of that. But something about Shirley was beginning to be distinctly disturbing. He was growing a little ashamed for women. Almost as if he would take sides with them against themselves.

But surely Shirley was different. Shirley had never married. She was rich. She had position, through both her family and her literary success. She had beauty. She could have had scores of men. What would she want with him? And yet there was a strange expression in her eyes—like something lost looking out from a deep, still pool. Would a man find happiness and contentment if he married Shirley?

He shook off the thought impatiently. He was worse than Elise. Why should any man marry at all? Except to do it once and get it over, to build a sort of wall. He was, he decided, thinking rot.

He turned in at his own gates feeling

as if he had escaped from something. He found Shirley, wrapped in the white bath coat, just getting into her car. Lucy and Valerie stood together, in their swimming suits, by the running board.

Valerie cried out when she saw him, and ran to kiss him, standing carefully bowed, not to get him wet. "Oh—we missed you!" she said.

"I only pretended to come for swimming," said Shirley. "As a matter of fact, it was gossip!"

Mark glanced at her quickly. But of course it couldn't be Lucy. If it had, she would have made a point of seeing him alone.

"My dear, it's Gilda Radding! You couldn't guess. She's eloped!"

"She ran away—and with the milkman—" cried Valerie. She sounded as if it were an event in the society column.

Mark sat down suddenly on the running board. "Is this a racket?" he asked.

"She did—sure enough—" said Shirley. "You know how those things go. My maid heard it from the Radding cook. She and her mother had a dreadful row over something. One of the Raddings rages. I suppose. I believe they're pretty terrible. Sophie said Gilda cried awfully, and went off to her room. This morning when they took her breakfast up, she had gone, leaving the traditional note. She said her young man dealt in milk. Maybe it was getting a bit of her own back. Because she assured her mother she was sending the item to all the papers."

"I didn't think she had it in her," said Mark. He was somehow glad for her.

No matter how it turned out, it was better than life with Mrs. Radding. He wondered if there was some way to endow Gilda for life without her knowing where the money came from. He would find out about it from Lee Dagnall in a day or two.

He jumped in beside Shirley now, and drove with her down to his gates. He had gathered in some mysterious way that she had something more to say to him. He was finding out that being a father was more complicated than he had realised.

Shirley drew up just this side of the lodge, shut off the engine, and sat looking at him. He looked back, his eyes full of admiration. There was something so fresh and sweet about her, with her camellia skin and big eyes above the soft white of her coat.

He found he was suddenly untroubled by whatever she was going to tell him. "I gathered there was something on your mind," he said lazily.

"Nothing important."

He relaxed more completely. Whatever it was, he was not in for another lecture on the proprieties.

"I didn't want to speak before Valerie, in case you didn't approve of what I was going to say."

"Wonderous wise—you, I mean," he said softly.

Shirley smiled at him. "Rather stupid, really. However—I just want to give a little party for her. And Lucy, too, of course, if she cares for anything so juvenile. That girl's a wonder, by the way."

"I'm glad you think so," said Mark. He wondered if she knew how glad.

"I do. I'd never know Valerie. She was like a tight, pale little bud. Now she's a flower. Almost all the sort of pinched, hungry look is gone. Naturally I don't mean food-hungry. I think you were wiser even than you guessed."

He blessed her mentally. "But I think she ought to be knowing some youngsters her own age. I think she ought to learn to

play. After all, it's five months since Ellen went."

Mark looked at her, astonished. With the curious unreality of time, Ellen might have gone yesterday. Or what was more startling to him, she might never have been at all.

"Good Lord—I suppose it is—" he said. "I wouldn't want to give anything very gay. Say six couples—all boys and girls of people we know. Dinner, and a bit of dancing. At my place, of course. Always supposing you approve—"

"I do. Emphatically. Nobody but you would have bothered. I mean, giving a kid's party cannot be very exciting. I suppose she is too old for her years. She's had sort of a—unusual bringing up. And now, just running around with two grown-ups. Call her in the morning, and ask her. I'll tell Lucy I approve. And bless you, dear."

Shirley laid her hand over his as he got out of the car. There were a thousand things hammering to be said. "I do want to help—both for Ellen—and you—"

She wondered again why she and Ellen had been friends. She had never been able to tell. The friendship had sprung from school and loneliness, and Ellen had never let it lapse.

"Somehow—I hate your driving off alone like this," said Mark, her hand still in his.

"Loneliness is my trade," she told him laughing. "I get all my best plots rambling around by myself. It's about the only time I have to think."

He laid her hand against his lips. He could feel her fingers tighten for a second over his. Then she loosened them gently and drove away.

VALERIE was filled with alternate shivers of delight and dread at the thought of Shirley's party. She loved to dance, and the prospect of going off alone just to be amused was stupendous. She relayed Shirley's invitation to Lucy, who wisely declined it.

Lucy telephoned Shirley when Valerie was out of hearing. "You're sweet to ask me," she said. "but I think I shan't come. You'll understand how it is. I've been longing for her to know children her own age. But I didn't know just how to go about it."

"I wish you'd told me," Shirley's voice came back warmly. "I'd love to help, whenever I can. Maybe you'll have lunch with me some day soon. There are some things I might be able to tell you—"

Valerie went off in state, driven by Catlet. She looked rather like a pale pink cloud in her flesh-colored dancing frock, with a tiny string of pearls about her throat.

It wasn't until Chiltern announced dinner that Lucy realised she was sitting down to her first meal alone with Mark. It was early September, and summer was still in the air. Lucy wore white, and her eyes were dark under the gold of her hair.

The vast amount of feminine beauty in the world never failed to amaze him. Lucy rested him just because she had missed beauty by the merest fraction. Her skin was delicate and white, and the contrast of her eyes and hair would always set her a little apart. Taken one by one, her features were charming. Assembled, they somehow lacked the intangible quality of beauty.

After dinner, Mark and Lucy relaxed in long chairs of split bamboo and watched the tiny crescent of the moon.

Mark looked across to where Lucy rested, arms behind her golden head. She looked hardly more than the wraith of a girl, for

they had turned off the terrace lights, and there was only the faint gleam of the little moon, and the glimmer of low-hung innumerable stars. Scents drifted up to them with every slightest stirring of air. The almost unearthly perfume of roses, and the fragrance of late-blooming honeysuckle floated about them.

It came over Lucy with a sudden stab, that she would sometime leave all this for that drab world where there were bills to pay and work to do. Nothing that she did at present was the least like work. Life was just a sort of unbelievable interlude where beauty and kindness were like the air they breathed.

Sometimes it seemed so much her home, in spite of all that had gone before, she had so remind herself over and over that she was only a kind of privileged interloper, who would presently be gone. She was delightfully conscious of Mark, but only as an accompaniment to her thoughts. So she started when he got up and dropped down on a stool beside her chair.

"Bored?" he asked. It was a different voice from the family circle one he used every day. A voice that told her he was a charming person, whom money had failed to spoil. It also made her conscious of her new, and softly clinging white, and the freshly-set waves of her shining hair. She looked at him in amazement.

"Bored?" she echoed. She thought she could hardly have understood him.

"Well—I just wondered. There are always the village movies, you know."

Lucy looked out into the darkness. "Movies—in exchange for this? Unless, of course, you'd like to go—"

He moved the footstool a trifle nearer. "Do you know why you're like a—a nice spring breeze?" he asked. "Because you're so sort of—well, on the level. Everybody isn't, you know."

They lapsed once more into a companionable silence. Mrs. Hanwood's passion for the radio was now faintly audible on the air. It was only the second time Lucy had heard it. For the servant quarters were in the farthest wing, and the house was miraculously soundproof. The windows were probably open, and the wind blowing their way.

It was pleasant to sit there peacefully in the half dark, and listen to the beat of dance music coming from city canyons so many overheated miles away. Lucy knew a sudden why for the people shut up there. Perhaps they had never even known the scented darkness of a garden.

The music was a little louder now. It came lilting through the night with its haunting rhythm. Mark got to his feet, and stood in mock formality beside her.

"Like to dance this?" he asked.

She swung her silver sandals to the terrace flags, and faced him. "Love to, of course," she said.

He took her in his arms, and they slid over the smoothly laid floor in silence. Lucy felt she had been waiting all her life just to dance with Mark. She was glad he didn't want to talk. Always, she thought, she would remember this night. She wanted to hold it tight, to let it sink deep, to be able to shut her eyes and live it all again when it was gone. The night, the bewitching little moon, the scent of the roses, and Mark's arms.

He led the way back to where the long chairs waited for them in the shadows. "We must do this in a big way when—when I'm dancing again officially," he said. "Is it a date?"

"If you haven't thrown me out by then."

"Is that your idea of a joke?"

"Very far from it! But even a perfect job comes to an end."

"I wonder."

She didn't have time to speculate on what he meant. Lights pricked the leaves far down the drive, and the faint hum of a motor carried to them. The lights vanished, grew again, thrusting their spears far into the shrubbery. A car rounded the curve, and stopped beside the terrace steps.

Catlet jumped down, to open the door on a new Valerie. A Valerie of wind-blown hair and fluttering skirts, who ran to them, her eyes starry in her small face. She kissed them both hurriedly, hardly interrupting the narrative that began almost before she touched the ground.

"Are parties always like this?" she cried. "Oh—it was marvellous! Lights and flowers and favors, and a boy named Rex Davies—"

"His father was in my class," sighed Mark. "Time flies!"

SHIRLEY called Lucy two days after the party and asked her to lunch. Mark was at home for the afternoon, or she would not have left Valerie. They drove her over to Shirley's, promising to come back and get her later.

Lunch was announced almost at once, and they faced each other over a gay little table on a sun porch at the end of the big apartment.

"It's much more pally than making an occasion of it in the dining-room, don't you think?" Shirley asked her.

"It's adorable. But I think almost everything you do is that."

They laughed their way through the meal; but with the salad, Shirley suddenly grew serious, and leaned across to Lucy.

"There are some things I thought needed to be said," she began. "But after seeing Valerie the other night I decided I was too late. You've worked wonders with the child. I'd hardly know her. How did you manage, without knowing her history or background?"

"I really do love her. That makes a difference."

"All the difference."

"They were both so kind—and you see, I did need a job! And I felt so terribly sorry for Valerie, without knowing why. She seemed to have had a terribly raw deal, somehow. I guess it's silly, with everything always going her way—"

"But, you see, nothing ever went her way until her mother died," said Shirley. "I may sound brutal, but that's the way it was."

"I wondered," said Lucy slowly. "Nobody has told me anything, of course, but you'd have known without telling that something wasn't quite right."

"Of course sensitive people get impressions. Valerie's mother was my friend, but even friendship doesn't always blind you."

To understand, you have to go a long way back. I suppose there's nothing strikingly new about Ellen's story. Her family 'belonged,' but was frightfully poor. If you never saw her, there's no use trying to tell you what she was like."

"Very beautiful; I know that. But there isn't a picture of her at Wide Acres."

"She wouldn't have one done. Funny whim for a woman like that, wasn't it? She had a story-book kind of beauty that took your breath. You couldn't quite believe it, somehow. Of course, to her family she was simply an investment. They scraped up enough money to send her to a fashionable school, and a rich aunt paid for her coming-out party and enough clothes for her first season."

"She hadn't been out six months before"

old Silas Hatterly decided to buy her. That was what it amounted to. Meantime, she'd fallen in love with a young architect. Just a nobody, but she happened to be mad about him. I never knew how they put on the screws to make her marry Silas, but they did. Three years later Valerie was born. Nobody could have been less welcome. Silas wanted a son, and Ellen didn't want a child at all. Two years after that, his fortune went to smash, and Silas blew his brains out. Ellen found him."

"Oh—!" said Lucy. In it was all she had no words for: horror and pity and a dawning understanding.

"Yes—it was rather terrible. We all did what we could, but there was never much you could do for Ellen. She had something more than a mind of her own. I never knew anybody like her, and I've known a few strange women. To look at her, you'd think she had walked out of a fairy tale—face and body and voice. With a will like a stone wall or any other piece of inflexibility."

"She'd had a pretty thorough grounding in the matter of duty, and her duty to Valerie became a sort of obsession. The fact that she had what amounted to a horror of the child made her all the more determined about it. The poor baby was nervous and shy—the sort of creature who should have been swamped in love and understanding. But Ellen called it weakness, and sent her off to school before she could speak plainly—to stiffen her backbone, and give her strength, her mother said."

Shirley stopped and looked at Lucy. But Lucy was staring out into the trees beyond the windows. She couldn't trust herself to speak. After all, the woman had been Shirley's friend.

Presently she said, "And how did she—I mean—you know—"

"How did she meet Mark? In a box at the opera, I believe. When they were both bored almost to the point of insensibility. She sat next him afterwards at supper, and he told me the next day he was perfectly sure he was in love, although he was quite sober at the time. Six months later I saw them married."

"Did she love him?" asked Lucy baldly.

Shirley clasped her hands under her chin. "I never knew. Of course Mark was a terrific catch, and by that time the architect was married. If she did marry Mark without loving him—well, he isn't the sort of person to treat that way, that's all."

Again Lucy said nothing. The idea of not loving Mark was beyond her.

"Of course, luxury is a sort of drug," Shirley went on. "One gets used to it, and can't do without it. Especially if one is very beautiful. Beauty doesn't take kindly to makeshifts. I really don't know if they were happy or not. If they weren't, you'd never guess it from Mark. But then Mark is like that. She led him a fairly hectic life. He adores his job, and she gave him practically no chance to work at it. She was always going somewhere and dragging him along."

"And what was Valerie doing all this time?"

"She was at school, or the very best camps, or spending a scant two weeks at Wide Acres, terrified of her mother and trying to keep out of sight. I never went there then if I could help it. I couldn't stand the child's eyes. I'd have given Ellen all I had if she'd have handed over Valerie to me. But one didn't make suggestions like that to Ellen. From the minute she married Mark she made pleasure her business. How she worked at it! Almost as if she were afraid to stop. And she got more beautiful all the time. Somehow it gave me the creeps."

"If I'd only known—before—I might have"

made a better job—I mean of Valerie," said Lucy. Her throat ached with pity. She could have laid her head on the gay cloth and cried. And strangely, not all her tears would have been for a lonely, frightened child. Some of them would have been shed, against her will, for the strange, exquisite frustration that was Ellen.

"Oh, my dear—don't feel like that about it," said Shirley. She laid a sudden hand on Lucy's. "Maybe I shouldn't have told you. I thought it might help. But you seem to have sensed Valerie's need so completely, perhaps I was wrong."

"You're awfully kind," Lucy said. "I don't know why you are—but I do appreciate it."

Shirley looked at her a long minute. "Because I like you," she said. "I don't know the first thing about you except that you're frightfully clever. But somehow I got the impression that you haven't had too good a time yourself."

"Oh, I have—really! Of course, I don't remember my mother; but my father was very kind to me—when he thought of me at all. He sent me to college, and all that. It's only since he went that things got a bit trying. And at that, I had a lot of fun. Some day I'll tell you about the Ark. And just look at the break I've had since then! I'm still expecting to wake up and find I've dreamed you all!"

"Well, you haven't. I like you a lot, and I adore Valerie. Just money doesn't pay for what you've done for her. And then—of course—there's—Mark—always."

Lucy looked at her quickly. She spoke quite calmly, but there was the sudden sense of a curtain lifted. It embarrassed Lucy terribly, although she had guessed long ago how matters stood with Shirley.

She could hardly believe the afternoon was gone, when a maid came in softly and announced that Mark and Valerie were waiting.

Ten couples were asked for dinner and dancing Thanksgiving night. Valerie invited Shirley, too; but she declined, saying she didn't believe in too many adults at a children's party.

Lucy was all for putting in a quiet evening in her own rooms, but Valerie's disappointment and Mark's dismay were so real that she changed her mind. If she felt any embarrassment over her position, nobody knew it. She superintended the florist who did the decorations, expended her ingenuity on an original and charming dinner table, and even overlooked the menu which Chiffert took away from Mrs. Banwood, and brought for her approval. Except that Valerie called her "Lucy," she might have been the wife and mother around which the establishment revolved.

She and Mark had their dinner at a small table before the library fire. Valerie quailed a bit at the idea of being left alone with a dinner-party, but Mark and Lucy told her she might as well begin her apprenticeship as a hostess. As she grew used to the idea, she began to enjoy it.

Mark received the youngsters who overflowed the place. The house was fulfilling itself for the first time, he thought, with a twinge at his disloyalty. When they had found their place cards, and had encircled the old oval table in the dining-room, he went back to Lucy by the library fire.

The contrast between the laughing young crowd he had left, and golden-

hated Lucy in her peach-colored frock, waiting in the quiet room, struck him so that he stopped in the doorway to enjoy it. He detached himself from the domesticity he had come to take so happily for granted, and looked at the scene as a stranger might.

Lucy glanced up, and caught the slight self-consciousness with which he came towards her. She smiled at him, and everything swung into place again. He pulled out her chair, and Alice came in and began to serve their dinner. From the dining-room on the other side of the great hall young laughter rose distantly.

"You've put this over in great shape," he told her. "What do they do next?"

"Dance, up in the small ballroom. The orchestra was particularly recommended. I went in to hear them play before I engaged them. They're rather nice."

"What a lot of trouble you've taken, and what a peach you are about it! How are we going to say 'Thanks'?"

Lucy only smiled. It seemed impossible he didn't realise how she felt about it all. "You haven't learned how easy it is to spend other people's money," she reminded him. "That's really about all I did."

"That, and using up your time and energy, to say nothing of your brains to think it all up. You don't imagine I could have pulled it off alone? Money is the easiest part of it!"

"You think so because you've never been without it," said Lucy. She sent up a little prayer that he would never be. Although it was hard for her to think of Mark as beaten, or placed in any circumstance where he couldn't find a way out if he wanted it.

They were just finishing their coffee, with a very special old liqueur in honor of the day, when to their dismay, the draperies at the library door were pushed aside to reveal Elise in slim black velvet, a white ermine cloak off her very bare shoulders. She stood without speaking, her sultry eyes on the domestic scene before her.

"So there you are," she said at last. Her voice broke a little shrilly as she came into the room.

Mark got to his feet. He did a mental leap after his vanishing sense of hospitality.

"I hope I'm not too terribly in the way," she went on wistfully. "I never dreamed you'd be entertaining. I just felt so lonely on this dear home day, I longed for a glimpse of something real."

Lucy wondered suddenly why it should be Shirley who went in for novel writing.

"Of course I'm frightfully embarrassed," Elise seemed to be doing all the talking. "Dashing in on a party where I wasn't invited. But I never dreamed—with dear Ellen gone—and all—"

"Don't be a goat," said Mark pleasantly. "Andbody can see with half an eye it's only a children's party. Why do you suppose Miss Tredway and I are hiding here?"

"I—really wondered," murmured Elise. She was a little frightened after she had said it; but Mark gave no hint that he had heard, and it made no difference whether Lucy had or not.

"Shall I ring for coffee and a liqueur for you?" asked Mark.

"No, darling," said Elise. She had come straight to them from a dull dinner at her mother's.

But looking at her as she gazed pathetically into Mark's face, Lucy could have sworn she hadn't eaten for at least a week, and

was refusing to spare even the servants unnecessary trouble. She had never, she thought, met anyone who managed to convey so much by what she didn't say.

ALICE and another maid came in and carried the table away. And presently there was a sudden rush of feet, and laughter in the big hall, and the party burst in, headed by Valerie. Elise stared at her in astonishment. She could hardly believe the poised and laughing girl whose dancing slippers of pale blue satin twinkled straight across the room to Lucy.

"Darling," cried Valerie, "may we dance now? Or must we wait a while? What shall we do?"

"Of course you shall dance," Lucy laughed. "Whenever you're ready."

She straightened a flower on Valerie's shoulder, and looked at Elise, who raged at the maternal quality of the small scene. She could hardly bear the implication of the confidence and affection between the two. Neither did she miss the sudden droop of Valerie's young mouth as she followed the pressure of Lucy's hand and saw Elise, whom she had overlooked in her first rush with the others into the room.

"How do you do?" she said, trying to sound as cordial as she could. She waved a hand towards the chattering group around Mark. "I think you know everybody—"

"I dare say long before you did, darling," Elise allowed herself to say. "Their mothers and fathers were my friends before you were born."

"How nice," said Valerie politely. She felt vaguely apologetic; but as she couldn't imagine what she had said, she decided to wait and ask Lucy in the morning, if she didn't forget it in all the excitement.

"Come on," she called to the others. "Of course you're coming, father and Lucy? Oh—and Mrs. Waterford—Father, will you promise to dance with me at least once? It won't be a party unless you do. Rex, maybe Lucy will dance with you, if you solemnly promise not to walk all over her feet. He's terrible," she told Lucy.

Lucy gathered a handful of peach velvet, and took to her heels. She arrived only slightly behind him at the door of the small ballroom. The orchestra was already there, in their places behind a mass of chrysanthemums whose pungent scent blended with hothouse roses in a perfume Valerie felt she could never possibly forget. Her own dance, in her own house, with her own friends—and almost all because of Lucy!

Elise stayed until half-past eleven. If it had been possible to throw the party off its balance, her presence would have accomplished it. As it was, she was mostly ignored. Mark danced with her only once. He made it a point to ask each of the fluttering gay bits of femininity who were Valerie's friends, and he danced again with Valerie.

The rest of the time he spent with Lucy, whose steps seemed to melt into his with a peculiar magic. He could never remember any girl's dancing affecting him like it before. If his conscience grew a bit uneasy, he answered that nobody had asked Elise anyway.

He caught sight of her now and again, moving grimly over the floor with some small boy. He hoped she knew how silly she looked, and how ridiculously out of place.

It was while the youngsters were sitting around a simple little supper that Elise made an excuse to go over and drop down beside Lucy, who for a wonder was at the moment without a satellite.

She smiled pleasantly, and made room for

Elise beside her on a small sofa. "Did you manage to get something to eat?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," said Elise self-consciously. "Trust me to be at home at Wide Acres." There seemed nothing to say to this, so Lucy merely smiled, and went back to her ice.

"You never knew Mark's beautiful wife, of course?" Elise asked presently, watching her.

"No," said Lucy. Then, feeling that this was a trifle bald, she added, "She must have been very lovely."

"Oh, my dear, she was more than lovely. She filled the house with her presence. But a man's wife is the pivot around which a home revolves, don't you think?"

"Naturally," said Lucy. She wondered what was coming next. Of course Elise had not sought her out for nothing. She rather braced herself to take what came.

"You mustn't ever think we don't appreciate all your services here," cooed Elise. "All of us—I mean, Mark's intimates—realise how hard you must have worked. And what it must have cost you."

"Cost me?" asked Lucy. She felt they were getting nearer now to the main idea.

Elise opened her large eyes to their widest. "But of course. Although you are old enough to know what you're doing. I mean, as far as your own reputation goes. When a woman comes to live with a fascinating widower, and a little girl—"

"And a housekeeper and a staff of servants," said Lucy. She could feel her temper slipping, and she gripped it closer. She must, of course, go on smiling as if they were merely chatting—as if she were quite used to people who hunted her out deliberately to insult her.

Elise watched her, and laughed with a small, malicious amusement. "Oh—servants—" she said.

"Perhaps you'd like to tell me exactly what you mean," suggested Lucy.

"Oh, my dear, you mustn't be annoyed with me. Of course you've had enough experience with the world to know what you were walking into. But you can't step all over the conventions, even nowadays, without some kind of comeback, now can you? Especially with a man like Mark, who has been front-page news ever since he left the kindergarten."

Lucy sat quite still and said nothing. She was really afraid to trust herself to speak.

"You mustn't get cross," went on Elise softly. "It's only my love for Valerie speaking. The child is like a—small sister to me." Even for an effect, she couldn't quite say "daughter." "Of course, what you do to your own reputation is your affair. But it hurts—some of us—just a little—" she laid an appealing hand over her heart—"I mean, to hear whispers over luncheon and bridge tables—Gossip is a hard thing for a baby like Valerie to live down."

Lucy got up. Except that her eyes looked almost black in the pallor of her face, nobody could have told that she was almost faint with rage.

"Excuse me," she said. She stood for a moment looking down and wondering. Just what purpose was served by the Elises in life? "The party seems to be breaking up."

VALERIE burst into Lucy's bedroom late the next morning to find Lucy pale and listless over a practically untouched breakfast tray. Mark had insisted on holidays, so lessons were off for a week.

"When you didn't come down for breakfast, I thought something must be wrong," cried Valerie. "I ran up as soon as I had

finished. I was going to swim in the Kennwoods' indoor pool, but I won't go now. It won't take me a minute to telephone—"

Lucy drew her down and kissed her. "Of course you'll go, ally," she said. She tried to speak brightly. "There's nothing the matter. Unless it's late hours last night."

"You look as if you hadn't slept at all!"

Lucy smiled wryly. There was not, she thought, much danger of her forgetting Mark.

"Run along—you'll be late," she warned. "Swim twice around the pool for me. Wear your squirrel coat. I'm glad your father let you get it. It's not a bad plan to match your eyes."

Valerie still perched on the end of the chaise longue. She wasn't particularly sure now she wanted to swim. Even to wear the squirrel coat. Sitting here helping Lucy think was exciting, and one could always swim. But she'd promised, and Greta Barclay was home for the holidays.

She sat until lunch-time trying to think the thing through. She had known since her first night at Wide Acres that Elise was her enemy. There would be nothing but treachery from her. Of course, the reason was plain enough. Elise wanted Mark, and meant to get him if she could.

Characteristically, Lucy considered very little her own angle of the situation. If she had hurt herself by being happier than she had ever been before, she was quite ready to pay for it. She put Mark out of the picture. First, because, being Mark Alexander, he could do as he pleased. Second, because he was a man.

That left the thing squarely up to Valerie. She knew well enough what she meant to the child. But she knew too that almost anybody with sympathy, tact, and understanding could take her place. Valerie was so young. She had learned freedom. She had Mark. If Lucy went, she would grieve, but, with youth's happy elasticity, she would soon forget.

If there were only someone to whom she could turn for advice. Shirley. But sweet as Shirley was, she could never be disinterested concerning Mark.

Of course, there was Mark himself. The idea tempted her terribly. To no one had Mark revealed himself so completely as to her. She knew the complete candor under the surface of his sophistication. He had only the outer tricks of the initiated. At heart, he was almost disarmingly simple. If he felt he had harmed her by bringing her to Wide Acres, he was perfectly capable of marrying her to make up for it.

If she hadn't loved him so much, it mightn't have mattered. But for him to marry her to put things right was unthinkable. Which left the whole thing exactly where it was before she stayed awake all night trying to find the answer.

There was, she told herself, only one thing to do: be willing to take whatever course was best for them all, and then wait for events to show her what it was. It had worked before when things seemed impossible. It would probably work again.

She took a shower, and dressed, covered her pallor with faint rouge, went down to lunch, and spent a long, blissful afternoon with Mark, playing squash.

LUCY was not the only person to lose sleep because of Valerie's party. As they rolled out of the Wide Acres gates, Elise insisted that Catlet should drive her home first. She untangled herself from the

scrambled occupants of Mark's car, dismissed Catlet, and let herself into her apartment in a rage. She was driven by the same impulse that had possessed her for weeks. She knew it was thrusting her farther and farther from her goal, but the thing had gone beyond her control.

She stepped out of her things, leaving them where they fell. But a certain canny sense left over from lean days whispered it would be as well to pick them up and hang them away. She did this, then pulled a negligee around her, and sat down at her dressing-table to stare sullenly into the mirror.

She pushed back her hair, and looked closely. She sighed with relief as the crystal-and-silver glass gave her back the clear pallor of her face framed in dusky hair. It had been almost as if she had expected to see the image of her own distorted thoughts. She made, to herself, an enchanting picture, from her smoky eyes to the line of her sullen red mouth.

She was, she thought, far more beautiful than Shirley. Or than the brown-eyed idiot of a Lucy, with her golden hair. What more did a man want than beauty?

She got up, lighted a cigarette, and lay down on her couch to think. She realised there would be no sleep for her that night. She brushed the idea of sleep aside as unimportant. What did it matter? What did anything matter if she could get her way?

As she lay there, it came to her quite suddenly and sharply that she had lost Mark. That was how she put it to herself. Deep in her heart she realised she had never had him to lose. That she would never have stood the least chance with him, if neither Shirley nor Lucy had been in the world. But she thrust the conviction from her angrily. The first thing to do was to keep him from marrying Lucy. It should not be difficult.

She lay there planning until a faint streak of yellow dawn lay like a brush across the sky beyond her windows. Then she got up, shivering a little, pulled her negligee closer, sat down at her desk, and began a long letter to Dorothy.

LOOKING back on that Christmas at Wide Acres, Lucy decided it was her final glimpse of heaven. It was far from traditional Christmas weather. Except for one light snowfall, the days were crisp and clear with a warm midday sun.

If it had to be winter, which she despised, Valerie said, it could hardly be improved. Although the leaves were gone, the place wore almost a summery green. There was an enormous planting of evergreens and pines about it, with masses of rhododendrons, glossy and sleek against the bare trees. No Christmas could have had a more perfect setting.

Valerie went to a small party the night before; and Mark and Lucy and Chiltern—assisted by McTavish, who imagined it was all for his amusement—trimmed an enormous tree for her at one end of the long library.

After Chiltern had gone, Lucy sat beside Mark, watching the flames in a complete companionship neither had known before. There was no need of speech, there in the warm scent of the big pine, with all lights out except those shining from the tree. Lucy realised that for this moment, at least, she was completely happy.

Once a bell sounded far off in the house, they looked at each other and waited.

half expecting Elise to push aside the draperies and shatter the quiet peace.

But Elise was at that moment the life of a night club party in town, where she was trying unsuccessfully, in the midst of a hectic celebration, to remember what she had written to Dorothy. She had to be very gay to drown the recurring fear that gripped her whenever she thought of the letter.

The very fact that Dorothy had not answered made it all the more ominous. She had kept as far as she could from Wide Acres, even refusing invitations she thought might possibly include Mark.

The peaceful interlude came to an abrupt end two days after Christmas. Lucy looked back on it as a special sort of compensation for the pain that followed.

She and Valerie and Mark came in from a holiday matinee in town to find Dorothy unpacking in Ellen's old room, having reached Wide Acres half an hour after they had left it. They would hardly believe Chiltern when he told them. He looked at Mark as if to indicate that there was more he could say, but Mark was too busy to notice, being engaged in trying to stifle a desire to tell the world that the calamity simply couldn't be.

"What did I mean, had she any reason—has anything happened?"

"I couldn't say, sir," said Chiltern.

"Of course you couldn't," Mark said. "I was just thinking out loud. I mean, it seems such an extraordinary time to leave home alone for a visit—unless there's some reason—"

"As you say, sir," agreed Chiltern.

Lucy could have laughed over his expression. It was, she felt, a sort of triumph of training over panic. She was not without a sense of panic herself, even though she had never seen Dorothy. She looked at Valerie, and choked back a second hysterical chuckle at the dismay on her face. In fact, they were all rather funny, as they stood together in the wide hall, like four conspirators.

Mark recovered himself first. "Well," he said brightly, "it seems fairly established that we have a holiday guest. Or is it guests?"

"No, sir," said Chiltern. His tone indicated there was still something to be thankful for. "Mr. Summerville is not with Mrs. Summerville."

"Oh," said Valerie. Not that she minded especially. If one of them had to be there, she would have preferred Paul. She had found him quite amusing, the once or twice she had seen him away from Dorothy.

Dorothy appeared at dinner. She acknowledged Mark's introduction to Lucy affably enough. Lucy breathed more freely. She hadn't known exactly what she expected from Dorothy, but it wasn't pleasant.

"I didn't suppose I could tear you away, to visit me," she said coyly to Valerie, "so what could I do but come to you?"

Mark wanted to suggest flatly that attempted archness didn't suit her. To ask her to state her business, and then leave them in peace. But as long as she insisted on putting her visit on purely social grounds, she had, he felt more or less tied his hands.

"Oh, no!" cried Valerie. "I couldn't possibly leave." Her own dismay struck her ears so rudely that she hurried to repair it. "You see—there are my lessons. We have school every day. It's very important. And, of course, there are the parties—a few—"

Dorothy grabbed that. "Parties?" she repeated.

Lucy thought she could hardly have looked more shocked if the child had confessed to arson. She bit her lips to keep from rushing to Valerie's rescue. She looked quickly at Mark.

But Mark had already leaped into action. "Just some children's affairs," he explained amiably. "Why? Have you blacklisted parties?"

Dorothy looked at him sadly. "Oh, no," she said. "Whether one's nature is like a shallow brook or a deeper stream is more or less out of one's hands, I suppose. I only feel it's rather a pity when grief has so weak a hold—"

"Then that's where we disagree," Mark said. "To me, grief should have no hold on youth at all. Perhaps it's all a matter of taste. To me, they just don't mix, that's all. They don't make sense."

Valerie wished she was near enough to Lucy to take her hand. She wasn't quite sure what the argument was about, except, of course, that her aunt did not approve of parties. She was glad her father and Lucy disagreed with the idea.

DOROTHY managed to put in a week without a hint as to the reason for her coming. She succeeded in spoiling New Year's Eve for everybody except Valerie, who went to a children's party at Shirley's, slipping out when her aunt had gone to her room after dinner, and feeling excitedly like a conspirator. Lucy went into the library, after seeing her safely on her way with Catlet.

Mark was reading, and jumped up to put her in a big chair by the fire. "That's the very one you sat in the first night you landed. Do you remember?"

Would she ever forget?

"Here's a perfectly good celebration gone to the dogs," he added.

Lucy laughed, he looked so like a small boy. "Were we celebrating?"

"Away from the crowds—very quietly—most original. I shan't tell you any more. We'll do it later on, minus my sister-in-law. Some day heaven will bless us, and she'll go home. That is, unless she's given Paul the air, and come to us permanently, which I really don't think is likely."

"Of course it isn't," said Lucy. There was so much she wanted to say, and so little she had a right to.

"Not that I'd begrudge Paul a break. He's not an unamusing egg, given half an hour of freedom. But I'd rather someone else paid for his fun. It's beginning to dawn on me that I wasn't born to philanthropy."

Lucy felt that whatever he might lack in virtue was hardly worth the having. She almost told him so. But Dorothy came in just then, so Lucy said good-night, and went to her room. If Dorothy was waiting for a chance to talk to Mark, it was only fair to give it to her. Lucy had an ingrained sense of justice, even to an enemy.

She was quite sure by now that Dorothy was her enemy. She felt a growing conviction that she was the reason for Dorothy's presence. She wanted to be quiet. To try to recapture a certain equilibrium of the spirit that seemed to have deserted her. Also, to put to rout a faint and growing fear. Of what she didn't quite know. It was like something lurking in ambush.

She and Valerie went back to their lessons the day after New Year's. For those hours at least, they were free.

Dorothy borrowed Catlet and the town car and went off to lunch with Elise, after remarking acidly at breakfast that she was amazed to find her sister's friends eliminated from Wide Acres.

"Elise isn't eliminated," Valerie assured her. "It's only a little while since she was here. She came to my birthday party, Thanksgiving." She was anxious to help clear the atmosphere, so she couldn't add that Elise had been uninvited.

"So you gave a birthday-party?" asked Dorothy. She tried to sound suave and reassuring.

"Lucy gave it for me. Wasn't it marvelous of her? Dinner—all by ourselves—and dancing in the small ballroom. An orchestra, and all. Heaps and heaps of flowers—"

"How charming," said Dorothy. The hand of fate was in it. She would find out all details later, from Elise.

Valerie spent a completely happy day with Lucy in the classroom. She hated to stop for lunch, until she remembered her aunt was with Elise. It was the first time she had had Lucy to herself for days and days.

"I shall never understand people's coming to visit when they aren't invited, never!" she told Lucy when they had settled down again for the afternoon.

"Your aunt probably feels she is more or less one of the family."

"I read something about Dorothy yesterday. Of course it wasn't really about her. It was quoted. It was very rude. It said 'God gives us our relatives. Thank God we can choose our friends.' I thought right away of Dorothy. I suppose an aunt's a relative, isn't she?"

"I'm afraid so," said Lucy. She almost laughed at the apologetic satisfaction on Valerie's face.

"You're funny—I mean, funny—strangely. Lots of times you say one thing, and look just like something else. As though, if your thoughts spoke, they wouldn't say a bit what you do."

"Don't be too clever, young person," said Lucy. "Some day you'll learn you can't say everything that comes into your head!"

MARK took Valerie to the dentist's the next morning, which seemed to Dorothy an answer to prayer. She was fresh from her day with Elise, and worked up to an increased state of righteous indignation. If her sister's child was not freed from the influence of a creature like the Tredway girl before another twenty-four hours, she assured Elise, it would be because there was no more decency in the world. She was almost beginning to believe this was the case anyway.

Lucy was in her own sitting-room when Dorothy knocked. Her heart dropped a notch at the expression of the other woman's face as she stood in the doorway and surveyed the luxury surrounding what she already labelled "vice."

Dorothy came in and closed the door. She put no trust in Chiltern, whom she had seen at some business of his own in the upper hall. It was no place for a butler, anyway, she thought, and nobody but the spineless master of a spoiled servant would tolerate such inefficiency.

She would not have encouraged Lucy by sitting, except for a twinge of something that couldn't possibly be rheumatism, but was nevertheless annoying. She sat on the edge of an armchair facing Lucy, who was darning a pair of stockings. It crossed Dorothy's thought that she looked very young and quite harmless at this domestic occupation, but she put the idea away. It was no time for sentiment.

"Isn't it a nice morning?" said Lucy presently. There seemed a need for speech of some sort. "I was so glad when I saw the sun. A dentist seems easier to bear somehow when it's bright, don't you think?"

Dorothy stared at her for a moment without answering. "I won't pretend that this is a social call," she said at last.

If she expected Lucy to question her farther she was disappointed. The girl merely went on with her darning. As a matter of fact, Lucy was watching her own hands, to see if their slight shaking was visible. She also called herself names for being frightened. Who was the woman, anyway?

"You were unknown to this house on my last visit," Dorothy said. "Or at least, I suppose you were. You established yourself after I had gone back to my own responsibilities. You probably know that I was here to bury my sister. Seven short months ago!"

"Nine, wasn't it?" Lucy asked cheerfully. "Almost a year ago. Time does fly." There was no answer. She added, as she had to Elsie, "She must have been very lovely."

"What my sister was doesn't enter into this discussion. I'm going to speak plainly. Miss Tredway, because I have a duty here. Also because there is no one else to do it. Difficult things are given to the courageous, unpleasant as they may be."

"Duty!" thought Lucy. "Who asked you to come running into other people's affairs? Don't try to put it off on fate, or whatever you call it!" But she said nothing, and went on with her darning.

"Would you care to tell me just when and where my brother-in-law found you?"

Lucy started. "Found" was such a terribly accurate description!

"Judge Brown of Allington, and Mr. Barrows, president of the Melton bank, recommended me," she said. "They were old friends of my father."

"When?" asked Dorothy. "I mean, how long has it been going on?"

"Has what been going on?" asked Lucy.

"Would you really like me to tell you?"

"If you mean how long is it since Mr. Alexander engaged me to tutor Valerie, I'm afraid I don't know exactly. Sometime in the early summer of last year."

"Have you a mother?"

"No," said Lucy flatly. She added nothing to the statement.

"That may explain it. At least partially. How old are you?"

Lucy put down her darning. She was very careful about it, laying her mother's gold thimble in its case, and putting away her little scissors. After this was done, she looked deliberately at Dorothy.

"Do you know, I'm just a little tired of answering questions," she said. "Wouldn't you like to tell me what it is you want?"

"Yes—if that's the way you wish it."

"It is, exactly."

"Very well then. I want you to pack your things and leave this house. You may take whatever gifts my brother-in-law may have given you, but I want you to go as soon as possible. I see no reason why it shouldn't be at once."

"Perhaps you'd care to tell me whose authority you have for dismissing me?" asked Lucy. She was surprised to see how quiet she was and how cold. How even the trembling had vanished, and her fear.

"The authority of common decency. The authority of my concern for my sister's only child." She was annoyed and a little afraid

of the cool-eyed young woman who looked at her so disconcertingly. The girl had not taken the thing as she expected. "Come, my dear Miss—what is your name?"

"Tredway," said Lucy. "Have you forgotten? You used it only a moment ago." In spite of the pain in her heart, she wanted to laugh. It was all so silly.

"Miss Tredway, you don't give me the impression of inexperience. Has it ever struck you that your position here is a little—well, equivocal?"

"Never until Mrs. Waterford brought it rather rudely to my attention Thanksgiving night."

"Mrs. Waterford spoke to you about being here?" Elsie had neglected to mention this. How like her, Dorothy thought to herself. She had never really trusted the woman.

"Yes."

"And yet you paid no attention to her warning?"

"I didn't know it was supposed to be a warning. I thought it was just an impertinence. Mr. Alexander engaged me to come here. Anyone can see what my influence on Valerie has been. It was my idea that if her father wanted to get rid of me, he would naturally let me know."

Dorothy laughed. The sound made a little ripple of rage along Lucy's spine. "Do you really expect me to take that seriously?"

Lucy got up. "I expect you to leave my room," she said quietly. "At once. There was no reason for this interview in the first place, and I am rather busy, as you can see."

Dorothy made no move, but sat staring at her. "You're a great deal harder than you look, aren't you?" she said. "Perhaps this isn't altogether a new experience for you. I'm perfectly willing to speak more plainly. You are handicapping a young girl's future by insisting on staying in this house?"

"You can prove this, of course?"

"Naturally. In the course of my visits with a dozen different women during yesterday, I made a point of questioning them. They were all my sister's friends. Women of wealth and position. They assured me—all of them—that if present conditions continued here they would refuse to allow their children to remain friends with Valerie."

Lucy had no way of knowing that this was the purest fiction, invented at the moment to bolster up a failing argument. She couldn't, of course, tell that Dorothy and Elsie had spent a quiet gossipy afternoon in Elsie's apartment.

She stood and clasped her hands tightly. If this was true—if she was really hurting Valerie—there was only one thing to do. A world of strange values, she thought, with all the talk of freedom just a thing of printer's ink and paper.

"But I'll have to speak to Mr. Alexander first," she cried. "Don't you see? It's only fair to both of us. How can I just sneak away, as if I'd done something I was ashamed of?"

"Are you really so ingenuous? Or do you suppose I am?" smiled Dorothy. She was winning just when she supposed she had lost. She got up and faced Lucy. "Don't you know what would happen, with the hold you have on him? To say nothing of your influence over Valerie. Either you're going to ruin her future, or you're not. That's what it comes to."

"You're insulting all of us. I have no hold on Mr. Alexander. I don't pretend to know very much about this world. I

have plenty of family tradition. But my father and I lived alone with two old servants from the time I was a baby until I went to college. He didn't care for anything but books. I've been terribly happy here—they've been so good to me! I couldn't bear to have them think me ungrateful."

"Can you honestly tell me you believe my brother-in-law would let you go if you talked to him about it?"

Lucy longed to say she knew he would. She thought harder and more painfully than she ever had before. At last she lifted her eyes and looked into the greenish-yellow ones staring at her.

"No," she said. "He's much too decent. I'm sure he wouldn't."

"It's something in your favor that you admit it. Mark has always been wax in the hands of attractive women. And of course you must have a certain kind of charm for men—"

Lucy went to the door and opened it. "This is still my room," she said. "Will you kindly leave it?"

"Why—I want to help you with your plans—"

stammered Dorothy. "Will you kindly leave my room?" repeated Lucy. "I don't know if I shall ever forgive you or not. But I don't have to listen to you any longer. Or see you."

Dorothy found herself at the door without quite knowing how she got there. She fancied she heard a faint footfall in the hall, but when she glanced out there was no one in sight.

"I was only thinking of helping you," she said uncertainly.

"I don't need any help. You've succeeded in doing what you came for. Please go."

Looking at the girl's set face, it came over Dorothy unpleasantly that she had set in motion forces she had no power to stop. She was suddenly quite frightened. All her life her passion for meddling had got her into trouble. But it had never been as serious as this.

"I—I hope you won't—" she began.

"I'm sure you wouldn't like me to ring for Chiltern?" suggested Lucy. She wondered how much longer she would be able to hold back the tears that choked her.

"You wouldn't dare."

"Oh, yes."

Somehow Dorothy was in the hall, and the door was locked.

LUCY allowed herself a storm of tears. She buried her head in the cushions of the couch, and cried her heart out. When she began to get her breath once more, she got up and washed her face. Then she began to pack. Plans formed and unformed in her mind as she worked. And suddenly she knew what she would do. If she was going, she must go at once. If she waited to see Mark again, she would never find the courage. It took her only a short time to get her things together. She had bought very little in the way of clothes. A few dinner dresses and some sports things. A fur coat when winter came. Now that she had stopped crying, she worked in a sort of numbness. Later on, she knew that she would feel and suffer. Now she only packed methodically.

Within an hour, her luggage was ready and standing at her door. She looked around the charming rooms. They were the only real home she had ever known. The gay furnishings were in place, but they already wore an air of empty expectancy. She walked over to her desk, pulled out a sheet of notepaper, and sat down.

She wrote and tore up a dozen notes.

What could she say to Mark? At last she took a fresh sheet and wrote quickly. She couldn't even begin it. She only said:

"Don't hate me for going. And don't think I don't know all you've done for me. I could never tell you how grateful I am. I didn't realise it was a mistake—my being here. I'm leaving this cheque for the Ark. I'm really very rich—such a big salary, and I've saved such a lot of it!—LUCY."

She found her cheque-book and drew a cheque on the Allington bank for a hundred dollars. She didn't know the Ark had cost Mark three times that. She thought she was overpaying him, and was glad.

She found she couldn't write to Valerie at all. She found a snapshot taken only the week before by Valerie. Lucy and McTavish on the terrace. She wrote at the bottom, "With all my love, Valerie darling, Lucy."

She ran with it to Valerie's bedroom, and laid it on the dressing-table. She opened Mark's sitting-room door almost timidly. It was the first time she had ever crossed the threshold. Even the air seemed filled with him. She ran to his desk and propped the note there, with the cheque folded inside.

Pain almost past bearing knotted her throat. A handkerchief with an embroidered "M.A." lay unfolded on a chair, where Mark had dropped it. She picked it up and held it for a second against her face. Then she thrust it deep inside her sleeve.

She closed the door carefully and ran downstairs. Everything depended on secrecy. And speed. If Chiltern should see her—if Mark should come back before she got away—it was almost like an escape. The big hall was empty. The house might almost have been deserted. She pulled the soft fur of her coat around her and opened the front door, running down the drive and around to Catlet's quarters.

"—you may not like us, and may want to escape in the night. How would you make your getaway?" Mark had said, laughing. She shook the tears from her eyes.

Luck was with her, for Catlet was just running out the big car to go for Mark and Valerie. Lucy blessed her genius for getting on with servants as she called to him. She had, she said, a sudden longing to take the Ark out for a little run. Was it in working order? Catlet assured her that it was, as he had run it out only the day before to put it in a different place.

She supposed, she said, that Catlet had heard the funny old thing was hers? Catlet had heard so, and told her gravely it was a fine old bus. Would he get it out for her before he started? He would indeed. He did. The lumbering old hybrid, its aged sides, rolled majestically into the drive.

Lucy almost forgot her grief to smile as Catlet stepped out of it in his smart uniform.

"She runs like a two-year-old," he said. "I can hardly wait to try it myself. Thanks a lot," Lucy said.

She invented delays, poking about inside, waiting for Catlet to leave. He evidently had no suspicion, for he stood for a second waiting to see if she needed him. Then he got into Mark's car and drove away. Lucy ran the car quickly to a side door.

Her heart almost choked her with its pounding. It was so awful to go like this. Creeping about like a criminal. She had no fear of Mrs. Banwood, but she was desperately afraid of meeting Chiltern. Chiltern knew so much more than he ever said. His loyalty to Mark was so great, she felt he was even capable of locking her up to prevent her escape.

She crept up a back stairway to her own door unseen. The upper hall was empty, and she carried her luggage down piece by piece, making three trips, and hiding her things in the back of the van. At last they were safe. Chiltern, she was sure, was at the front door.

She got quietly into the Ark, and started the engine. The van's gay coloring had been painted out, and it was now a dark and shining blue. It looked merely like a rather smart delivery car, if no one looked closely at the driver.

Lucy drove silently down the back drive, and out of the service gates. She hardly knew where she was going, but headed instinctively for Allington.

DOROTHY was resting in her room when Mark and Valerie returned. She could hear them laughing in the hall below, and then on the stairs. She was by now thoroughly frightened by what she had done. She had acted on impulse, as usual, with no reason about the thing. She would have given anything now to undo it.

If she could only have got away before Lucy went. But if she had done this, how could she be sure that Lucy would go at all? What was to keep her from carrying the whole story to Mark? What would he do when he found out she had gone?

Dorothy had, of course, intended to see the thing through: get Lucy safely out of the house, see that no incriminating note was left behind. She wondered now how she could have been so weak as to leave Lucy alone. Just because a girl from nobody knew where had had the impudence to order her out of the room!

She excused herself by self-flattery. She was sensitive. She loved peace. The whole thing hinged now on whether Lucy had left a note. What had she said in it. If she had told Mark the truth, things would be worse than ever. If, however, she had gone decently and said nothing, or merely "good-bye," who could connect it with Dorothy?

She longed to stay in her room through dinner. But that would give the thing away. She must act as if nothing had happened, at least for the present. Perhaps Lucy had refused to take the thing seriously, and hadn't even gone! Dorothy began to pray that this was so. She put on what she considered a particularly fascinating frock, and went downstairs, trying to look as if nothing had happened.

Mark and Valerie were waiting for her, and went in immediately to dinner. One look at them told her Lucy had gone. Valerie was very pale, and had obviously been crying. Mark was hardly himself at all. He looked almost like someone she had never seen. His face was very stern, and he looked years older than when he had driven away that morning.

Dinner was eaten practically in silence. They seemed driven by some inner haste, and left the table when Dorothy had barely finished her dessert. Mark beckoned her into the library, and Valerie followed. She had begun to cry once more, and Mark put his arm around her as he faced Dorothy.

"Miss Tredway has gone," he said flatly. "She left a note, but it means nothing." Dorothy drew a deep breath. "The whole thing is a mystery. Totally unlike her in every way. Of course something happened after we left this morning. I'm making it my business to find out what it was. Can you tell me anything?"

Dorothy lifted innocently injured eyes

to his. "I'll do everything I can, of course. But I'm afraid it isn't much. You see, I spent most of the day in my room. I had a lot of letters to write. I saw Miss Tredway at lunch for a few moments. I'm afraid that's all."

"Of course it isn't all!" said Mark. "Naturally, I'm not questioning what you say. But there's something back of it. Have you any idea where she went? Or at what time?"

"I told you I didn't even know she was gone," said Dorothy. That, at least, was the truth, she thought virtuously. "How can I possibly know where she went, or when?"

Valerie laid her head against Mark's arm, sobbing. He had shown her Lucy's little note. In all her life, nothing had ever hurt her so much.

"It must be me—I mean, I—" she said. She spoke so softly he had to bend his head to hear. "I don't know what I did—but it must have been something. I'd have done anything for her—father—"

She broke down completely. Mark gave her a gentle shake, and spoke almost roughly. "Stop it, Val! Lucy will come back! If she's anywhere about, I'll find her. I promise you. But I can't leave you if you're going on like this. You'll have to pull yourself together!"

"Your father is quite right," said Dorothy. It was probably better to take some part in it than to stand and say nothing. "There was nothing about the young woman, after all, that is worth your making yourself ill over."

Valerie raised her head. She wiped her eyes and faced her aunt. "Lucy is the most wonderful person in the world, next to my father! You could not possibly understand. I'm going upstairs, father. I'll do whatever you want. If you say you'll find her, you will. So everything will be all right." She turned and ran out of the room.

Dorothy gathered up her dignity. "I shall go to my room, too, if you'll excuse me," she said. "I find I may have to leave quite suddenly. Perhaps in the morning—"

If she expected any opposition to this, she was disappointed. He nodded, as if he hardly knew what she was talking about. She stared at him a minute, and then turned and left the room. The idea of departure had only just come to her, but if Mark was really going in search of the little idiot, the sooner she got away, the better. The idea that he might try to find Lucy had not occurred to her before.

Mark sat down by the fire in a complete daze. He shook his head impatiently, trying to clear his thoughts. He would let the thing stun him, when he needed all his wits! It simply seemed as if the bottom had dropped suddenly out of the world.

He tried to reason it out. He would have staked anything on Lucy. On her loyalty, and her devotion. She was not the sort to desert, without a word. Why had she gone?

Chiltern brought in fresh cigarettes for the antique silver box. He filled it, and set it on the table within reach. Filled Mark's cup again. Made obvious, small excuses to linger in the room. Mark looked up at him suddenly. Why hadn't he thought of the man before? Chiltern, who had so unconventionally stood by him.

Chiltern was at the doorway when Mark called. He came back and stood beside Mark's chair.

"Yes, sir?"

"I want you to forget yourself," Mark said surprisingly.

"Forget myself, sir?"

"Yes. All about your station, or position, or whatever you call it. And your training—which is perfect—and your traditions. I'm in a devil of a mess and I have a hunch you could help me out."

"Quite, sir," said Chiltern. "You mean, Miss Lucy, I suppose."

"Of course I mean Miss Lucy. I leave the house this morning with everybody happy, and everything as usual. I come back at night, and the place is disrupted. Miss Tredway has left, and nobody can tell me why."

"She could hardly be expected to do anything else, sir—not after what happened this morning. Not her kind of young lady," said Chiltern.

Mark jumped to his feet. "Now we are getting somewhere. What the devil did happen? That's just what I'm trying to find out."

"Mrs. Summerville went to Miss Lucy's room, sir. But before I say any more, Mr. Alexander, I'd like you to know I was not—shooing—I believe is the word, sir. I went to your rooms to look at that defective light, as you told me. As I passed Miss Lucy's sitting-room, I heard voices. I recognised Mrs. Summerville's. I could hardly help hearing what she said. Anybody could have. After that, I—I paused, as you might say, until she finished. Until—well, until Miss Lucy showed her the door."

"Three cheers for Miss Lucy!" said Mark. "Then what?"

"Mrs. Summerville told Miss Tredway to leave the house at once, sir."

"The Lord!" cried Mark. "Did she happen to say why?"

"Yes, sir. She said she'd been to all the parents of Miss Valerie's friends, and they had assured her they would not let their children associate with her, unless Miss Lucy left. I—"

"I see," said Mark. "I don't believe I want to hear any more. That's enough to go on with. After all, I might have known!" He stood staring at the fire. Chiltern had seen tempers before, but never Mark's. He had gone quite white, as he stood there, his hands clenched at his sides.

"Thank you, sir," said Chiltern at last. "May I go now, sir?"

"Yes—no, wait. Have you anything to suggest? I mean, about finding Miss Tredway?"

"She went away in the old van—the one they call The Ark—"

"So that's it—" He stopped, realising that of course Chiltern knew nothing about Lucy's cheque.

"I should go after her, sir, if you'll allow me to suggest. The old bus couldn't be making any great speed."

"Where do you suppose she'd be heading?"

"Where did you meet Miss Lucy, sir, if I may ask?"

"Allington! It's a good thing one of us has a head on him! Have Catlet run out the town car. That's about the fastest, except the old roadster. Women don't care for roadsters much. Ever notice that?"

"I can't say that I have, sir," said Chiltern. He thought, "Just like a boy with things coming his way, bless him!"

"I want you to come along. We'll have to start at once."

"And Miss Valerie, sir?"

"I'll send her over to Miss Endicott's. I wouldn't dare leave her here. She might have been sent to Siberia by the time we got back!"

Chiltern allowed himself to smile.

"Will the place be safe without you?"

"Mrs. Banwood is very capable, sir. An irritating sort of person, but competent, if I may say so."

"Of course she knows nothing of all this?"

Chiltern's voice sounded reproachful. "Certainly not, sir."

"Of course she doesn't. I beg your pardon."

"Thank you, sir."

"You might get Miss Endicott on the telephone for me. Then tell Mrs. Banwood we may be away for a few days. Give her whatever instructions you please. Then pack yourself a bag, and meet me here in an hour."

"Very good, sir," said Chiltern. His face was unmoved, but his heart was light.

He got Shirley's number, and left the room. Shirley was in, luckily. Would she put Valerie up for a night or two? Mark asked. Valerie would explain. Shirley knew by Mark's voice that something had happened. Loving Mark, being a tactful woman, and knowing human nature, she asked no question, but said she'd adore having Valerie.

He put down the telephone and went upstairs. He hardly knew what to tell Valerie, and compromised by telling her nothing.

"Chiltern and I are taking a run up to Allington, to see if Lucy's there," he told her. "I want you to stay with Shirley until we get back. I've just talked with her. Have Alice pack a bag for you at once. I want to see you safely off before I go. You may tell Shirley whatever you please. Nothing could drag it out of her, so there'll be no comeback."

Valerie listened, her eyes enormous in her small, pale face. "Yes, father."

"See if you can be in the library in half an hour—there's a good kid." He stooped and kissed her. "Keep smiling. I'll find Lucy and bring her back." For the moment, he was quite sure he would make good his promise.

"I will, father." As he looked back from the door, he saw that she was smiling.

He went directly to Dorothy's sitting-room door and knocked. She opened it almost immediately. She had changed to a negligee of palest mauve. With her slightly disarranged hair, she was as near loveliness as she would ever be. She had been expecting him, and had dressed deliberately. But when she saw his face, she realised the futility of clothes.

He walked into the room and shut the door behind him.

"S—sit down—" she said, but she would not meet his eyes.

He didn't even answer, but stood looking at her. There was no sign of the rage that filled him, except a tiny muscle that twitched in his jaw.

"We needn't bother with the amenities," he said. "This has nothing to do with relationship, or hospitality, or being a gentleman, or any of the little gods you are so keen about. I'm going away to try to undo some of the mischief you have done. I don't know how long it will take, but I want you out of my house by the time I get back. I should suggest leaving to-morrow morning.

Catlet will attend to whatever is necessary for your journey."

She turned on him with a show of outraged anger, which lost its effectiveness because she couldn't seem to lift her eyes to his.

"I never—" she began.

But he was already at the door. "There is nothing more to be said—now or at any time," he repeated. "Please leave here at your earliest convenience."

She started to call after him that she would leave at once. That she had never been so insulted in her life. But she hesitated just long enough to remember the inconvenience of a hurried night departure. Besides, if he was really going away, she would have time to question Valerie. She could always frighten the truth out of the little idiot.

She didn't know that Valerie was, at that moment, bag in hand, saying good-bye to Mark at the door of the big car, with Catlet standing guard.

Mark watched the tail-lights disappear. Valerie was safe, and now he could think of Lucy. He went out of the frosty air into the warm comfort of his house. In spite of Lucy's going, he was strangely elated. He knew why he was elated, and though he was not proud of himself, the feeling persisted. He had at last let Dorothy know what he thought of her, without benefit of custom, manner, or convention!

He ran up to his rooms, and threw an indiscriminate collection of clothes into a bag. When he had finished, he went out, deliberately locking first his own door, and then Valerie's. Mrs. Banwood had duplicate keys, and although he felt slightly ashamed, he put this down to pure habit. In his heart he knew he had no reason to trust Dorothy. He dropped the keys in his pocket, and ran downstairs.

Chiltern presently emerged from the coat-room with Mark's heaviest coat, a hat, and fur-lined driving gloves. He held the coat for Mark, and shrugged himself into his own.

Mark was conscious of a slight astonishment as he looked at him. Chiltern seemed to have put off being a butler with his livery. In his thick overcoat, with his neat bag, he looked merely like any middle-aged and efficient Englishman.

"Everything all right?" Mark asked as they went out.

"Everything, sir. Mrs. Banwood understands what's expected of her. I ran the car out myself. I told them I'd call them in the morning to make sure everything was all right."

"You certainly made a quick job of it," Mark told him.

"You didn't let any grass grow under your own feet, sir, if I may say so," said Chiltern.

They stepped out into the clear cold of the night, and Chiltern closed the door behind them. He was, he felt, closing it on the pleasant humdrum of every day, and stepping out to adventure. He couldn't remember being so excited since he sailed from England.

"Shall I drive, sir?" he asked as he opened the car door.

"Later, perhaps," Mark told him. "We may have to take turns. Climb in and take a nap, if you can."

"It's only just midnight, sir. I think I may say I never felt less like sleeping in my life."

"I don't feel much like it myself, to tell the truth. But we may think differently by morning. It's a great break that it's not very cold and there's no snow."

He swung through the gates and out to the road, heading for the State highway. There was practically no traffic, and Mark gave the long car its head.

Chiltern watched the needle swing steadily up to 70, where it stayed, and they settled down to a steady rush through the night. It filled him with an odd exhilaration which was part of the unreality of the whole affair.

He rather hoped Mark would sleep when his own turn at the wheel came. He was quite sure he, Chiltern, would never see a needle point to 70 as a result of his own foot on the gas. The cold bare landscape sped by. It seemed impossible to believe it wasn't animated by some locomotion of its own.

"What do you figure the Ark can do?" Mark asked.

"I couldn't say, sir. With the new engine, she might make forty, shouldn't you say?"

"I never drove the old girl. I had the engine put in because Miss Lucy had a sort of affection for the thing. I'm sorry I did, now."

"But a train would have made even better time," suggested Chiltern.

"I guess so. I don't suppose you have any idea when she left?"

"No, sir," said Chiltern. "You see, Mr. Alexander, the old bus never entered my head. I thought Miss Tredway would be taking the train, and kept waiting for her to call a taxi from the village. I kept watch near the front door, and all that time Catlet says she was having him run the Ark out. She must have driven it to a side door after he left, and gone out by the back drive and the service gates. It's easy enough to see it now! I only wish I'd thought of it then!"

"I don't see what you could have done, if she'd made up her mind to go," said Mark.

"Perhaps I could have persuaded her to wait until you came home."

"She wouldn't have waited. She knew perfectly well if she did, I would never have let her go."

Chiltern looked as nearly knowing as his training would permit. "Exactly, sir," he said.

An hour later, when the flood light of a late moon showed only the empty expanse of a deserted highway, Mark spoke again.

"Do you happen to remember the time Mrs. Summerville went to talk to Miss Lucy? I'm frightfully sorry—I didn't know you were asleep!"

There was a pause, out of which Chiltern spoke groggily. "I—I didn't know it myself, sir. Was there something you asked me? I beg pardon."

"I beg yours. I asked if you remember what time Mrs. Summerville went to Miss Lucy's room?"

"Yes, sir. It was about twelve."

"Then they didn't have lunch together?"

"Certainly not, sir. Mrs. Summerville had a tray sent to her room. By that time, Miss Tredway must have gone."

"That would make it around half-past one when she left?"

"As near as I can make out, sir."

"That would give her at least eight hours' start. We're probably running about twice as fast. I'm just trying to figure things out a bit."

"Would there be another route to Allington, sir?"

"Not a direct one, according to the map. Besides, this is the way we came down. She'd naturally follow it back; I should think."

"Could I do a bit of driving, sir?" Chiltern offered presently. "You must be wanting a nap."

"Not yet, thanks," replied Mark. Sleep was the last thing for him. He would, he told himself, go mad if he had to sit and do nothing but think. "Are you fairly comfortable, Chiltern? Not cold?"

Chiltern smiled. "Not with this electric heater, sir. What won't they think of next? It was more than likely being warm and comfortable sent me off. What a car, sir!"

"She's not bad," agreed Mark. He wondered why he felt like a proud parent when his cars were praised. "Go off again. I mean, go back to your nap. I'll try not to disturb you."

"I won't sleep again, sir," promised Chiltern. But in another ten minutes when Mark looked at him, he was resting peacefully against the padded upholstery, a gentle whirr coming from his slightly-parted lips.

Mark went back to trying to forget all the possible things Lucy might do. Taking another route. Not going to Allington at all. Putting up for the night at some farmhouse along the road. He would no sooner get rid of one suggestion, than another would confront him. Her going had released a wholly new set of emotions. He wouldn't admit even to himself a fear that he would never see her again.

It was a few minutes before six when he caught sight of a lumbering shape drawn well off the road about twenty-five miles out of Allington. Tiny faint streaks of wintry dawn lay low on the horizon.

He freed a hand, and rubbed his eyes. He had imagined so many Arks lurking in the shadows through the interminable night, he could hardly believe this one. He stopped his car about fifty yards behind the old van and shook Chiltern gently by the arm.

The man sat straight, his sober bowler hat a trifle rakishly over one eye, and regarded Mark remorsefully. "I slept again, sir," he apologised.

"Oh—that's all right," whispered Mark excitedly, as if the dawn had ears. "Do you see what I see? Ahead of us?"

Chiltern peered out, and sleep immediately vanished. "That's it, sir," he cried. "There she is!" His excitement fully matched Mark's.

"Hold everything!" said Mark.

He opened the door and jumped out, sprawling full length beside the car.

Chiltern leaped after him as he got gingerly to his feet. "Are you hurt, sir? What happened?" asked the man anxiously.

"The old knees folded up. I guess I'm not an all-night driver. Get in and wait. I'll be back."

Chiltern climbed back in the car, and Mark shut the door quietly. He didn't stop to wonder what he was being quiet for. Whether he supposed that Lucy, if it were she, would throw in her gears and be off at sight of him.

He crept stealthily upon the Ark. The lines were unmistakable, even with its new coat of blue. Was the poor little idiot camping in the back, as she had done so long ago? What did she mean by exposing herself to heaven knew what dangers beside the road?

He would look in the front first. If she wasn't there, he would open up the back. He swung himself to the step, opened the door, and saw her. She was slumped over the wheel, the soft fur of her coat framing her small cold face.

The most terrible fear he had ever known gripped him. He slipped into the seat beside her and lifted her in his arms. Her head fell back against him, and she opened her eyes. He was almost ill with relief.

She lay in his arms, and continued to look up at him. He could see sleep give way to a sort of daze, and at last to the reality of his presence. She started up, but he only gathered her more completely into his arms.

"What—" they cried at once.

Mark laughed. After all, what did it matter what they were asking each other? "Ladies first," he said. "Not that I care. I know all about it, dear heart—I mean, why you left—why you have to come back."

Lucy shook her head. "How?" she asked.

"Chiltern."

"What a man!" She smiled a wry little frozen smile. "I drove all night. I wanted to get to Allington as soon as I could. A little while ago, I got so sleepy I didn't dare go on. So I pulled up here. I thought I'd just shut my eyes a minute."

"My poor little imbecile—you might have frozen. Somebody might have come along—"

"Somebody did," said Lucy.

The possibilities of her fate did not trouble her now. Mark tucked a small strand of gold under Lucy's little hat, and kissed her. She lay against his shoulder looking up at him. She felt that if he were never to say a word of love to her in all her life, she would know from his kiss.

"I suppose they have ministers in Allington?" he said presently.

"Ministers?"

"They marry people. I can furnish all the rest—the bride, the groom, and even the best man."

"But—Mark—"

"I have Chiltern back there in the car. From now on, Chiltern is a national institution. The god in the machine—" He heard himself talking rubbish, and didn't care. He knew now that he had never really held a girl in his arms until now. He kissed her again, just to make sure.

Lucy laughed softly. Mark loved her. She knew it now. Of course there would never be another like him. Coming casually out of the dawn, with his car and his butler, his arms and his kisses. Asking for a minister, and never even asking if she loved him! As if asking mattered. She crowded closer in his arms.

"As soon as I've got you safely married," said Mark. "I'll send Chiltern home in the Ark. Valerie can stay on with Shirley for a bit. What is your choice in honeymoons?"

"What honeymoons have you?" asked Lucy. She wondered if they had just discovered happiness. It seemed unlikely anybody had really known about it before.

"Practically all brands," he assured her. "I never knew being in love was like this."

"I did," said Lucy.

He drew her onto his knees, and pulled the heavy blanket robe about them. She rested against him in fathomless content.

After a little, Chiltern roused, got out of the car, and stood in the cold of the morning looking up the road. He even took a step or two in the direction of the Ark. Then he smiled and shook his head. He got back in the car, shut the door, tilted his bowler hat a little, laid his head against the upholstery, and again closed his eyes.

THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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